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THE NEW YORKER

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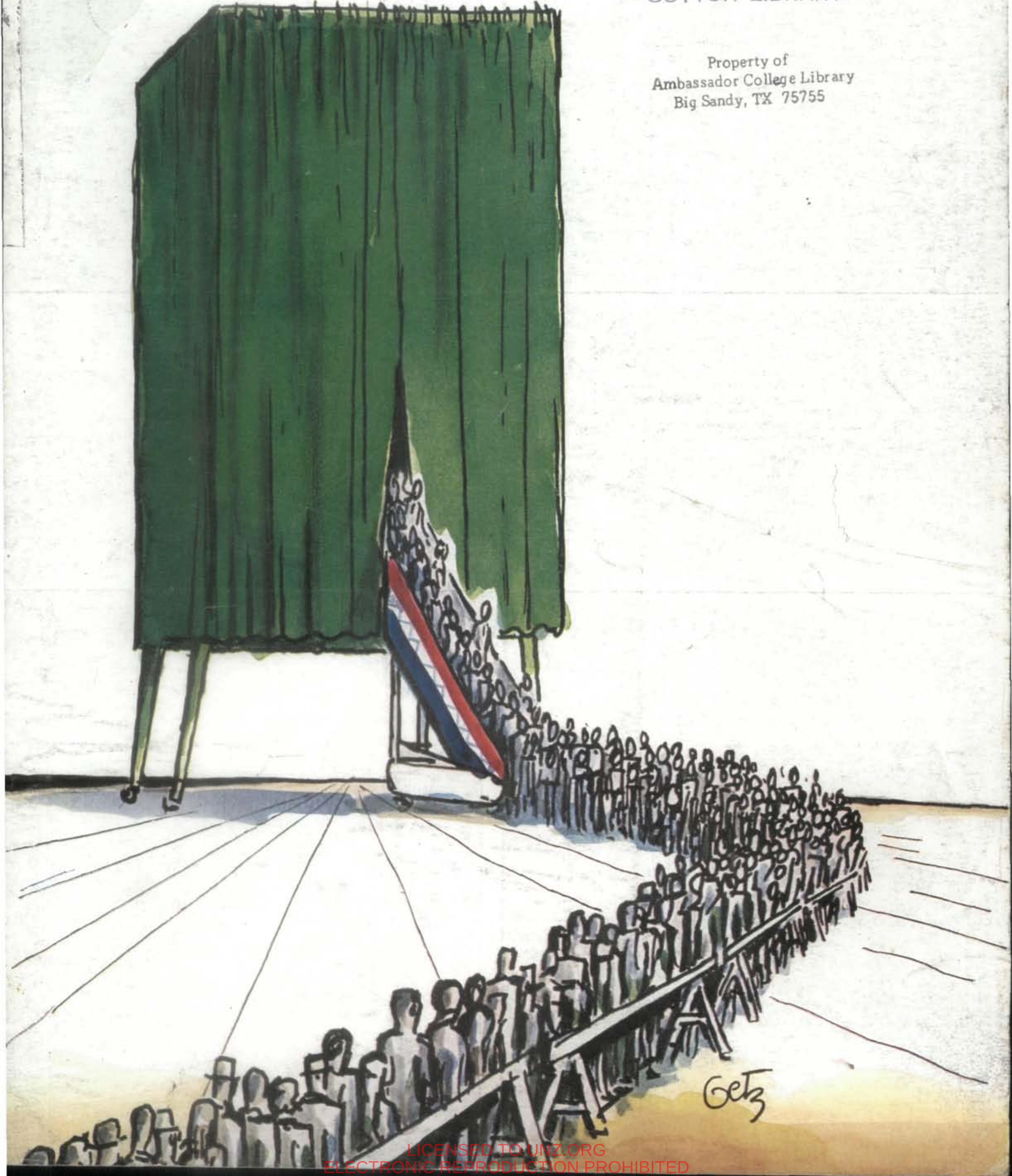

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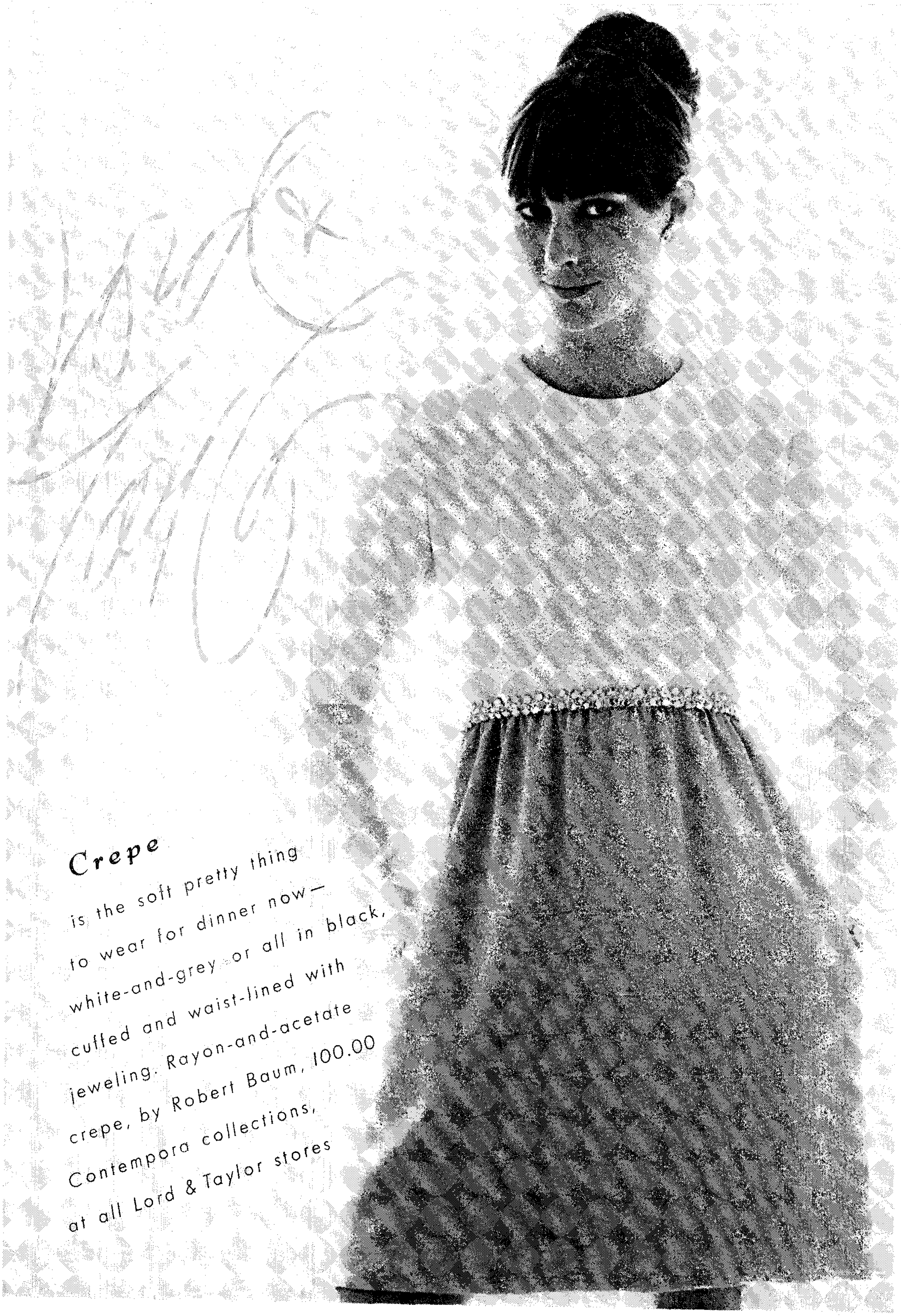

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE:** Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ T. S. Eliot's **THE COCKTAIL PARTY:** Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2:30: Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 4-5, at 8:30; Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 7-8, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cannibals—A play by George Tabori, with an all-male cast. Season subscribers (twenty or fifteen dollars) only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The David Show—A play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. Opens Thursday, Oct. 31. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—Rochelle Owens' farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Mondays through Fridays, except Election Day, at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lovers—Brian Friel has written a charming, sentimental play about the joys and miseries of Irish lovemaking. Art Carney plays the lead, assisted by several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. The director is Hilton Edwards, also of the Gate. Starting Monday, Nov. 4, Peter Lind Hayes will replace Mr. Carney. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—Four skits that bristle with untalent and defy an amiable cast to bring them to life. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The People vs. Ranchman—A play by Megan Terry. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and David Burns is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The opening performances in this season's repertory of four plays. Shakespeare's **KING LEAR**, with Lee J. Cobb: Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 3 at 2; and special benefit performance (for tickets, call EN 2-7600) Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8:45. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 7, at 6:20. Other performances Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at 8. . . . ¶ William Gibson's **A CRY OF PLAYERS**, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Previews Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2; Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:30; Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2. Opening on Thursday, Nov. 14. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

We Bombed in New Haven—Joseph Heller's attempt at an anti-war play, unwisely aping such of his betters as Pirandello and Brecht. With Jason Robards and Diana Sands. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE:** Muriel Spark's short novel turned into a play by Jay Allen, with Zoe Caldwell in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Election Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Noël Coward's Sweet Potato—A revue with several likable performers, who have gathered a rather faded bouquet from the assorted works of the Old Master. Reopens Friday, Nov. 1. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969.

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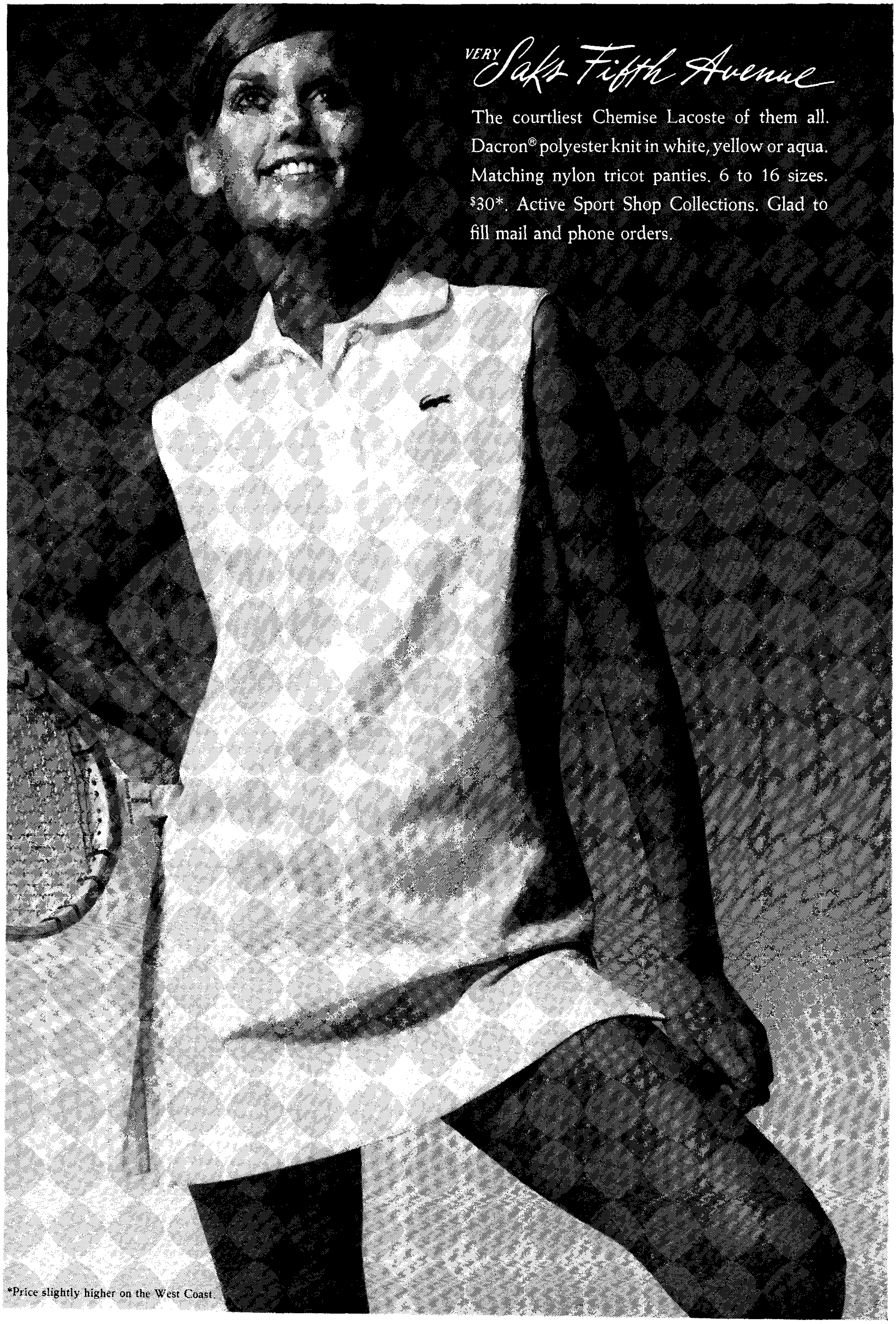

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A three-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: **PATIENCE**. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:30: **PATIENCE**. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 6-7, at 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30: **IOLANTHE**. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Election Day at 2:30.)

Hair—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Her First Roman—Richard Kiley and Leslie Uggams in a musical version of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." G.B.S. would not have been pleased. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Steal an Election—A cheerful little revue about politics that aims at satire and misses, but that provides some entertainment along the way. Oscar Brand's songs are especially lively. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Maggie Flynn—This drearily old-fashioned musical purports to be based on the Civil War draft riots here. With Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Election Day at 2:30.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—A tiny Israeli musical, conducted largely in Yiddish. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Now bend backward. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 6.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Election Day at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, except Nov. 5, through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays and Election Day at 3.). . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30: "Part Real—Part Dream," "The Plain of Prayer," and "Cortege of Eagles.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Diversion of Angels," and "Alcestis.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30: "Errand into the Maze," "Dark Meadow," and "Alcestis.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 1:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "The Plain of Prayer," and "Cortege of Eagles.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:30: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Diversion of Angels," and "A Time of Snow." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 16.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Singers, strummers, and loquacious types come on and go off throughout the evening. On Wednesday, Nov. 6, the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, a faintly baroque group, will start playing. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and sometimes significant. Beginning at eight-thirty, there is music by the Junior Wells Blues Band (through Sunday, Nov. 3) and singer Dino Valente (through Monday, Nov. 4). Fever Tree, a rock group, starts Friday, Nov. 8. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's just about all that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and music by the Jake Hanna sextet, with Bill Berry on trumpet and Richie Kamuca on tenor. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

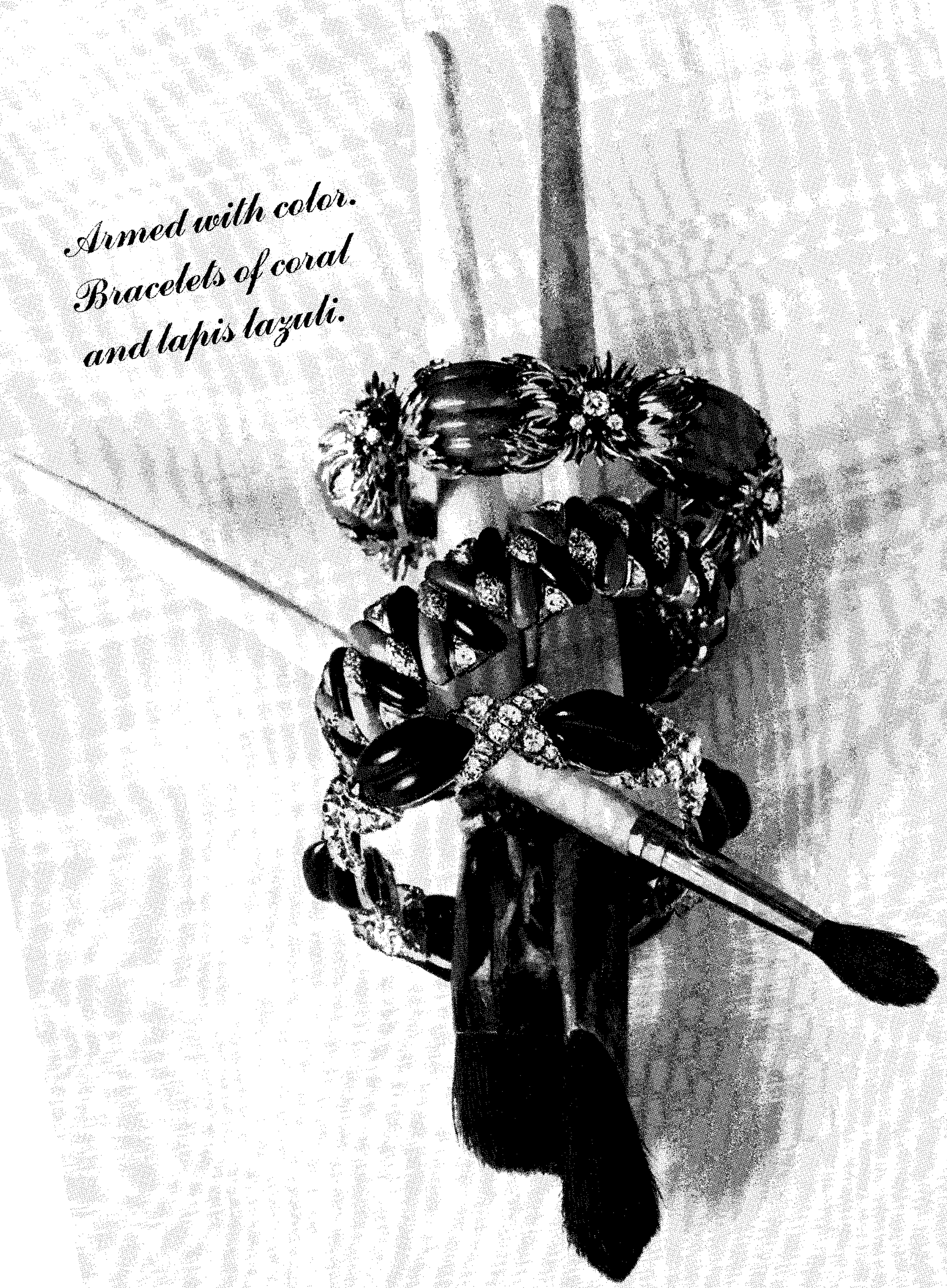
Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by the Monty Waters quintet and singer Joe Lee Wilson. Monday, Nov. 4, will be turned over to singer Mario Balin. On Tuesday, Nov. 5, the Bobby Hutcherson quintet will start playing. Early-evening specials, from five to nine: Saturday, Nov. 2, the Jazz Samaritans, and Sunday, Nov. 3, Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Bill Evans trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, Dick Gregory takes turns with the

Armed with color.
Bracelets of coral
and lapis lazuli.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Modern Jazz Quartet. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, the Miles Davis quintet alternates with the Jimmy Smith trio. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, the DMZ, a political cabaret with Brechtian overtones, precedes the music. Tuesdays through Saturdays, beginning at about ten, Larry Coryell, a talented young guitarist, leads his trio. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start oscillating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. Loud live rock alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. Pacific Gas and Electric and rock records take turns over a good system. On Tuesday, Nov. 5, Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys will replace P. G. & E. The dancing runs from nine to two Tuesdays through Thursdays, as well as Sundays, and from eight to four Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. Alcohol? No.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salavation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—High up (by day it's a restaurant called the Penthouse Club) and filled with sleek-looking people, this is a place to spend an hour or so either gazing at the view—which is superb—or merging with the shaking, strobe-lighted scene. Snacks. Dancing to records from ten to three or four every night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, Billy Fellows does some singing. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

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Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can dance (from seven to three or four) or patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other, real establishments. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, Los Banditos do. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Do You Know the Way to San Jose," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): It's still royal old Marrakech, but you won't know everybody within the walls of the Medina anymore. The music now has a distinctly American cast, especially when the dance band is being spelled by a gramophone. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The count is Yale 27, Slippery Rock Teachers 2 every night, to the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time in the Café Pierre, where, on the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): When slow motion in this city seems a necessity, the restaurant here is always ready to second that motion, even while Ernie Warren's cheery crew of musicmakers functions, which it usually does from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): At the helm of the current vociferators is Buddy Rich, whose skilled and scurrying drumsticks produce almost an embarrassment of Riches. His gang appears only at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, but other music commences as early as six. Curfew arrives well past midnight. On Thursday, Nov. 7, the Riches will be succeeded by the *soi-disant* World's Greatest Jazz Band, which, as justification of the hyberbole, does include Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Yank Lawson, Ralph Sutton, and Morey Feld. No noise Sunday nights, however. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Plain, simple, unvarnished facts—a floor the size of a six-day bike race (not permitted, along with anything resembling equal-but-separate dances like the Monkey et al.), in-perpetuity dance music, a modicum of sustenance, and no elaboration. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week, but Sundays from three-thirty on. A triad of bands, the leading (and most Latin) of which is Argueso's, disport themselves. Closed Mondays.

BAR
CLOSED FOR ELECTION

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—How to requite, and unrequite, love, by the One Who Knows Best—Mabel Mercer, whose postgraduate lyrics are constructed solely of well-chosen words. Buddy Barnes is her exemplary pianist. A pre-Christmas bonus is Ronny Graham, a *diseur* whose split personality embraces both Jekyll and Hyde. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the seas—in this case, the Mediterranean. Be they Greek, Israeli, or Armenian, the hands are turned to assertive but cheerful music, song, and conversation. Yoel Sharr and Avram Grobard provide a large part of the chitter and the chatter, George Mgrdichian races along an oud, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, and a solemn female turns the *danse de ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the local mini-revue, can't quite make up its mind: when it's good, it's very, very good, and when it's bad, it's . . . The aforesaid Ronny Graham is, though, engaged in slowly mending its ways. Except on Sunday, it is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Tony Sandler, boulevardier first grade, ends his sessions of song and chitchat, all of it amiable if not Olympic, on Saturday, Nov. 2. The next Jane in the Box will be Jane Morgan, one part peaches and two parts cream, checking in (along with her portfolio of songs) on Wednesday, Nov. 6. The band of Lee Evans, which puts a lot of thought into its orchestrations, will still be there.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—That long-playing record, Los Chavales de España, has settled in for a full semester. Singing, parading, blowing their own horns (all hands double and triple in brass), the Chavales make it a Welcome Wagon evening seven nights a week. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Everyone in what's left of show business seems to serve as inside-straight man for Don Rickles, whose speech pattern consists wholly of unpleasantries. The Checkmates, bobbing, bopping, rocking, rolling, are easier to take. On Thursday, Nov. 7, a complete change of scene: Nancy Wilson, singing her gay little heart out, and Dick Capri, a humorist capable of distinguishing between wit and wisecrack. No nights off for anyone involved. . . . ¶ Beginning at ten night after night in the bar lounge, the sights and sounds of Las Vegas are reproduced with truly amazing fidelity.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Jogging is not for the young ladies who almost wholly populate the glorious gallimaufry known as "Les Belles de Nuit;" obstreperous ballet is more to their liking. Limpid, lyric ballet is contributed by the dance team of Szony and Claire; song is contributed by Billy Daniels, a showman full of wiles and guiles.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Florence Henderson's good voice and true is freshening up even some very familiar can-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tatas. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte wax, without waning, the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ** has become a bandbox indeed, for now the Dukes of Dixieland, paraphrasing the best days of Bourbon Street, are carrying on for visual effect, and Mousie Alexander's rather restrained threesome is performing for dancers. Lurlean Hunter, so long a part of Chicago night life, does the singing. Proceedings commence at eight. As for the menu, dinner is served full tilt, but supper is sandwich time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender begins to suffuse the statuary and, except on Sundays, violin and piano begin a pleasant conversation. From Tuesday through Saturday, the violin belongs to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of this hall.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is this season indeed a variety hall; its latest spice of life is made up of the quintet of Stan Getz, elder but agile statesman of jazz, and Chris Connor, whose melodic lines take many unexpected turnings. A trio looks after any dancers. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, walking the Maisonette in beauty like the night, sings—songs of sixpence for the Wall Street bulls, it is true, but many more arias just for us music lovers. Her hours are nine-thirty and after-the-theatre, her final night is Saturday, Nov. 2. On Monday, Nov. 4, the new arrival will be Monique Van Vooren, that handsome Belgian hare-and-scarum, with her psalters and persiflage. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort will continue to take up every bit of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ed Ames, whose closing night is Saturday, Nov. 2, is, of course, vox pop, but it's a vox that knows a good deal more than most of its competitors. Dinner and supper is his usual stint in the Empire Room, where the orchestra of Charles Turecamo and the rock group known as the Savages do the dance tunes. On Friday, Nov. 8, the Empire Room reopens to admit Julie London, these nights a ball-of-fire soprano. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

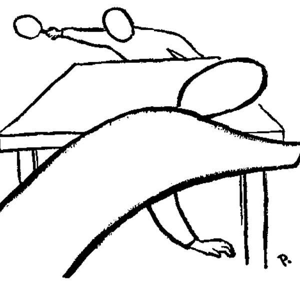
(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From dusk until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano in this *salle de luxe* has for years led a life of innocuous desuetude, but under the fingers of Bobby Short it is being driven like mad as he declaims the songs that are at their best during the dark hours. He begins at eight-thirty, and he and his two sidemen run on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The greenroom that will always be a tribute to its first ruler, the late Cy Walter, now offers, in his stead, the piano of Dick Hankinson most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Gulf Stream has a beneficial influence on this establishment and a bubbly influence on the troubadour in attendance. His beat is dinner, and calypso, as well as after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Younger than springtime is often the mood, and hop, skip, and jump from one table to another is the favorite sport. Dan Ruskin's piano is the pacemaker. No music Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is as Second Avenue does, but in the grim gloaming the grimness is at least eased by Charles De Forest, singing away at his own piano about one lost earthly and urban paradise after another, and by Thelma Carpenter, who still makes her chansons sound as though they came fresh out of the fountain of youth. The precious pair of them lay off Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri prefers to view the world from on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour. There she chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Fridays and Saturdays, Mlle. D. does a reprise at midnight. Closed Sundays and Election Day. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A souvenir of the Budapest of another day. Béla Babai's orchestra flavors the scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. There is a gaggle of girl singers, too, but they can be taken or left alone. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52**, 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): From his crow's nest in the bar of this more than passing fair seascape, George Taylor, a night watchman of long standing, delivers song and piano from nine until two every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera bouffe and opera bœuf à la mode, with the waiters standing not upon ceremony but upon cacophony, bellowing Italianate arias in the course of their nightly rounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In its pleasant fashion, it's sort of a houseboat on the Thames. Just the same, Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, has the sound of midnight Manhattan. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. Fiddle and pianoforte are the weapons of choice, and Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of night-time violinists, makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, a piano discourses every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The old Roman forum serves as a parade ground for Herman Honigsberg, who, diplomatically table-hopping, Stradivarius at the ready, is followed by an entourage of fellow-musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The acoustics here have been greatly improved by adding Ray Hartley's piano to the décor. He operates from five-thirty until one, but takes Sundays and Mondays off. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Spaceship from Mars, the residential quarter of Istanbul—what can this upstair snug be deemed to represent? In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): There's enough panoply in this refectory to point up the fact that the Ring George Feyer's piano has in mind is Viennese, not Wagnerian. His conversation, though, is today, and political. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): On Sundays, from five to nine and Mondays from six to ten, largely innocent song and music issue in the restaurant from the Talbot Brothers, otherwise known as the Bermuda Islands. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays, Mondays, and Election Day.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILDRED TOMMY ATKIN AND ANN NORTON—Paintings, often of crowds, by the former, and figure sculptures in brass, bronze, and marble, and related drawings, by the latter; through Nov. 16. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD BETTS—Paintings, gouaches, and collages, primarily of scenes in Maine; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY BLEIFELD—Bronzes in the traditionalist mode, including some of Biblical themes; through Nov. 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Twenty-two recent gouaches and twenty ink drawings (1930-32), plus early and late mobiles, in an exhibition celebrating the artist's seventieth birthday; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHONY CARO—New works by a British sculptor who arranges machined sections of metal; through Nov. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS DOWNING—Paintings that give the illusion of being able to fold; through Thursday, Nov. 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANNE DUNN—Collages consisting of sections of painted landscapes, some with human and animal figures; through Thursday, Nov. 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

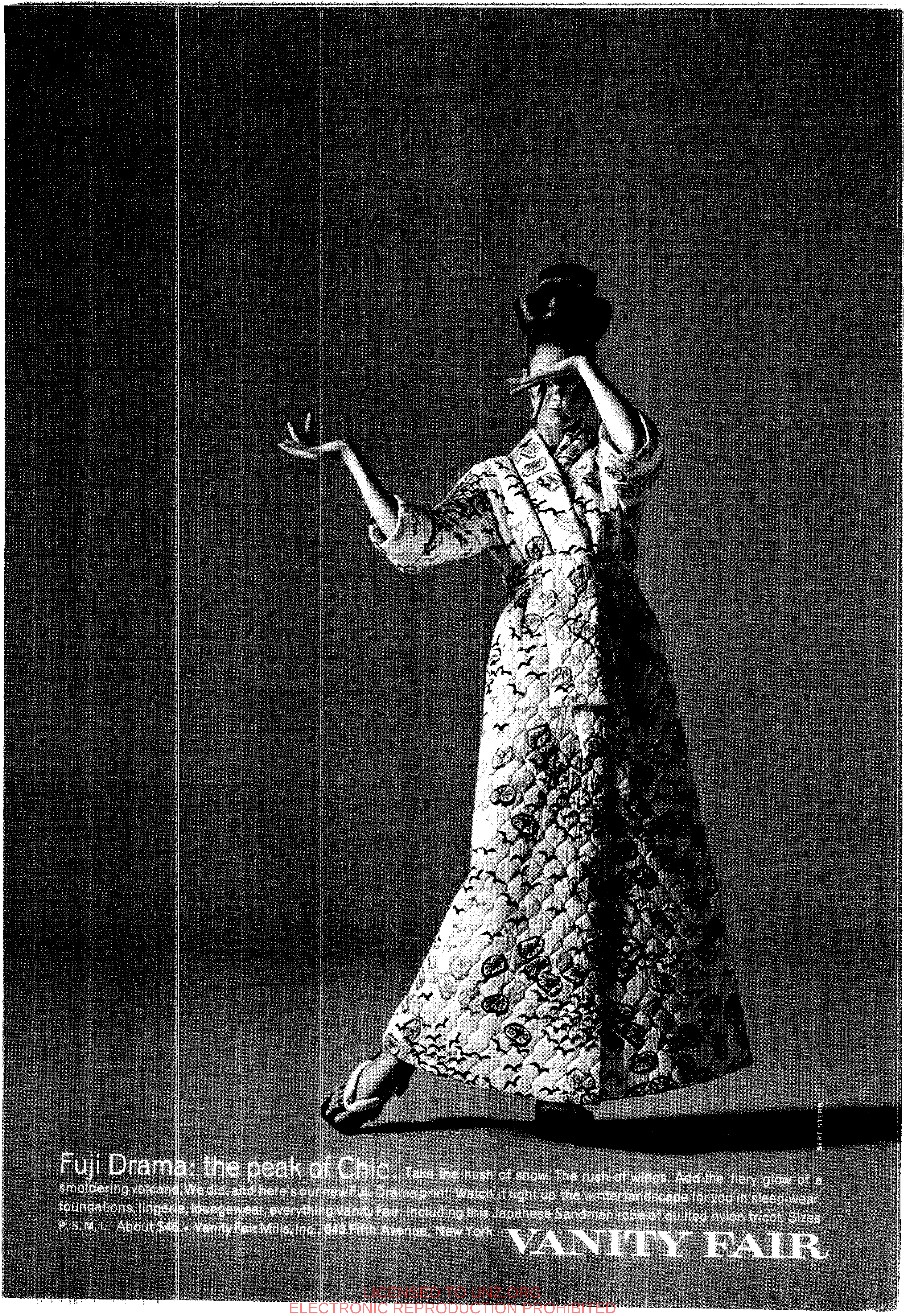
LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by a much-admired American eccentric; through Nov. 30. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Oils, watercolors, and drawings; through Nov. 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Characteristically ambiguous images of figures and seascapes; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS HOKANSON—Wood sculptures in irregular Abstract shapes; through Nov. 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

GUÉN INOKUMA—Oil paintings by a Japanese



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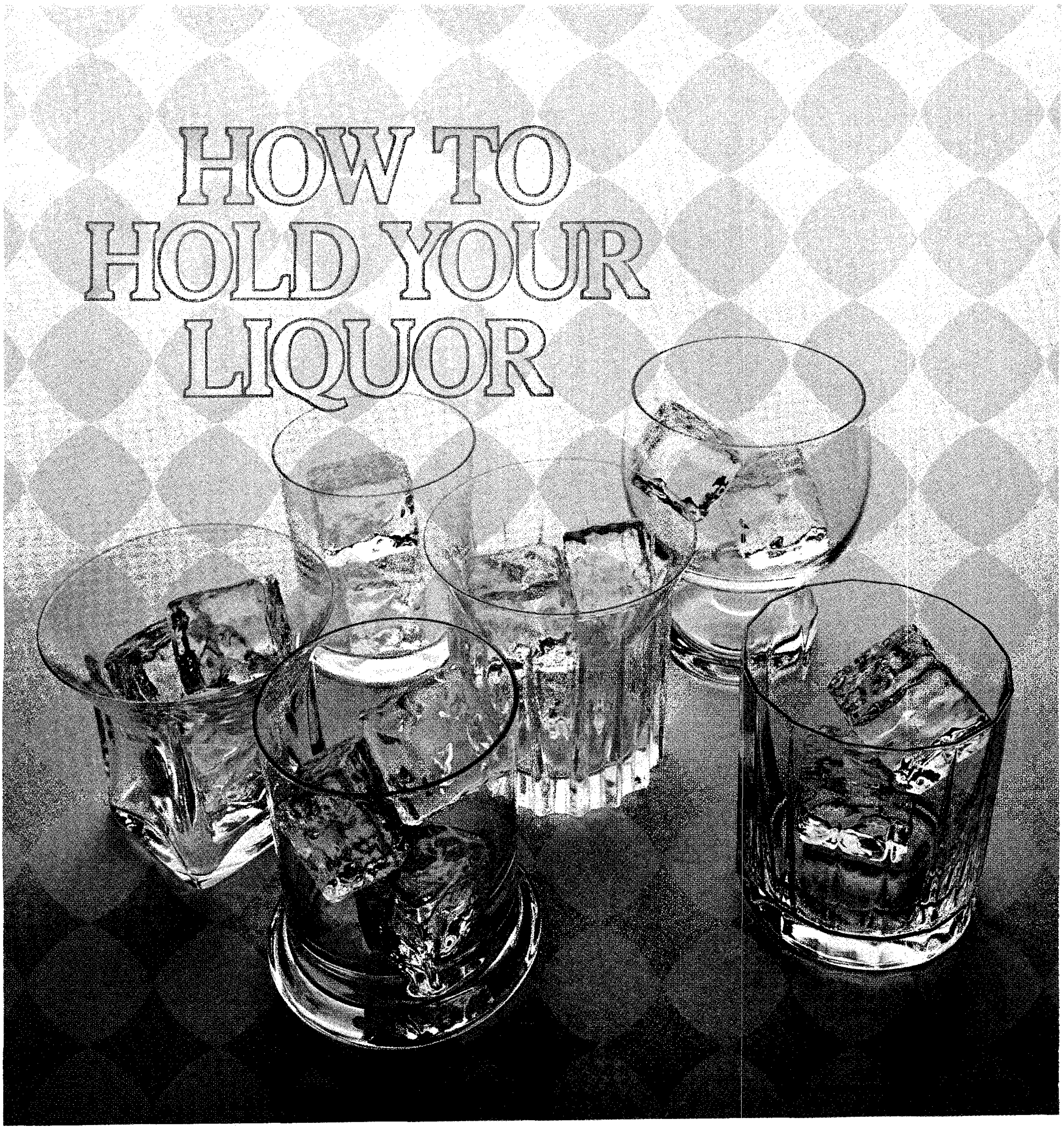

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

familiar to the New York art world; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Cutout portraits on metal of the artist's friends in relaxed moods; through Nov. 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Figure paintings based on the play "Marat/Sade" and the hippie world; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Robert Kipniss—Mannered landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

David Levine—Romantic watercolors and unromantic caricatures by an illustrator known mainly through his magazine covers; through Nov. 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aaron Levy—Panels of painted Lucite making use of light; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Raymond Mason—Bas-reliefs and drawings on the theme of "The Crowd;" through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

John McClusky—Paintings and drawings of Connecticut landscapes, which feature the texture of wood, leaves, and stone, and some still-lifes; through Nov. 16. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clement Meadmore—Sculptures by an artist who uses simple industrial forms painted black; through Nov. 13. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claude Monet—A dozen large paintings of cliff and sea; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Abstract oils and collages; through Nov. 30. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giora Novak—Several series of sculptures in different materials, plus a series of paintings in geometric patterns; through Thursday, Nov. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Attilio Pierelli—Polished stainless-steel Abstract sculptures by an Italian artist who works in monumental forms; through Nov. 16. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Redein—Acrylic collages representing interiors and cityscapes; through Nov. 16. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Norman Rockwell—A major exhibition of his paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Eighty drawings done since 1960, plus boxes, a mirrored stairway, and transformed objects; through Nov. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerald Scarfe—Life-size sculptures caricaturing current political candidates and related public figures—e.g., news commentators and cops—by a British cartoonist; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Watercolors and drawings by an Austrian artist of the early twentieth century; starting Friday, Nov. 1. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes in oils, watercolors, and drawings, and a full-length portrait of Leonard Baskin; through Nov. 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ben Shahn—Paintings and drawings since the late twenties, commemorating the seventieth birthday of America's leading socially conscious painter; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Charles Shaw—Sharp-edged paintings of irregular shapes in strongly contrasting colors; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jack Youngerman—Inks and watercolors of the artist's characteristic Abstract forms; through Nov. 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Zammitt—Constructions, laminations, and colored lithographs; through Nov. 21. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

The American Vision, Paintings 1825-75—Three galleries are participating in a benefit exhibition (through Saturday, Nov. 2) of a hundred and eleven works from major museums and private collections by such artists as Rembrandt Peale, Winslow Homer, Kensett, Morse, Inman, and Eakins—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Genre. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Figure and still-life. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Landscape.

Tapestries—Large-scale examples by American artists—Lindner, Warhol, Stamos, Trova, Vicente, Motherwell, Stella, and Lichtenstein, for instance; through Nov. 19. (Slatkin, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the **CHALETTE**, 9 E. 88th St.: Pieces in many mediums emphasizing "structure" by seven artists, most of them former students of Josef Albers; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Items by such artists as Robert Morris, Nadelman, Oldenburg, and di Suvero; through Nov. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCULPTORS GUILD**, Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: An annual exhibit by sixty-one members, who include Chaim Gross, de Creeft, Martinelli, and Meadmore; through Nov. 17. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: Small works and graphics from Cubism to Op in which prominent moderns (Picasso, Arp, Léger, Severini, de Kooning, Pollock, and others) reveal ideas in a germinating state; through Friday, Nov. 1. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by Americans born before 1900, among them Homer, Feininger, Hassam, Hopper, Marin, Davis, and Sheeler; through Saturday, Nov. 9.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A wide range of works (by Duchamp, Noguchi, Lindner, Dubuffet, Man Ray, and others) assembled to inaugurate the gallery's new quarters; through Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: The third international miniature print competition exhibition of a hundred and seventy-six examples, none of which is larger than four square inches; through Nov. 23. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: The first show by a new gallery includes works by Burchfield, Glackens, Jawlensky, Rouault, Vasarely, and Warhol; through Saturday, Nov. 2.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A benefit exhibit of seventy rarely seen paintings by four masters of Impressionism—Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley; through Nov. 30. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by leading twentieth-century Europeans, such as Bonnard, Chagall, Klee, and Giacometti; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CARUS**, 243 E. 82nd St.: Drawings, watercolors, and prints by Middle European Expressionists; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Bacon, de Chirico, Giacometti, and Ipousteguy are a few of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Dec. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Expressionists again—paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, for instance, Kirchner, Nolde, Beckmann, Klee, and Jawlensky; through Nov. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **WALLY F. GALLERIES**, 17 E. 57th St.: Paintings by French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters; through Nov. 13. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of seventy paintings, sculptures, drawings, tapestries, and prints by seventeenth-century masters, including Rembrandt, Rubens, and Caravaggio, reflecting the influence of classical antiquity on the baroque period; through Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An impressive exhibition of seventy Italian frescoes detached from the walls of Tuscan churches and monasteries of the Middle Ages; in many cases, the original underdrawings accompany them. Some of the art-

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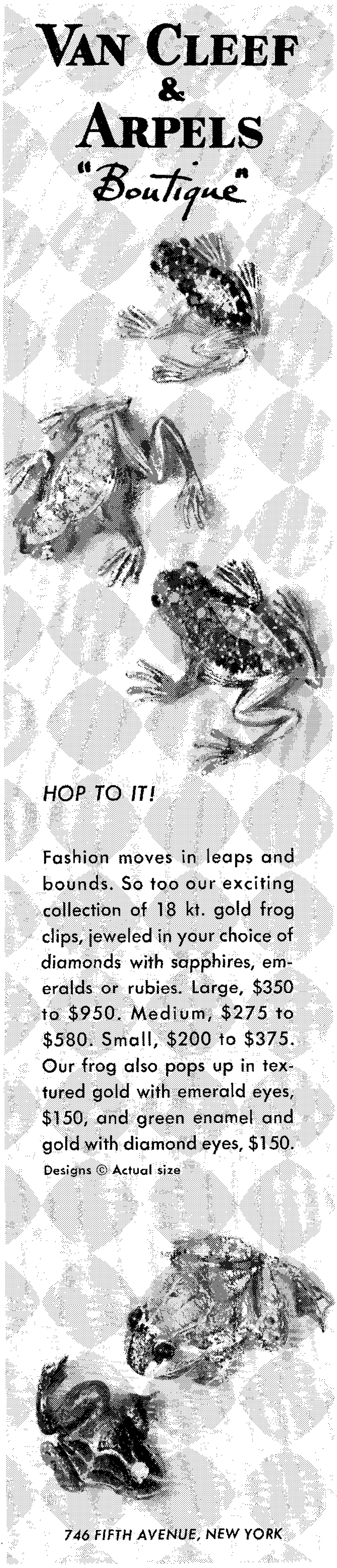

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746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ists are *Giotto, Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca,* and *Andrea del Castagno.* Through Nov. 15. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5; Election Day, 1 to 10.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, fifty-four-inch-deep construction by Robert Rauschenberg, of Plexiglas panels imprinted with images and threaded with lights activated by a sound system; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** At the 4 West 54th Street entrance, a show of works donated by prominent contemporaries in honor of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, from 11 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 3, noon to 6.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A wide-ranging exhibit of the art of the thirties, emphasizing different trends, from American regionalism to social realism and various forms of Abstract art, and consisting of a hundred and six paintings and sculptures by eighty artists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of the graphic art of Winslow Homer—etchings, lithographs, woodcuts—from the wood engravings done for *Harper's Weekly* in the late eighteen-fifties to the last etchings of 1889, plus paintings and drawings used as sources for prints; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Ninety-two paintings by Franz Kline, ranging from his early paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes and New York city subjects to the action paintings of his mature period; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Collages by Robert Motherwell, one of the original American Abstract Expressionists, who has worked in this medium since the beginning of his career; through Nov. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The sixteenth national print exhibition, consisting of two hundred works by a hundred and twenty-four artists, the majority of them well known; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by members of the Institute; through Dec. 22. (Daily, except Mondays and Election Day, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty Chinese ritual bronzes from collections in Europe and America, dating from prehistoric times to a few centuries before the Christian era; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from the neolithic through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except Election Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Davis, Calder, Albers, Arp, and Nevelson, accompanied by documentation—e.g., sketches, photos, correspondence, bills of sale—of the kind that assists art historians and protects the investment of collectors; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-three etchings by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and his son, Francesco, including the famous prison series of the elder Piranesi; through Nov. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A "pond" by Robert Whitman contrived of sheets of plastic, mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Jan. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighty portraits in oil by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865); through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.—An exhibition arranged under the ambitious title "The Humanist Tradition in Contemporary American Paintings," with examples by such artists as Lester Johnson, Leland Bell, Loren MacIver, Robert Beauchamp, Richard Diebenkorn, and Elmer Bischoff; through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirty-second annual, consisting of sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the American Abstract Artists group, which includes such familiar figures as Albers, Lassaw, Hans Richter, Perle Fine, Will Barnet, Hyde Solomon; among several guest Abstractionists are Agostini, di Suvero, and Ralph Humphrey. Through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

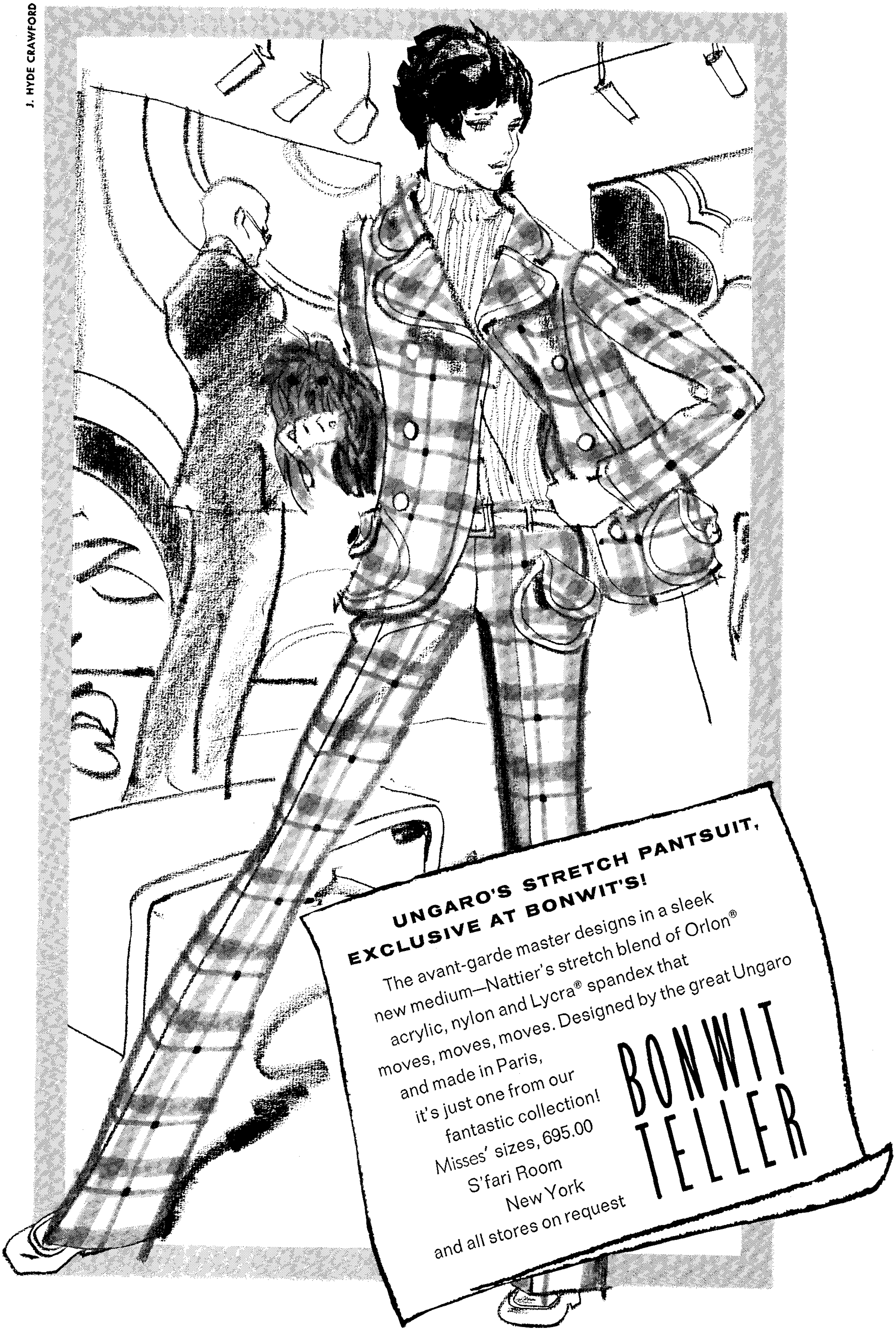
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Oct. 31, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Gianni Raimondi, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Rita Orlandi, Bruno Prevedi, Cornell MacNeil, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, James King, Thomas Stewart, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Milka Stojanovic, Bruno Prevedi, Cornell MacNeil, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Régine Crespin, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Rita Orlandi, Shirley Verrett, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Gianni Raimondi, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Oct. 31,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Jerome LoMonaco, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Anna Ottaviano, Lois Crane, Michele Molese, Ronald Hedlund, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Jeannine Crader, Mary Cross Lueders, Lino Savoldi, and Roberto Banuelas; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Clinton Nichols, Vincenzo Sardinero, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 1:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Arlene Randazzo, Tibor Kelen, Dominic Cossa, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Barbara Blanchard, Norman Treigle, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Faust," with Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Janet Winburn, Tibor Kelen, and Vincenzo Sardinero. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Barbara Blanchard, Norman Treigle, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Jerome LoMonaco, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, Spiro Malas, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Edward Pierson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Colin Davis conducting—An all-Berlioz program on Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 1, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 4, at 7:30 (all with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano); and a varied program on Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 8, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 11, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, at 8:30, with Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 9-10, at 8:30, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; James Schwabacher, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting, with Janet Mandel, soprano. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Erick Friedman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Bach Collegium and Kantorei of Stuttgart—Helmuth Rilling directing a chamber orchestra and chorus, with Elsa Kastela, soprano; Ursula Gust, alto; Friedreich Melzer and Theo Altmeyer, tenors; Jacob Staempfli and Hanns-Friedrich Kunz, bass. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Roger Wagner Chorale—Roger Wagner directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

RECITALS

Walter Brewus—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Elizabeth Harwood—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Melos Ensemble of London—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Arthur Grumiaux—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

Peter Zeugin—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

George Katz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Paul Zukofsky—Violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

The Romeros—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Leonard Bernstein—Baritone and piano, in an all-Mahler benefit recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Lois Carole Pachucki—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Franco Gulli, violin, and Enrica Cavallo, piano, in a sonata recital. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Igor Oistrakh—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

I Madrigalisti di Venezia—A program of vocal and instrumental Renaissance music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Richie Havens, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and McCoys—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, at 8 and 11:30.

Tom Paxton—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.

Kenny Burrell—With others. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

The Cream—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.

Steppenwolf, Buddy Rich and His Orchestra, and the Move—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at 8 and 11:30.

Odetta, Paul Butterfield's Blues Band, and Albert King—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8 and at midnight.

Dave Van Ronk—Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.

Lionel Hampton—Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.

Enrico Macias—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The first in a series of five programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by a group of musicians from the Buffalo Center for Creative Arts, conducted by Lukas Foss. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:35.)

College Football—**saturday, nov. 2** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Syracuse, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Delaware, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, nov. 9:** Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Gaelic Park (Broadway and 240th St.), at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Phila-

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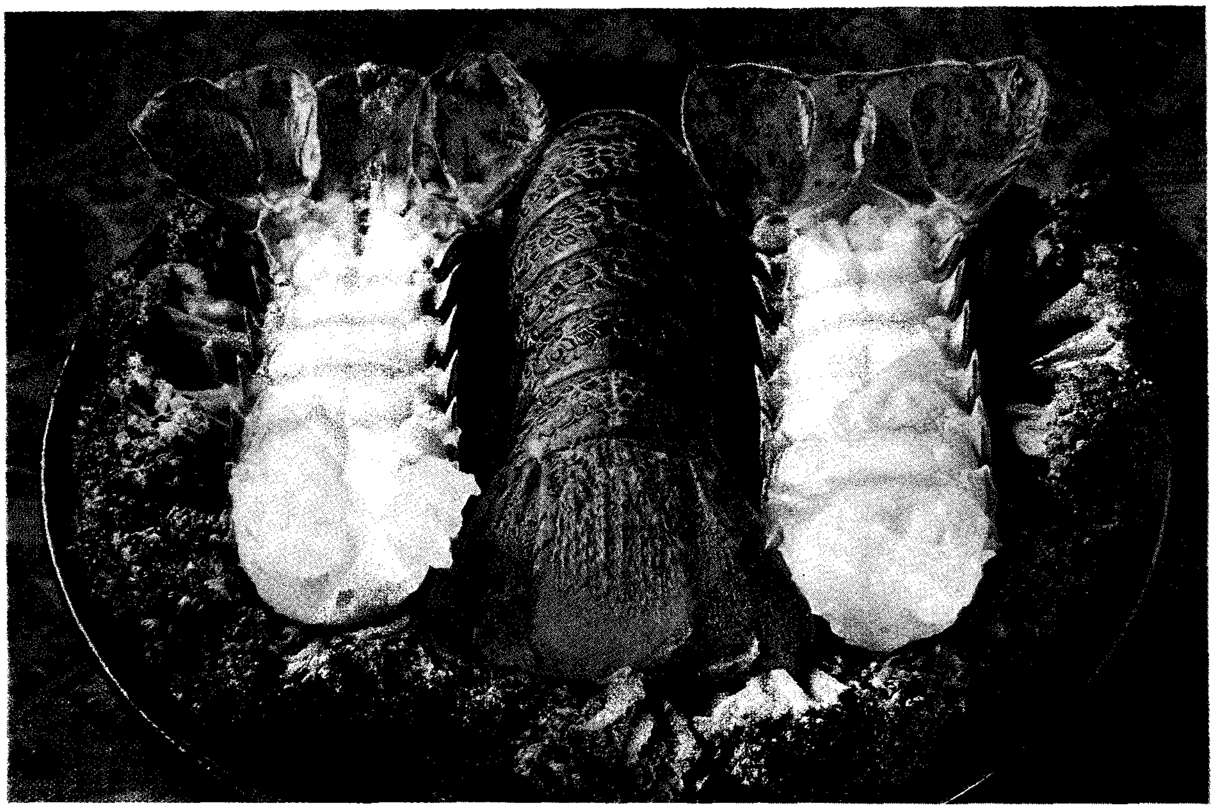

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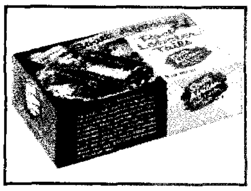

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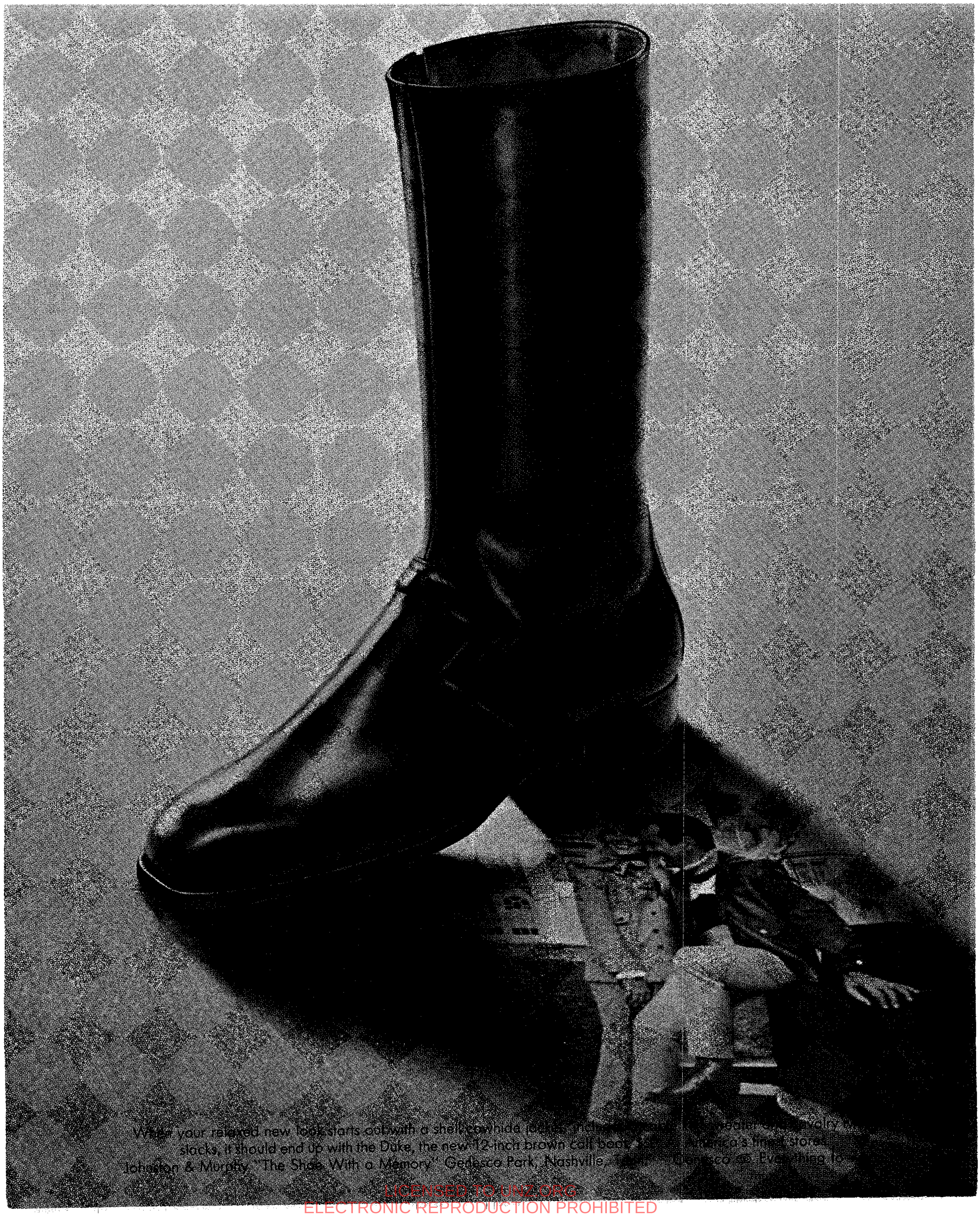

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

delphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. William and Mary, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Baltimore Colts. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 1:30.). . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Minnesota. (Madison Square Garden Center. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7:05.)

Horse Shows—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Through Sunday, Nov. 3.). . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden Center. Tuesday, Nov. 5, through Tuesday, Nov. 12. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 2.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 9.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, Dec. 10. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 2, and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Nov. 18. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 2; the Trenton Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 5; and the Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 2.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "This Was America." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "The Littlest Clown." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Sundays at 2 and Saturday, Nov. 2, at 11 and 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; and Election Day, 1 to 10.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is "The Legend of the Flying Horse." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Election Day from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 5; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assem-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Michael Benedikt and Marge Piercy reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

LECTURES—"Manuscript Illumination in Renaissance Flanders: The Artists and Their Workshops," by Jethro Hurt, Thursday, Oct. 31, at 5:40. . . . ¶ "Double Drama in Caravaggio," by Pamela Askew, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, at 3. . . . ¶ "The First Critics of Impressionism," by George Heard Hamilton, Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 3, and Thursday, Nov. 7, at 5:40. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Admission is free.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Saturday, Nov. 2, through Sunday, Nov. 17. Daily, 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 31, at 1:45: Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings and drawings; from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 1:45: French, American, and other paperweights, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings; from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 10:15 and 1:45: Oriental art; from a number of collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 2.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Oct. 31 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Gypsy Blood" (1918), a German film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 11:30: "Arsenal" (1929), a Russian film. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 3 and 5:30: "Three Women" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch; no English titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "The Student Prince" (1927), directed by Ernst Lubitsch. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), directed by Ernst Lubitsch. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 5:30: A program of films directed by George and Mike Kuchar. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), with Frances Dee. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden Center: Nov. 14, 16, 19, 23, 26, and 30, and Dec. 3, 7, 10, and 14.

BOXING—*At Madison Square Garden Center*—Nov. 15: Ismael Laguna vs. Bunny Grant, lightweights, 10 rounds, and Luis Rodriguez vs. Joe Shaw, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Dec. 6: Buster Mathis vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 12 rounds.

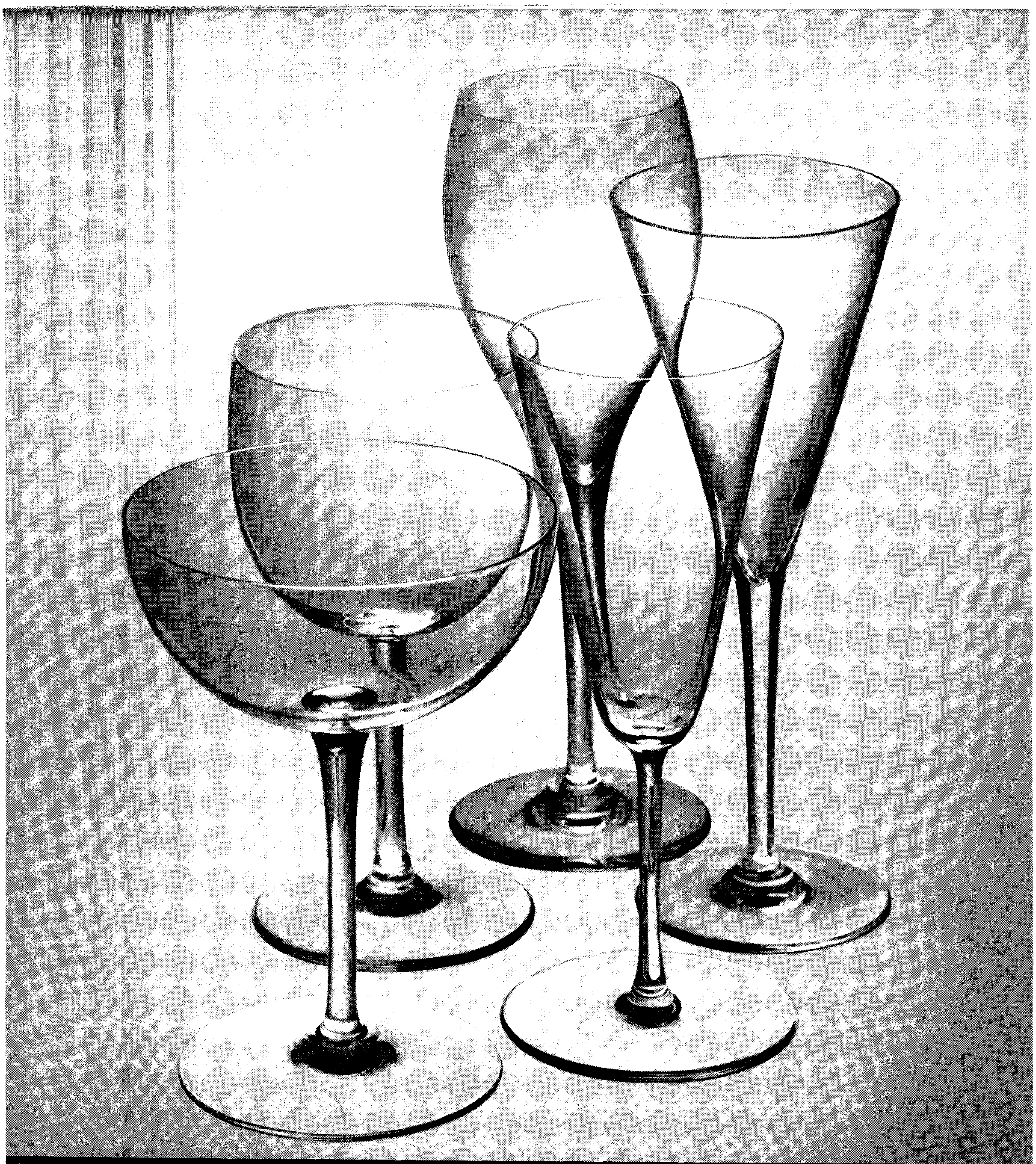
DOG SHOW—*Kennel Club of Philadelphia.* (Philadelphia. Dec. 7.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 16: Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 23:** Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; and Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 30:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, Dec. 8. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Dec. 15.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden Center on Nov. 13, 17, 20, 24, and 27, and Dec. 1, 8, 11, and 15.

PROFESSIONAL TENNIS—Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Pancho Gonzales, Roy Emerson, Tony Roche, John Newcombe, Dennis Ralston, and Earl



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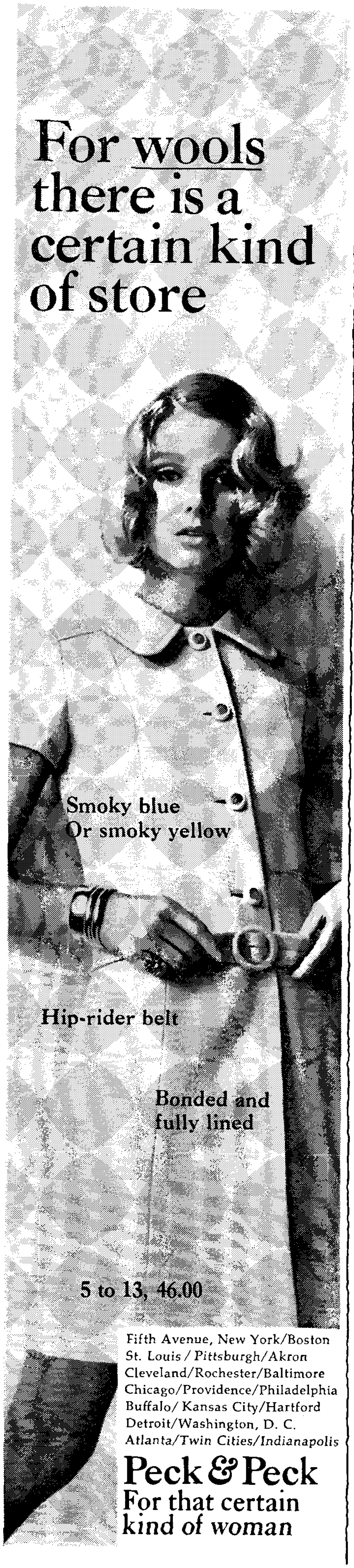
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Buchholz. (Madison Square Garden Center. Nov. 28-30.)

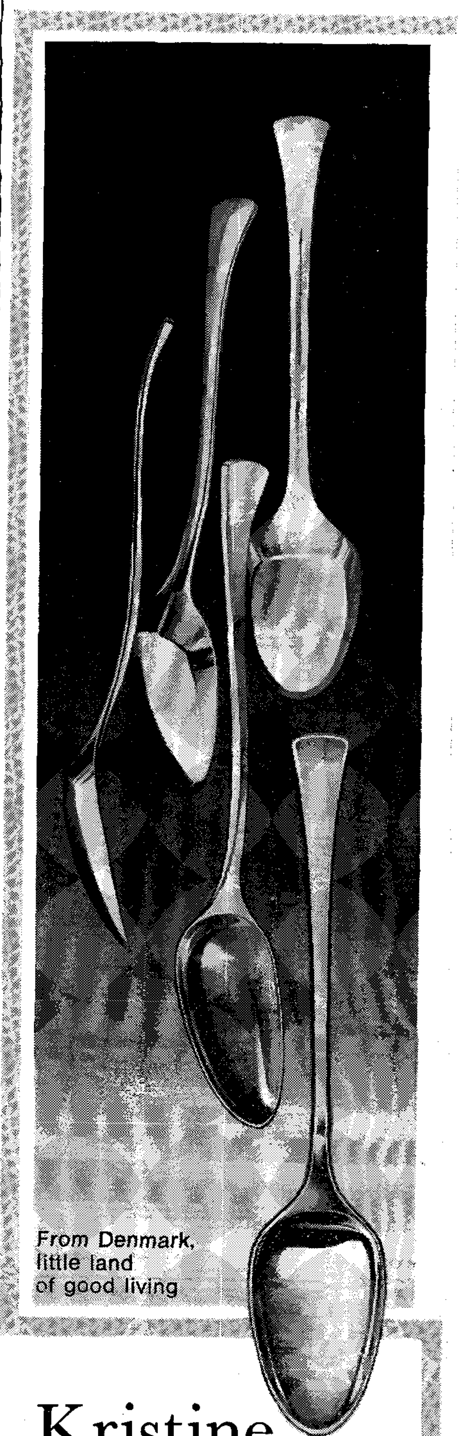
MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 19. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Bruno-Leonardo Gelber, piano, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 12 and 26 and Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Hyman Bress, violin, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Master Virtuosi of New York, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 20 and 22. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Mantovani and an orchestra, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Peter Frankl, piano, Dec. 8. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 17 and 18 and Dec. 1 and 2. . . . ¶ Zara Nelsova, cello, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Robert Guralnik, piano, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Vladimir Horowitz, piano, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Hilde Somer, piano, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Isaac Stern, violin, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Karine Georgian, cello, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Byron Janis, piano, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 10. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Baroque Ensemble of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Beveridge Webster, piano, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Grete Sultan, piano, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ John Williams, classic guitarist, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 4. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Lili Kraus, piano, Nov. 15 and Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Melos Ensemble of London, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Bernard Kruysen, baritone, Dec. 5. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Maurizio Pollini, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Baroque Ensemble of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Martina Arroyo, soprano, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and the Juilliard String Quartet, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Rollino and Sheftel, duo piano, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano, Dec. 7.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Zorbá," a musical based on the novel "Zorba the Greek," by Nikos Kazantzakis, with a book by Joseph Stein and music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb. Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova head the cast. . . . ¶ A play by Murray Schisgal, "Jimmy Shine," starring Dustin Hoffman. . . . ¶ A musical, "Promises, Promises," taken from the screenplay "The Apartment," by Billy Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond. Neil Simon wrote the book, Burt Bacharach the music, and Hal David the lyrics; Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara have the principal roles. . . . ¶ Milton Berle, Bob Dishy, and Brenda Vaccaro in "The Goodbye People," a comedy by Herb Gardner. . . . ¶ A triple bill, "Morning, Noon and Night," consisting of plays by Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi, performed by Sorrell Booke, John Heffernan, Robert Klein, Charlotte Rae, and Jane Marla Robbins.

BALLET—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, Nov. 19-Feb. 16.

POETRY READINGS—Louise Bogan. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium. YU 8-6783. Nov. 12.). . . ¶ Marianne Moore and Peter Kane Dufault. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A. FI 8-1500. Nov. 17.). . . ¶ W. H. Auden. (Hunter College Playhouse. YU 8-6783. Dec. 10.)

OTHER DATES—Thanksgiving Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden Center, Nov. 22-24. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, Dec. 7-15. . . . ¶ Christmas Flower Show, at Essex House, Dec. 11.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Barbarella—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this stale mess of an erotic comic-strip future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Cine, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great film-maker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; through Nov. 5.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—A comedy by Jean Renoir, made in Paris and starring Michel Simon. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 6.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 31.)

Bullitt—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on war and the Victorians has very pretty color and some witty bits. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard takes a playful but ultimately despairing look at the Red Guard thinking of a group of French boys and girls. An evocative, poetic, up-to-the-minute comedy satire. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 31.)

Le Départ—Interesting, nose-thumbing film by Jerzy Skolimowski, who wrote the screenplay of "Knife in the Water." About a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, the child in "The 400 Blows." A beautiful piece of filmmaking, prodigious and cheeky, at the level of a brilliant student exercise. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 6.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 1.)

The Drunken Angel (1960)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 31.)

Finian's Rainbow—Some of the whimsey in this message operetta is hard to take but Francis Ford Coppola has done his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. He is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; Fred Astaire is there, too, and Tommy Steele. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Fox (1968)—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis, Anne Heywood, and Keir Dullea. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 5.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; starting Nov. 6.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand, in the only big Hollywood musical of recent years that doesn't send one home groaning. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Election Day at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Nov. 6, tentative.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 1-3.)

I Live in Fear (1967)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 4-5.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Peter Sellers gets another chance at an American impersonation—this one a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie—in this careless comedy, which turns out to be surprisingly pleasant and occasionally witty. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback from a script by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—The director Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 5.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—An adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 4-5.)

Luv (1967)—Clive Donner's version of Murray Schisgal's Broadway play, with Jack Lemmon, Peter Falk, and Elaine May. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 6.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Nov. 1-3.)

Muriel (1963)—Directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 6.)

The Odd Couple—If you didn't see the Broadway version of Neil Simon's funny comedy about two men in mid-divorce driving each other balmy with a surrogate version of fussy marriage between them, Gene Saks' film is another chance, with no substantial change. Jack Lemmon is the wifely figure, Walter Matthau the male enraged by vacuum cleaning. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire of the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 6.)

Rachel, Rachel—A beautiful, affectionate film, a lot more energizing than a bold statement of the plot sounds, about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Joanne Woodward plays her with piercing detail and humor. This is Paul Newman's first piece of direction in the cinema, and it is very good. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Rosemary's Baby—Roman Polanski isn't at full stretch in this film, but he has an obvious and engaging love of making movies. The story, adapted from Ira Levin's thriller, is about a girl (Mia Farrow) who lives in the Dakota with her actor husband and conceives a baby by alarming occult means. Ruth Gordon is very funny as a key witch next door. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; through Nov. 3.)

The Shameless Old Lady (1964)—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring Sylvie. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 5.)

Star!—If only the musical numbers were better staged, one could forgive everything—even Julie Andrews' cold, hard impersonation of Gertrude Lawrence. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Throne of Blood (1961)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 31.)

Thunderball (1965)—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea and even under water. Starring Sean Connery, of course. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; starting Nov. 6.)

The Two of Us—This Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 5.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Election Day at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

The War Game (1966)—A tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 1.)

Warrendale—Allan King's moving chronicle of the storms in the heads of a group of mentally disturbed children who are only a little more troubled than the people called normal. No commentary, no prompting of us. One needs only to watch, as the children watch one another. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most powerful—and most shocking—film is a surreal investigation of Whither Mankind. With Mireille Darc. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

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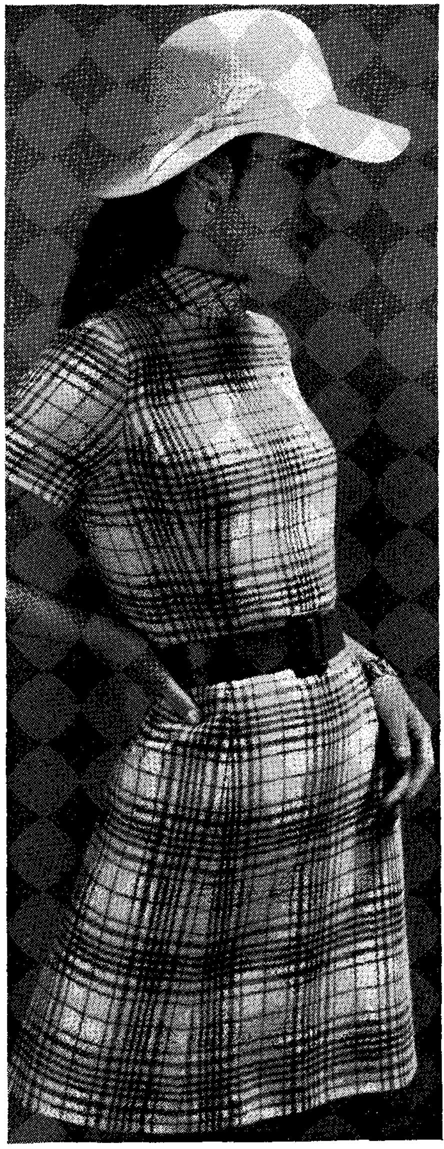

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

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EAST SIDE

Art, *36 E. 8th.* (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 5: "Beyond the Law," a Norman Mailer film.
From Nov. 6: "Trans-Europ-Express" (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WARRENDALE.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 5: **THE TWO OF US** and **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (both in French).
From Nov. 6: "The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant; and "Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 5: **THE TWO OF US** (in French); and another feature, to be announced.
From Nov. 6: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Legendary Champions," a documentary on boxing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
BARBARELLA.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Nov. 5: "Duffy," James Coburn, James Mason.
From Nov. 6: "The Marriage Came Tumbling Down" (in French), Michel Simon.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Les Biches" (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Nov. 6 (tentative): "Only When I Larf," Richard Attenborough, David Hemmings.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
WEEKEND (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
BARBARELLA.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 5: "Paper Lion," Alan Alda.
From Nov. 6: **THUNDERBALL**; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Nov. 5: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish).
From Nov. 6: **LE DÉPART** and **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (both in French).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 5: **THE TWO OF US** (in French); and "Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.
From Nov. 6: **THE PRODUCERS**; and **LUV.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 5: "Isabel," Genevieve Bujold.
From Nov. 6: "Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Oct. 31: **THRONE OF BLOOD** and **THE DRUNKEN ANGEL** (both in Japanese).
Nov. 1-3: **IKIRU** and **THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (both in Japanese).
Nov. 4-5: **I LIVE IN FEAR** and **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (both in Japanese).
From Nov. 6 (tentative): **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through Nov. 3: **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**
From Nov. 4: "The Split," Jim Brown, Diahann Carroll.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 5: "The Uninhibited" (in French), Melina Mercouri, James Mason; and "Venom" (1968; in Danish).
From Nov. 6: "Head," the Monkees.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 4: "For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.
From Nov. 5: "Shalako," Sean Connery, Brigitte Bardot.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
STAR!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BULLITT.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 5: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French).
From Nov. 6: "Birds in Peru" (in French), Jean Seberg.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"You Are What You Eat," a rock film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Lion in Winter," Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Nov. 5: "Isabel," Genevieve Bujold.
From Nov. 6: "Head," the Monkees.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BLOW-UP; and "Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 6: **MURIEL** (in French); and "Judex" (1966; in French), Channing Pollock.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 5: **THE FOX**; and "After the Fox" (1966), Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
From Nov. 6: "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway; and "Inspector Clouseau," Alan Arkin.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 31: **LA CHINOISE** and **BREATHLESS** (both in French).
From Nov. 1: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian); and **THE WAR GAME.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 5: "Venom" (1968; in Danish); and "Eric Soya's '17'" (1967; in Danish).
From Nov. 6: "Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

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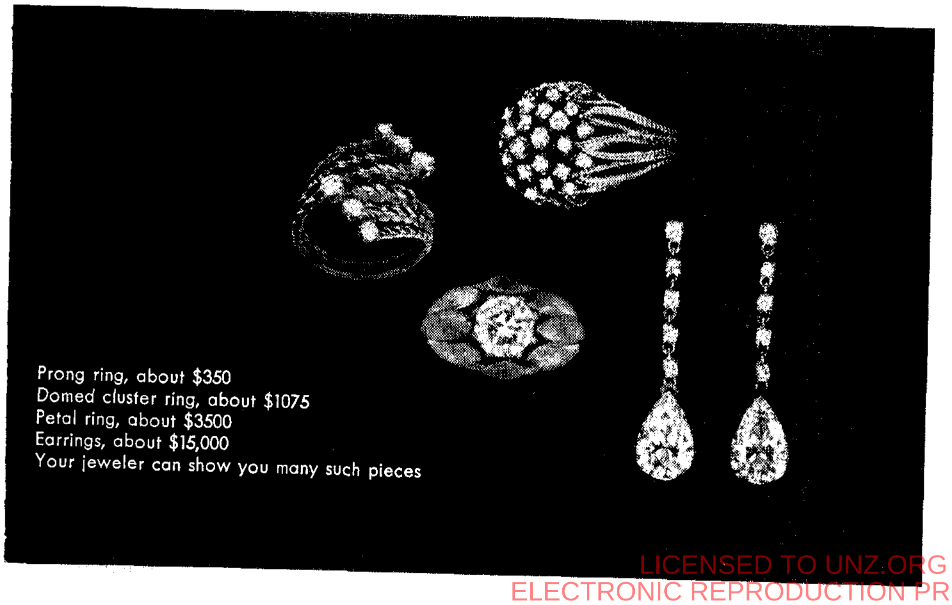

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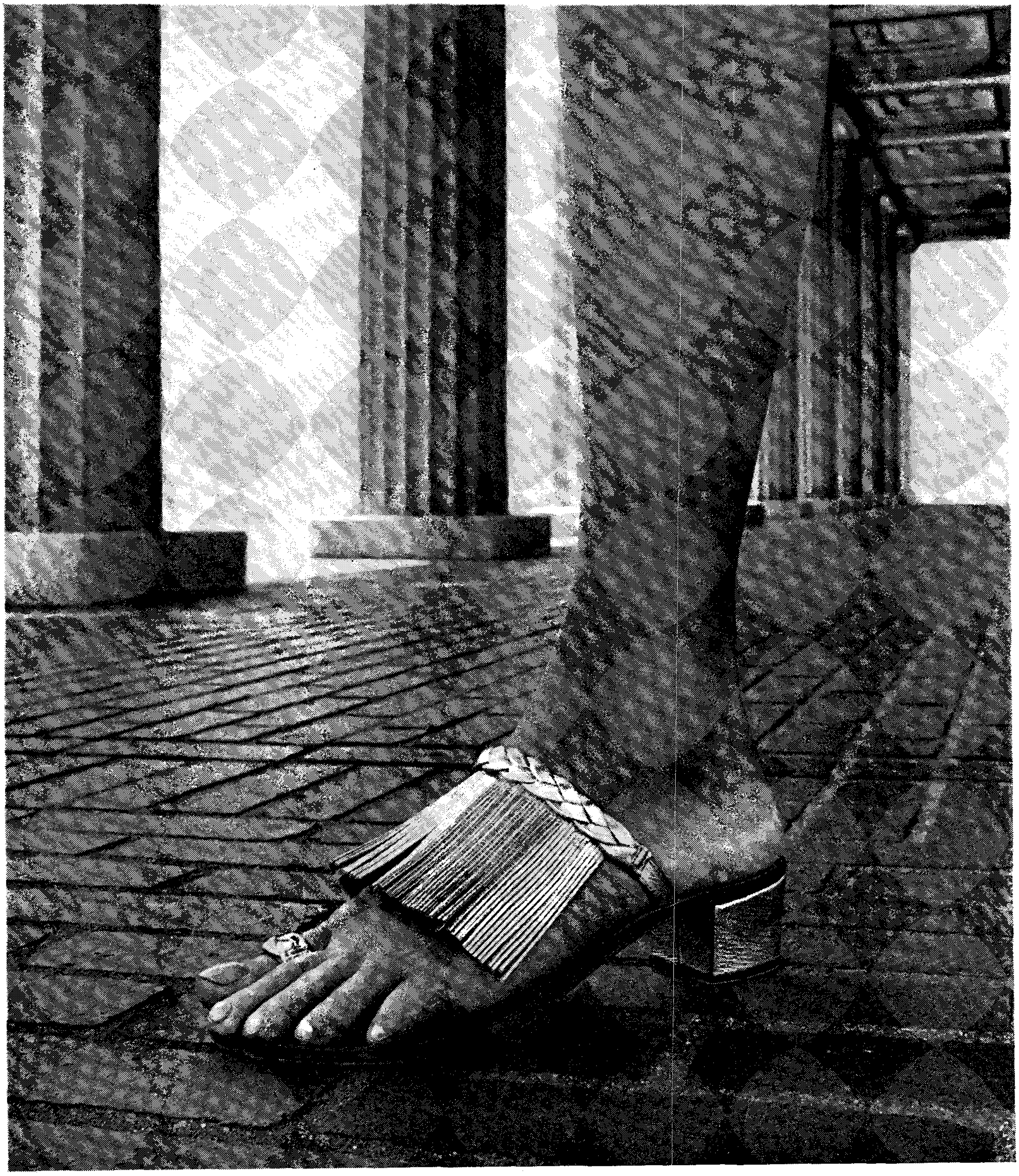

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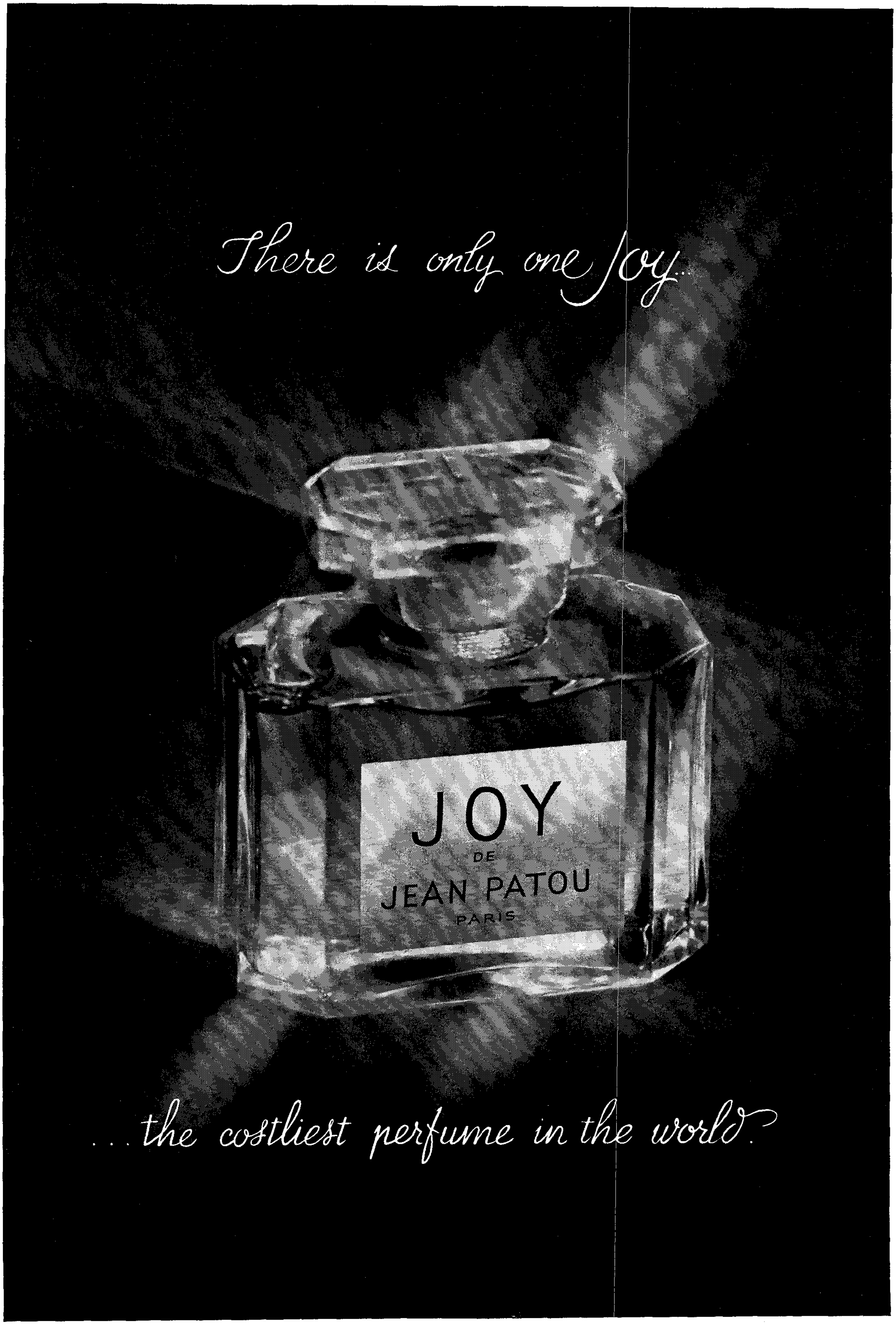
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Masada.

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The story of Masada is staggering. In the 1st Century A.D. the Jewish Maccabean Kingdom of Jerusalem was overthrown by the Romans. Periodic rebellions by the Jewish inhabitants were crushed by the Roman Legions. But one full scale revolt started in A.D. 66 raged on for four years. The Roman general, Titus, finally conquered and sacked Jerusalem in A.D. 70, leaving only one Jewish outpost remaining—the rock fortress of Masada.

For three years atop Masada the Jewish Zealots held off the Romans. Finally, in A.D. 73, the walls were pierced and hope was lost. The choice was life in slavery or death in glory. Some 960 Jewish men, women and children died at their own hands. Upon entering Masada, the Romans could do little more than marvel at the courage of their resolution.

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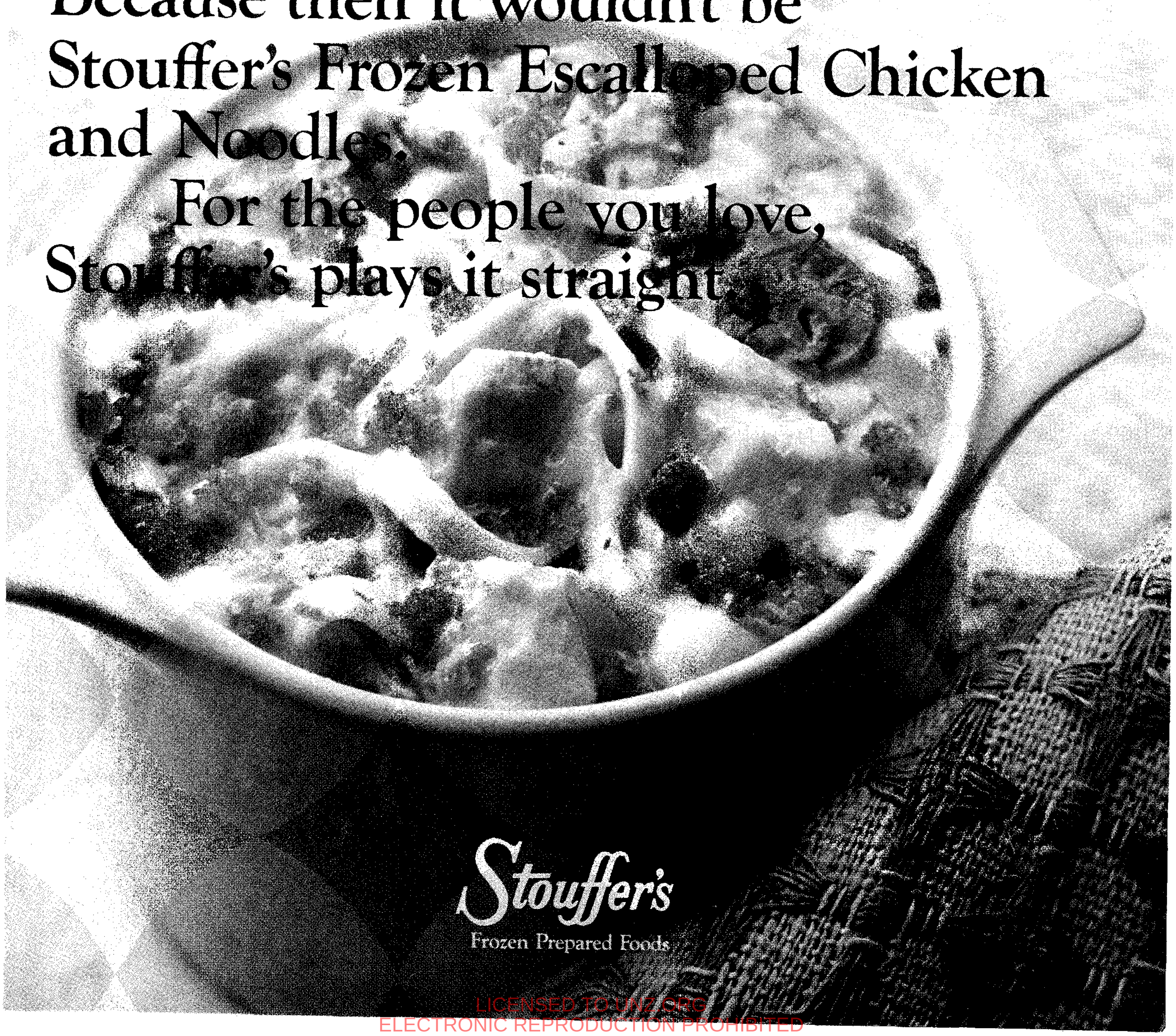
Or water the sauce and save on the milk and cream.

Stouffer's doesn't do any of that. Because then it wouldn't be Stouffer's Frozen Escalloped Chicken and Noodles.

For the people you love, Stouffer's plays it straight.



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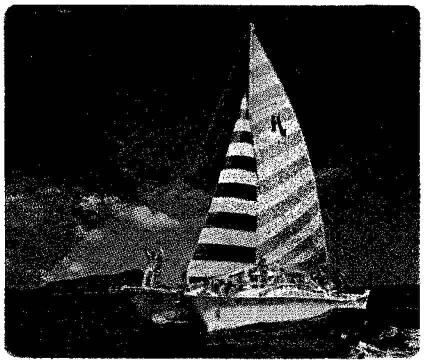

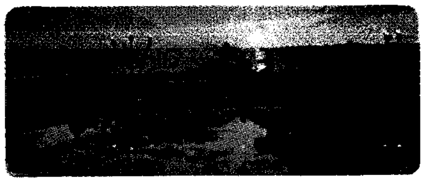

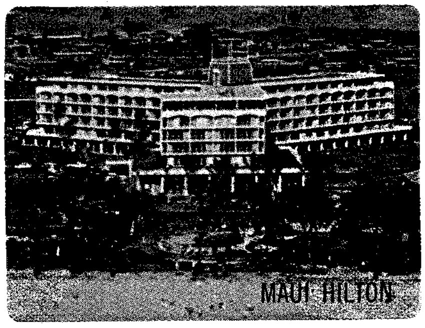

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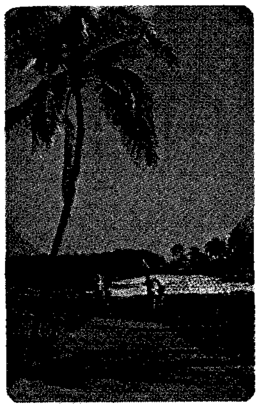

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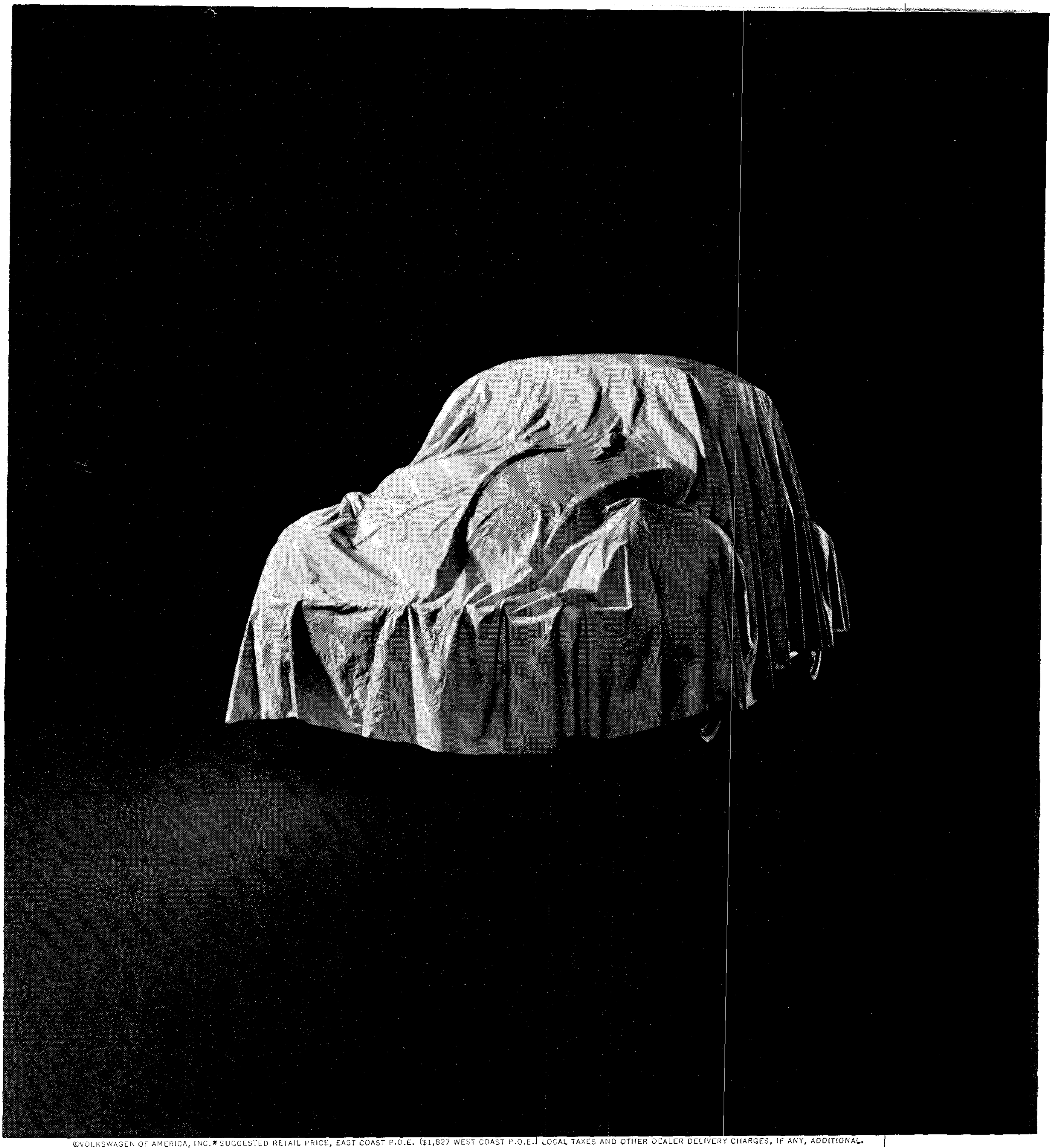

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Put that question to a diplomat and you get a very diplomatic answer.

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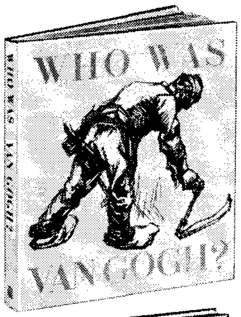
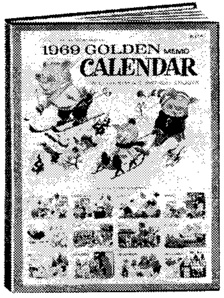
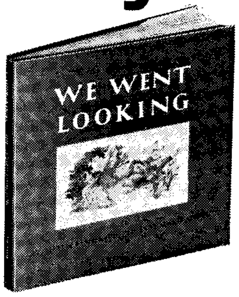
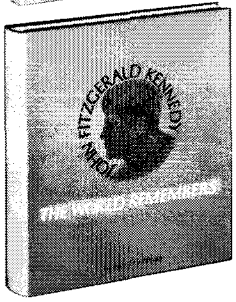
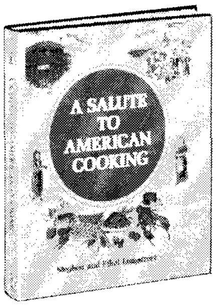
Make your very own Christmas

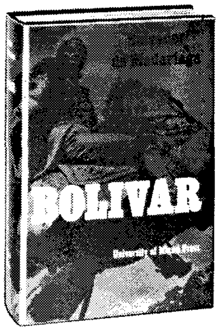

WHO WAS VAN GOGH?


1969 GOLDEN MEMO CALENDAR


WE WENT LOOKING


JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY
THE WORLD REMEMBERS


A SALUTE TO AMERICAN COOKING


de Madariaga
BOLIVAR

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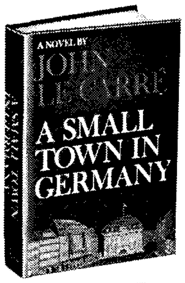
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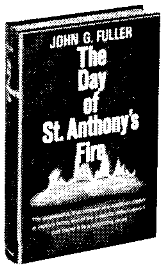
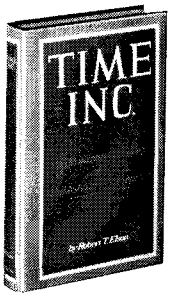
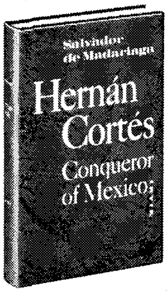
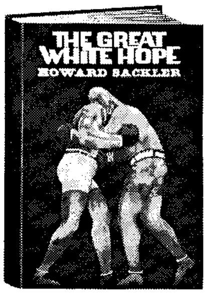
A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY

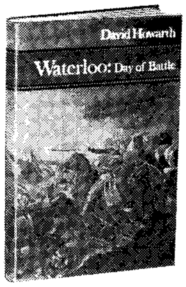

JOHN G. FULLER
The Day of St. Anthony's Fire



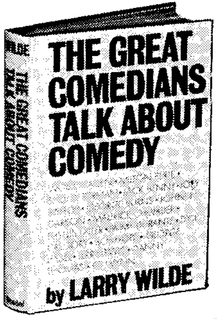
The Starveling

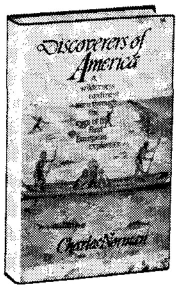

Salvador de Madariaga
Hernán Cortés
Conqueror of Mexico


THE GREAT WHITE HOPE
HOWARD SACKLER


David Howarth
Waterloo: Day of Battle

Flying Kites


THE GREAT COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY
by LARRY WILDE


Discoverers of America
Charles Norman

TREASURE... how and where to find it

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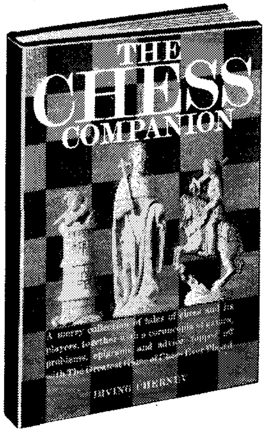
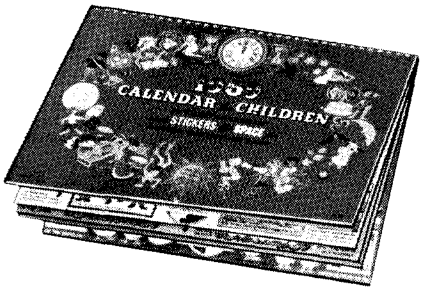
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1967-1968


THE CHESS COMPANION
IRVING CHERNEV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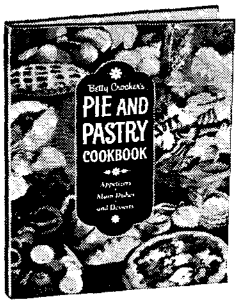
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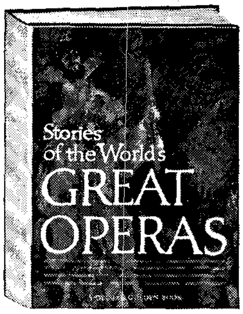
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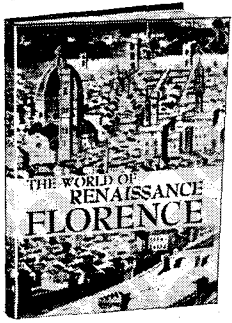
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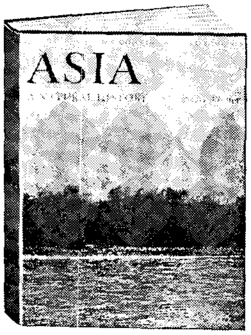

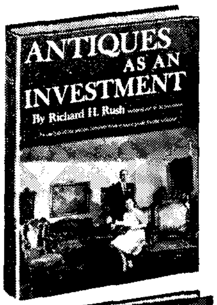
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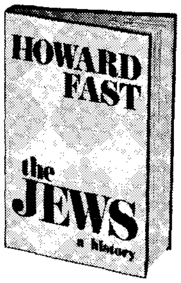
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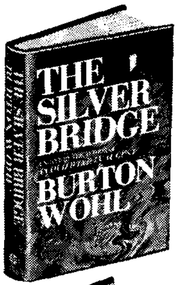
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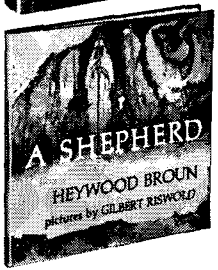
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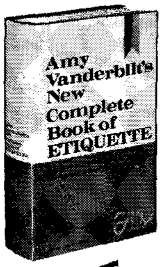
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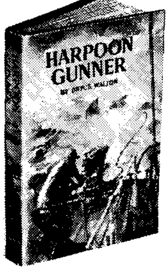
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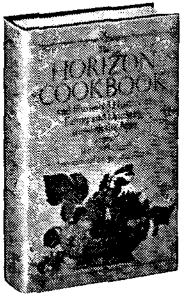
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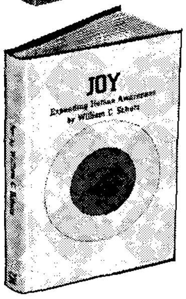
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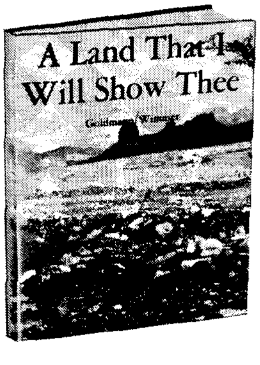
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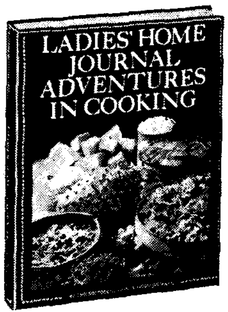
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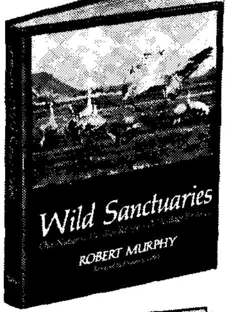
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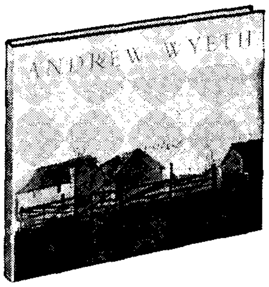
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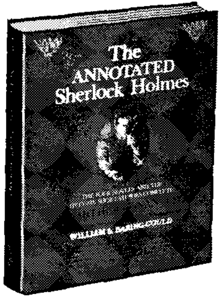
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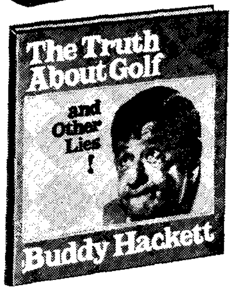
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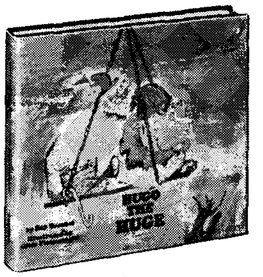
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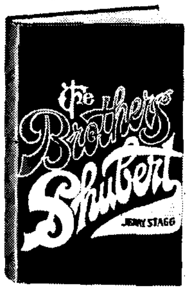
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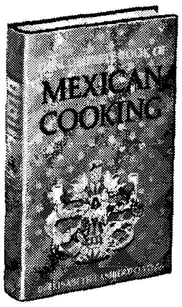
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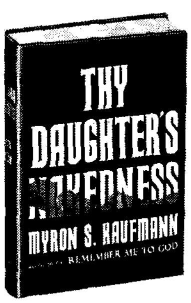
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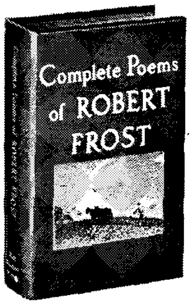
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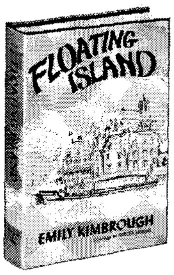
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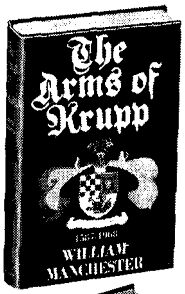
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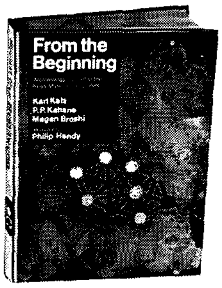
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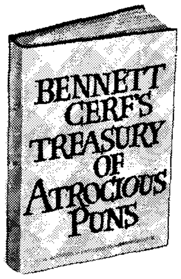
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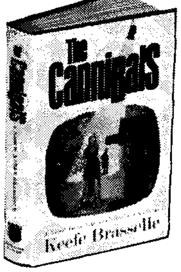
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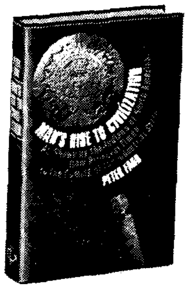
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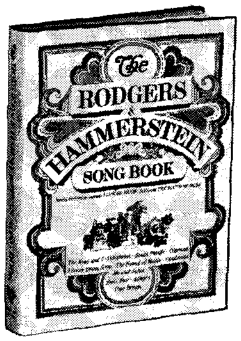
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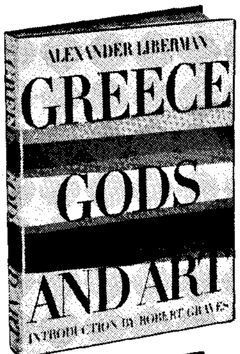
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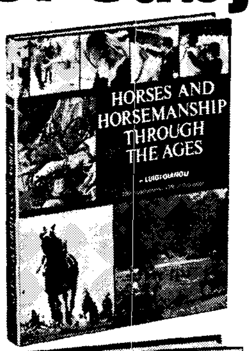
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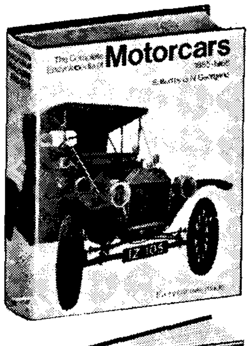

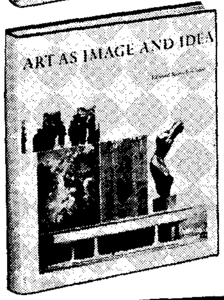
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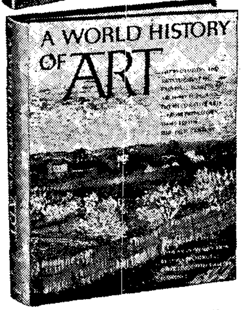
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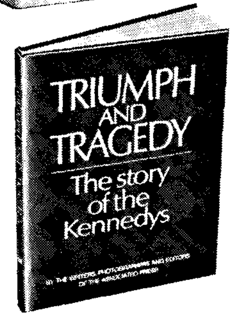
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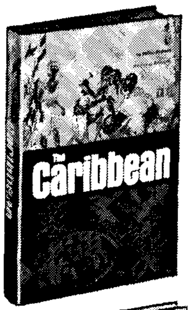
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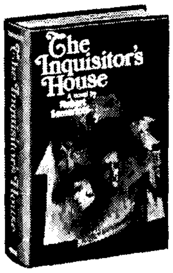
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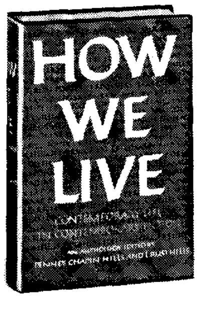

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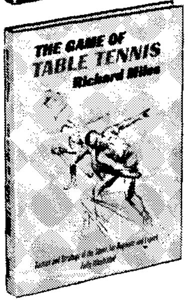
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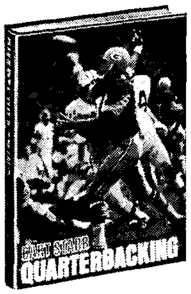
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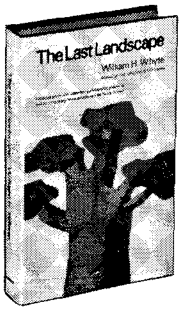
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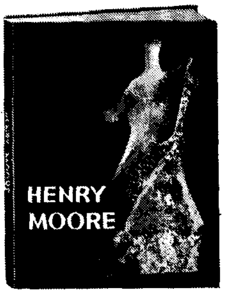
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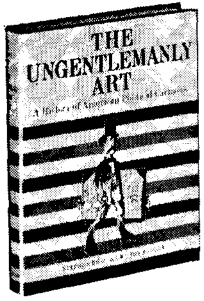
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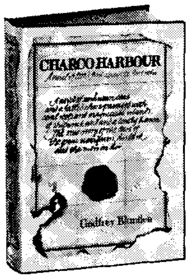
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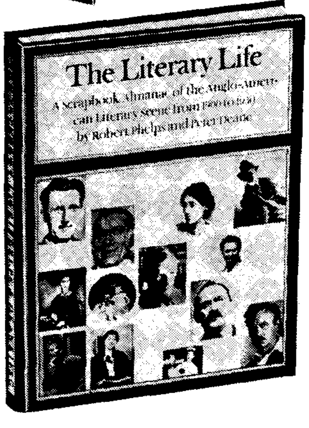
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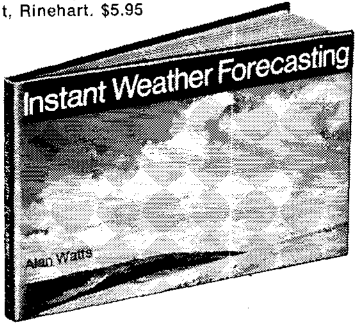
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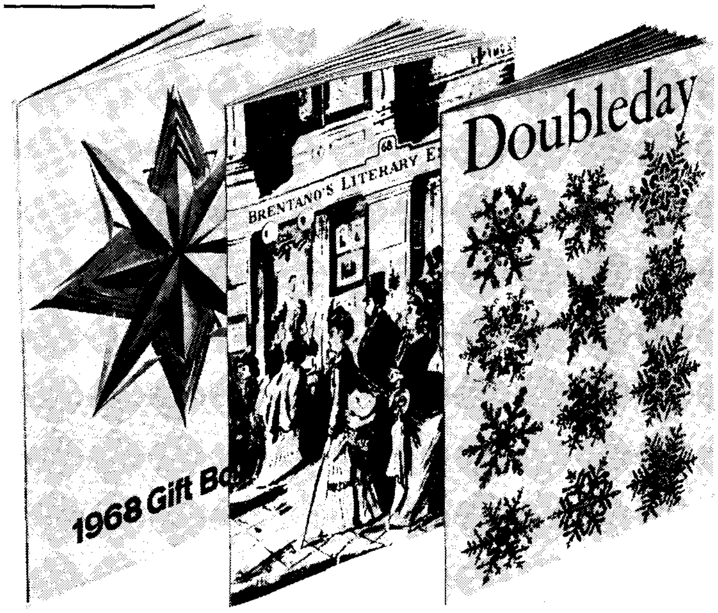

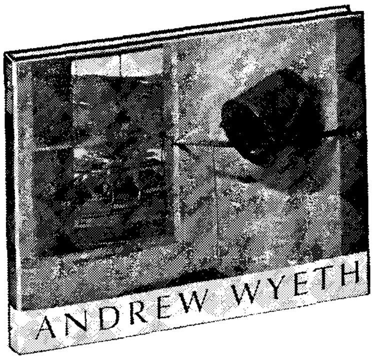

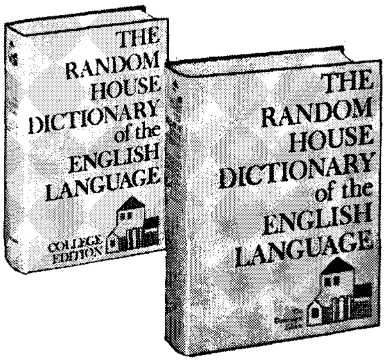
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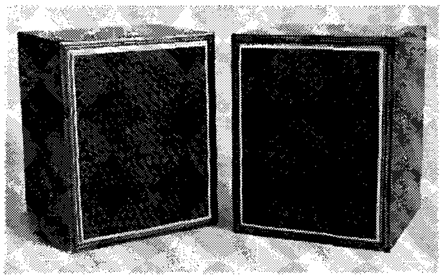

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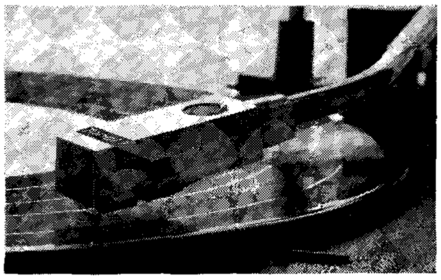

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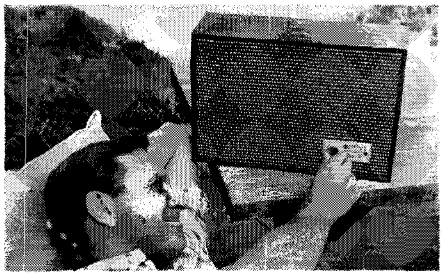

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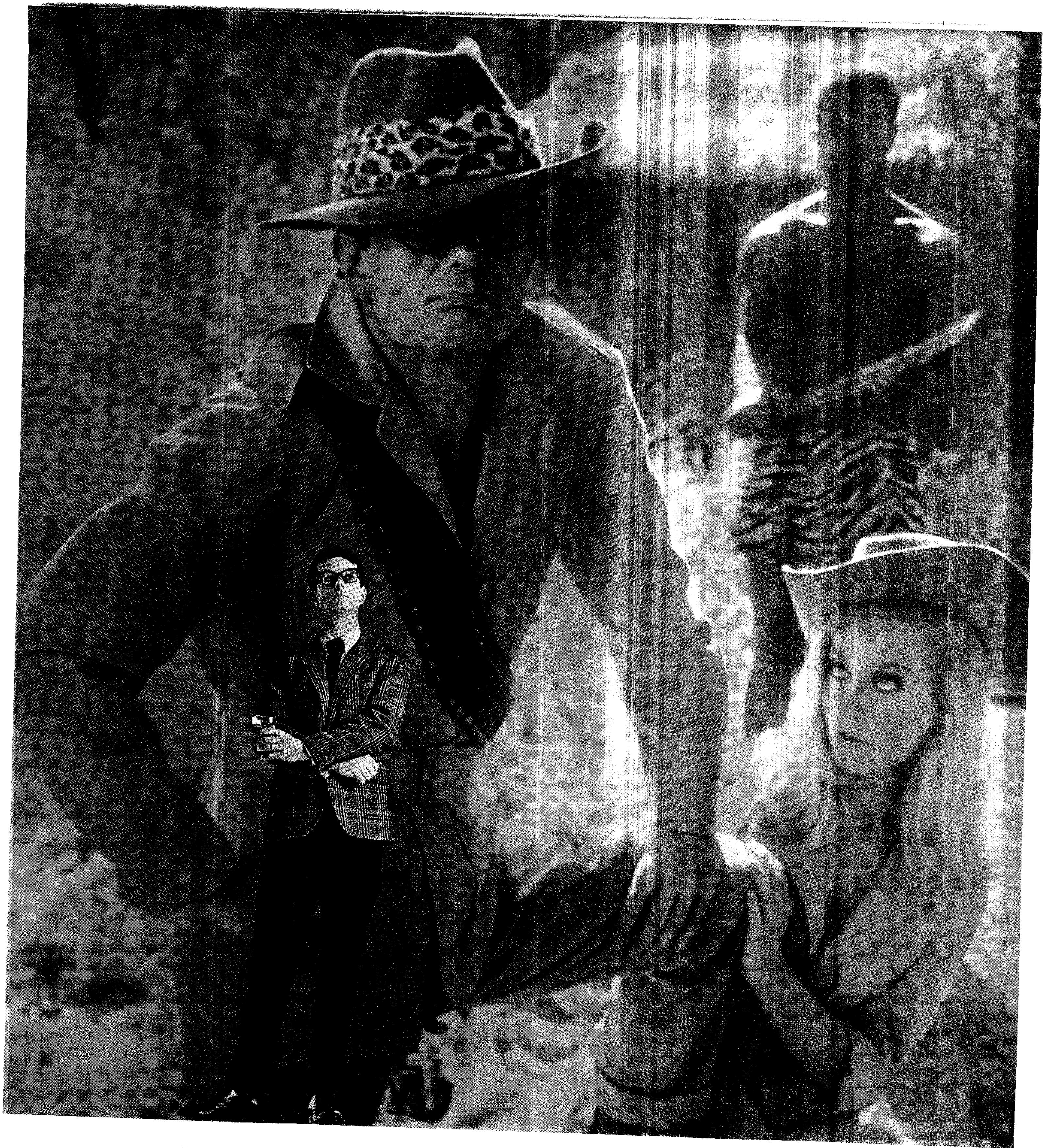

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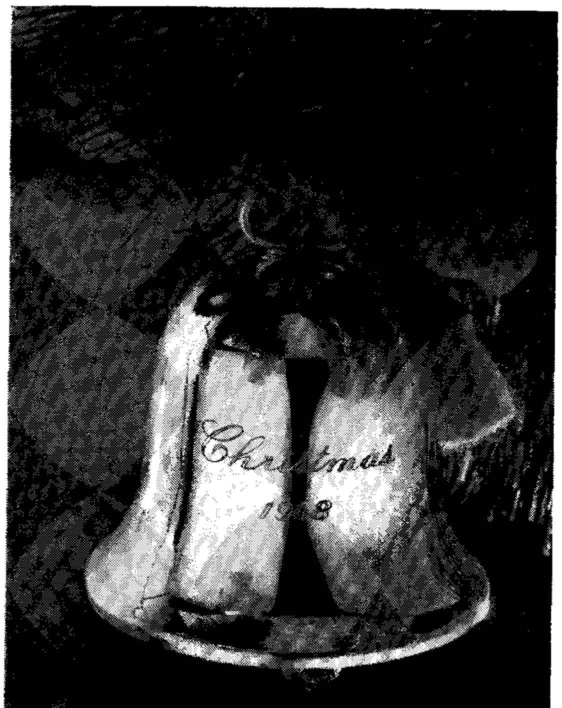

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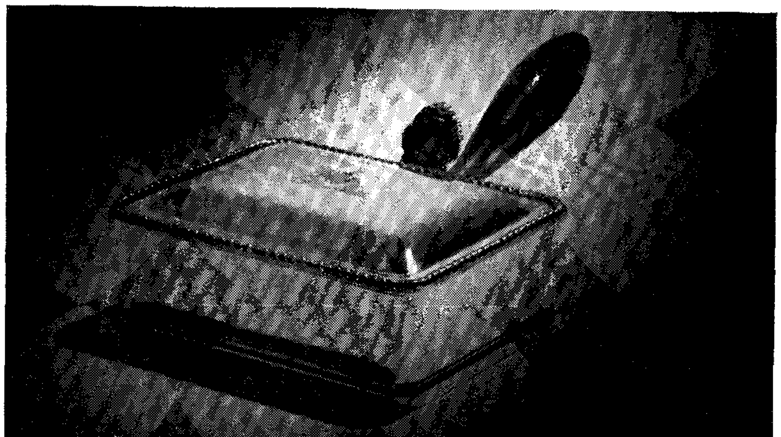

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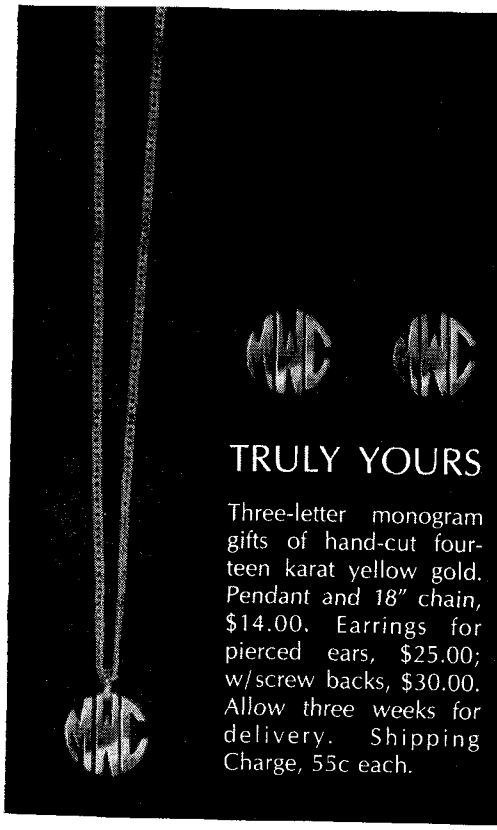

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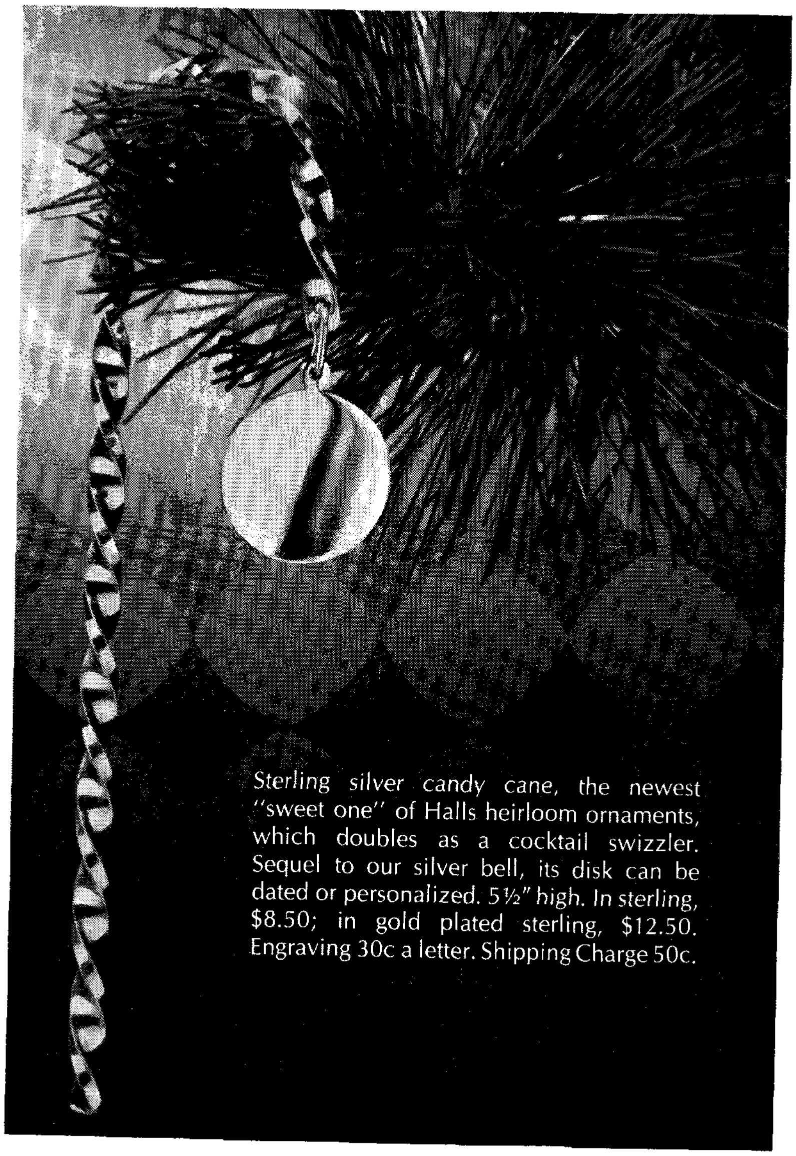

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THE NEW YORKER

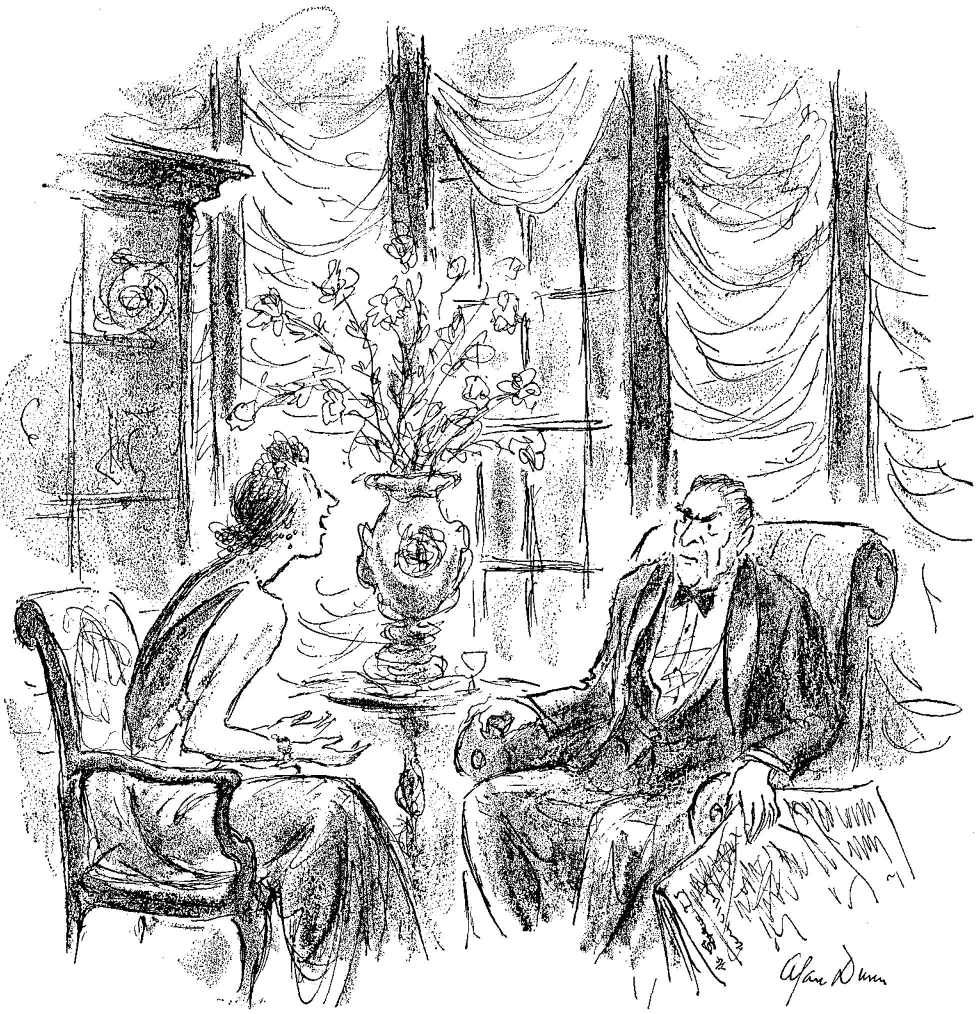
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHOEVER wins the election should give thought not only to his Cabinet appointments but to the causes of the severe economic recession suffered this autumn by the manufacturers of campaign buttons. In our corner of the country, at least, this has been the year of the tepid allegiance, the unvoiced shout, the buttonless lapel. The tiny scattering of campaign buttons we have spotted on the streets have proved to be mostly in support of candidates for the Senate or the House, and passersby sporting Nixon or Humphrey insignia have been so rare as to draw the kind of puzzled double take usually reserved for barefoot pedestrians or unhinged old ladies shouting their way toward Bellevue. The absence this year of the walking billboard, the quadrennial autumnal cry of affiliation and hope, creates a disturbing and significant silence, which we think the new President would do well to listen to. We do not interpret it as indifference to the issues in this election, or even as evidence of a continued public affront over the violence and cynicism of the Conventions. What we sense about this campaign, rather, is an immense failure of style. Not many voters, we think, expected to be offered solutions this year; all of us already knew the two major candidates, and all of us understood the deadly complexity of the two major issues—war and race—too well to expect a sudden unravelling of our fears. What we did long for, in a secret, half-sensed way, was some evidence in some candidate of a new center for hope—not a speech or a position paper but perhaps only a turn of phrase or a knowing silence that would suggest an essential complexity, courage, patience, and contemporaneity. This is style, and for many Americans style has become the essential private metaphor that makes daily life bearable. For them, it has become almost impossible to pay attention to people who don't share this resource, who aren't with it. The immense urban preoccupation with new styles of films and clothes and hair, new sounds in music and language, new structures in the theatre and in meaning is not merely faddism. These inventions are symbols of the other, larger innovations that we must somehow live with without panic—the changes in the streets and the air, in youth and politics and morality—and thus they have become an essential apparatus that permits us once again to listen to one another, to accept the unexpected, and to find some joy in our shared and difficult adventure. Many people in this country, probably most of them, have a profound fear of these changes, yet it seems clear that no President who is completely unaware of the new idiom can interest and unify the country. The voters have remained buttonless this year not so much because Mr. Nixon and Vice-President Humphrey have failed in earnestness or in ideas—no one has seriously suggested any remedies that either of them is wholly incapable of espousing—as because they have failed in aesthetics. A Presidential election is our only national theatre, and what we expected of it this year was not polemics but nuance and connection—some suggestion that the actors were partly ourselves, and that the play we watched was an extension of the mystery and passion of our own lives. What we saw in that theatre, though, were revivals of "Captain Applejack" and "Blossom Time." It is not surprising that so many of us will walk slowly toward the polling place next Tuesday, still unidentifiable as to our choice, and that the hand we raise toward the voting lever will be hesitant with apprehension.

There was, to be sure, one new kind of campaign button to be seen on the streets this year—those tiny American flags that recently appeared on the windows of so many cars and taxis. All of us understood *that* metaphor at once—an old symbol with new and entirely specific meanings—and we knew which candidate it spoke for. Only Governor Wallace ran a contemporary campaign this year. His Theatre of Cruelty was complex, instant, and riveting. Like the best of the new drama, it often said one thing and meant its precise opposite. "Unity" stood for repression, "safety" was racism, "peace" meant armed victory. We could not walk away from this play, however much it revolted us. The Wallace Down Home Tent Show played Pinter, and its huge success promises a bigger production, and perhaps a much longer run, in years to come.

It may have been ridiculous to expect Mr. Nixon or Mr. Humphrey to groove a little. It is a lot to ask of anyone that he transform such a rigid and fustian national institution as a political campaign by an imaginative personal style. Still, it is not an impossibility. President Kennedy managed it, for one. Another man who effected it—this year—is a blind folk singer named José Feliciano. Having been invited to sing the national anthem before one of the World Series games in Detroit, Mr. Feliciano put one foot up on a chair in center field at Tiger Stadium and, to his own guitar accompaniment, made something new and vivid out of



"Surely you have something to be thankful for. For one thing, you're not the Mayor of New York City."

• •

the most obdurate cliché in our vocabulary. Many who heard that wailing, nasal, atonal, acidy, and accomplished performance were shocked. We were startled, too, but after the first moment or two we experienced an extraordinary sensation. For the first time in many years, we were actually *listening* to "The Star-Spangled Banner," and, almost for the first time ever, we heard it as a cry of urgent concern—an invitation to participate in a patriotism desymbolized and grown private, difficult, and intelligent. It was a love song to a country that, in this election year, has heard mostly the sounds of separation.

Objects

"ART REDEFINED AS OBJECT" is the title of the exhibit at the Lee Nordness Gallery, which has just moved from Madison Avenue to Seventy-fifth Street, near Second Avenue. It had a gala preview the other night, which we attended, having received an explanatory essay with our invitation. The essay began, "For the first time a gallery normally devoted to the fine arts will show the work of contemporary American object-makers in depth and in juxtaposition with paintings and sculpture," and went on:

> Working in a variety of materials—such as fibers, woods, glass, metals—the objects will take various forms—such as wall hangings, furniture, bottles, pots, and jewelry—and will be expressed in both functional and nonfunctional approaches. Although all objects are not works of art, invariably all works of art are objects. It is meaningless to prejudice one's aesthetic attitude about a fine object because it is made with a certain technique out of a particular material. The quality of the form should be the only criteria. Paintings, pots, sculpture, glass, wall hangings, and graphics can all be called objects. . . . As explained by Mr. Nordness, "Considering the quality of the work of today's object-makers, one should be able to move from a painting to a pot without any aesthetic shock."

"As a dealer, I'm beginning to go into ceramics and glass as much as painting and sculpture," Mr. Nordness told us while he took us on a brief tour of the show, which occupies two floors. "I'm changing to objects. I don't like to use the word 'crafts,' because of its therapeutic connotation. I'm not going in any single direction. Here's an enamelled bowl by June Schwarcz, one of the great enamellists of the world. If this were two hundred years old, it would be considered one of the greatest objects in the world. Here's a bird ring of cast gold. Most of the young jewellers hate jewels. They hate stones. They think the craftsmanship is lost if you're bedazzled by a stone. Here's a rug by Rachel Appleton. Very subtle. The art of weaving *is* an art. What I want to emphasize is that everything is an object. An object is not disqualified if it's a rug. Many of our great talents are going into objects, because they like to work with their hands."

We moved on to a functional plate by Howard Kottler and a non-functional plate by Paul Soldner ("the foremost exponent of the raku technique," Mr. Nordness called him), from there to a green glass form by Harvey Littleton ("considered the senior glass-blower in America"), and then to a seated, cigar-holding bronze figure of James Joyce by Milton Hebald, and to more weavings, including a sort of hanging forest of weaving by Dominic di Mare. "A woven environment," Mr. N. said. "Walk through it. Dominic sometimes actually weaves feathers." We ducked through these overhead woollies and, without experiencing any aesthetic shock, turned from some paintings and acetate collages by Karl Zerbe to a nearby display of "the art of knotting"—cotton cylinders with tassels knotted by Glen Kaufman. "This ceramic house is by Robert Arneson," our guide said as we paused before a multicolored model of a dwelling place and garage surrounded by trees and shrubs. "It's *his* house, on Alice Street, in Davis, California. He's the undisputed leader of the Pop movement in ceramics. It weighs *tons*. It comes apart, of course."

"This is wild," a girl in black pants said.

Another onlooker, whom we recognized as Mrs. Vanderbilt Webb, the *doyenne* of the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, said, "It would be nice for children to play with in an empty lot."

We asked Mrs. Webb, who was not wearing black pants, what she thought of the show, and she said, "I'm too old to appreciate most of the things, but I do like a few of them. One or two would look nice in my sitting room, but I'd have to change the whole room."

We wound up our visit with "Procession for a Dead Love," a "wool-and-mixed-media" (including feathers) composition by Dorian Zachai, and some attractive ceramics by Gertrud and Otto Natzler, who Mr. Nordness said were undoubtedly the most famous ceramists in the United States. An accompanying "Gertrud and Otto Natzler Statement" stated, in part:

> The really perfect pot
> has not yet been made
> and probably never will be.
> Yet we reach for perfection, and,
> if we are fortunate,
> the next pot we make
> may come closer to our visions.
> If it does,
> we shall be grateful.
> Which somehow sums up our credo.

"The gallery has decided to move 'off-Madison.' . . . Although 'off-Madison,' we are still only three blocks east of the Whitney Museum of American Art," a leaflet that had been handed to us said, so when we left we took an off-Madison look. The block consisted largely of rooming houses and was festooned with objects in the form of overflowing garbage cans. A notice in front of the Gallery's building read:

> No ball playing.
> No carriages.
> No peddling.
> No loitering.
> No sitting in front of the building is allowed.

We moved rapidly west, past an apartment house called Chateau East.

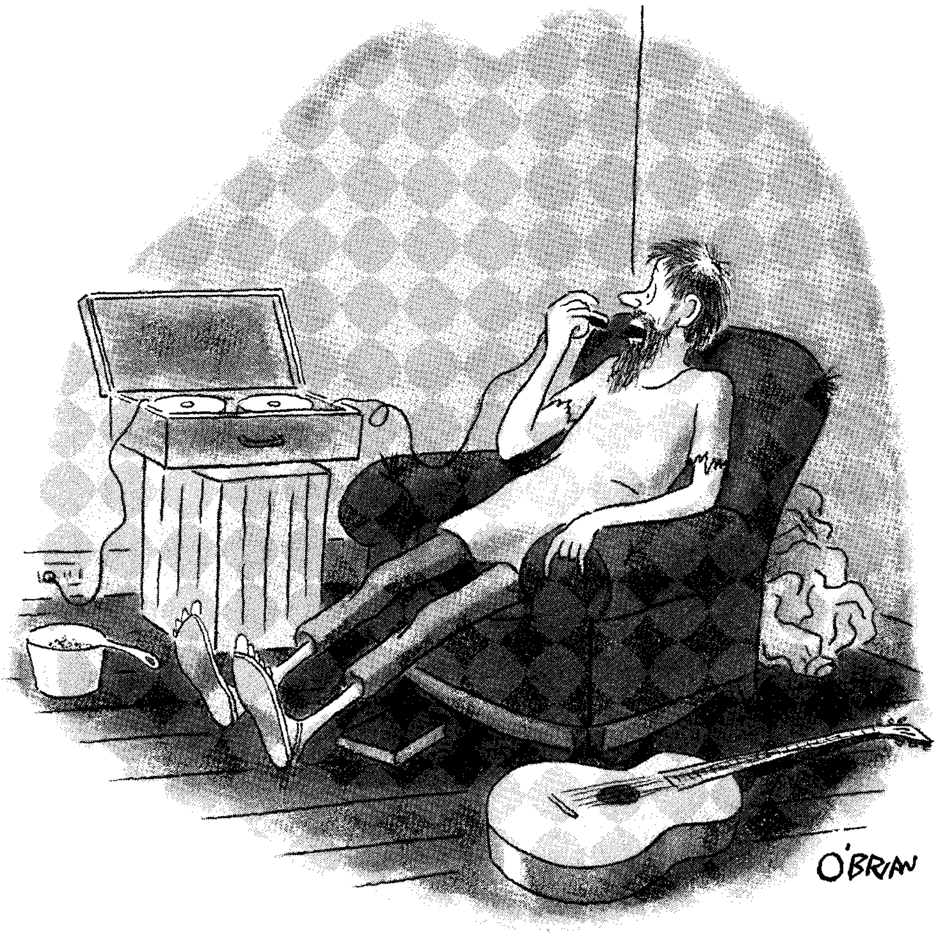
Bears

THE Bronx Zoo has opened two big enclosures to house and exhibit eight big newcomers to its collection—two polar bears and six Alaskan brown bears. We went up to have a look at them, and in the course of a preliminary office chat with their host—William Conway, the general director of the New York Zoological Society—we learned that there are seven species of bear, that all are omnivorous, but that polar bears in the wild are more carnivorous than the others. They like to eat fish, seals, young walruses, and such carrion as dead whales, but they *will* eat grass and seaweed. "Alaskan browns—ours are Kodiaks, the biggest variety—are really like pigs," Mr. Conway said. "They will eat almost anything. We're feeding them and the polars dog food. Bears live a long time in captivity. We had a grizzly here for thirty-four years. It's a remarkable fact that our Kodiaks were all bred in captivity. We got them from zoos in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Houston. This sort of zoo breeding is relatively new. Zoos are really breeding animals like the devil these days. There's a kind of population explosion here. We've stopped breeding river hippos, because the market for them is exhausted. We can't exchange them for other things with other zoos. We had to put one in the Zebra House—no room anywhere else. Lions breed faster than poodles and are cheaper to buy. We are up to our ears in antelopes."

We followed Mr. Conway outside to a motorized surrey, and he drove us to the polar-bear exhibit, which occupies a great space containing a swimming pool eight feet deep, backed by high rocks, some natural and some artificial. The two bears were wandering around on a white-painted concrete floor. "They seem satisfied with the pool," Mr. Conway said, "although in their natural state polar bears are sometimes seen swimming so far out at sea as to be out of sight of land. Ours, and the browns, are all young—two and a half to three years old. They get along better with each other when they're the same age. Newborn bears are incredibly tiny. They weigh only two pounds. Our bears now weigh around five hundred pounds. Polars go up to a thousand pounds, and Kodiaks higher. There used to be one in the Colorado Springs Zoo that weighed sixteen hundred and seventy pounds. Bears do *not* hibernate. This is a popular misconception. They may sleep in winter, but they don't get torpid. They can wake up at once, and look lively."

We drove on to the Kodiak enclosure—several small pools, with a background of trees and more rocks—and Mr. Conway introduced us to the Zoo's senior bear keeper, Mickey Quinn. "Mr. Quinn used to be a keeper in the Ape House," Mr. C. said. "He's a second-generation keeper. His father got gangrene from a zebra bite and died. He refused to have his arm amputated, which might have saved him. We've had five Quinns on the staff at one time."

No Kodiaks were visible, but Mr. Quinn clapped his hands and all six gradually emerged from an aperture in the rocks. The keeper threw them some dog food, which they ate. Presently, a couple of them lay down in the sun and went to sleep, and the others climbed a rocky hill and started chewing the bark on some of the trees. "Dead trees," Mr. Conway said. "Put



"Hello, me in 1990. I suppose by now you are making piles of bread and going reactionary, so let me remind you . . ."

there to be chewed on. We also have some foxes in here, but they're still rather shy. Bear and fox live in the same areas. Let's have lunch."

We drove to the staff dining room, where we were joined by Mr. Joseph Bell, the associate curator of the department of birds; Mr. Hugh B. House, the curator of mammals; and Mr. Jerry M. Johnson, the curator of exhibition and graphic arts.

"We feed each of the bears twelve pounds of dried dog food every morning," Mr. House said. "It's a balanced ration that keeps them in shape. Bears can get awfully overweight. We sometimes ply them with honey, bread, or apples to entice them to move—into a stall, say."

"Jerry and his crew made the artificial rock that we've added to the natural rock in the polar-bear enclosure," Mr. Conway said. "They stained the floor white so that it wouldn't look like raw concrete. The bears don't appreciate that, but we wanted to give the public the feeling that the animals are in a state of nature—snow and ice. Zoos sometimes carry decoration too far. I know of one that painted the walls of its polar-bear den bright blue and orange. The bears rubbed up against the walls, and *they* became bright blue and orange. Our scarlet ibis, in the Aquatic Bird House, get their color from their diet. We feed them fresh carrot juice."

We asked how the ibis takes care of its color in the wild, and Mr. Conway said, "It gets carotenoids from the shells of crustaceans. Carrot juice is cheaper. Joe Bell and I brought two oilbirds back from Trinidad last summer. Oilbirds have never been kept in captivity before, and they present something of a problem. They normally feed only on the oily fruits of certain palms and tropical laurels. We're trying them out on chicken mash and peanut butter. It seems to work."

Status

A COUPLE we know who live on lower Fifth Avenue have had their egos lifted several notches by the discovery that, following the *Saturday Evening Post's* computerized screening of its circulation lists to winnow out undesirables, they are now receiving two copies instead of one.

Anniversary

THE New York City Center celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a brilliant new production of Gounod's "Faust" at the New York State Theatre, a brief intermission speech by an obviously exhausted Mayor Lindsay, and a champagne supper dance. The non-musical hit of the evening was unquestionably the Mayor, who made an unscheduled appearance onstage before Act II and received scattered boos and a sudden standing ovation. "I bring you greetings from City Hall," he announced, "where never is heard an encouraging word and the pickets keep marching all day. What an appropriate opera this is tonight! That Mephistopheles—I could use him. I've tried everything else."

At the conclusion of the opera, we went backstage, to find the cast embracing each other between curtain calls, the orchestra and chorus drinking champagne from disposable plastic wineglasses, and Julius Rudel, the distinguished conductor of the evening, mopping his brow and looking profoundly relieved. "It's always nice when Murphy's Law—which says that if something terrible can happen during an opera it will—doesn't apply," Mr. Rudel, who is also director of the company, told us. "We are basically an ensemble group, and we take more risks than most companies, because we prefer to work together as a team, without a prompter. I think we achieve spontaneity and better communication with our audience this way, but there are pitfalls. Last year, when the first-act fog in 'Bomarzo' blew into the orchestra pit, I had a hard time keeping everybody together." Mr. Rudel congratulated the chorus ("You sang your little hearts out. And we stayed together"), tossed off a glass of champagne with the orchestra ("Beautifully played. For the fiftieth anniversary I'll get you new music stands"), checked his rehearsal schedule for the following morning with an assistant, and set out for his dressing room with a group of admirers in tow.

We wandered back through the deserted red-and-gold auditorium to the Grand Promenade, where several hundred City Center patrons were consuming champagne and chicken crêpes at large round tables or dancing decorously to some violent rock-and-roll music provided by a Lester Lanin orchestra. Pausing at the bar, we fell into conversation with Mr. Lawrence Deutsch, a tall, tanned Californian, who told us that he had worked for the City Center in 1946 as assistant to László Halász, the opera company's first artistic director. "Those early productions were put together with chewing gum and tissue paper, because we were always broke," he said. "The only exception was 'Ariadne auf Naxos,' our first big step forward. We had an excellent cast and thirty-nine orchestra rehearsals, so it *had* to be good. When Halász left, in '51, there was a rather grim period, which lasted until Julius took over, in 1957. Lloyd Rigler and I are so impressed by what he has done since then that we have set up the Julius Rudel Award to finance talented young conductors who want to learn more about opera. Basically, it's an attempt to find another Rudel, who will insure the artistic continuity of the company. Ensemble opera is a delicate plant that needs constant care."

We crossed the dance floor—lots of diamonds—and paid our respects to Mrs. Arthur Reis, one of the members of the original City Center Board, and Mrs. Norris Darrell, who has been a member of the board since 1961. "My brother-in-law Newbold Morris and Mayor LaGuardia really started the whole thing," said Mrs. Darrell, a stately woman in red-and-gold brocade. "When the Shriners defaulted on their taxes, Newbold went up to look at the Mecca Temple shortly before it was supposed to go under the hammer, and decided that it was just the place for a people's theatre. He and LaGuardia were always terribly proud of the fact that they managed to combine top quality with the cheapest seats in New York."

"LaGuardia was very Italian about music," said Mrs. Reis, a tiny, gray-haired woman whose eyes matched the dark-blue chiffon of her dress. "I suggested adding several composers to the original board, but he turned them all down because they didn't write like Puccini. We opened the theatre with a concert donated by the New York Philharmonic, and followed that with several plays and a Christmas pageant for children. Our opera company was born the same winter, when Maestro Halász appeared from the St. Louis

Summer Opera, which had closed down, and offered us the sets and costumes for 'Tosca,' 'Martha,' and 'Carmen.' Our first opera season lasted only a week, but it was very successful—especially the 'Carmen,' with Jennie Tourel in the leading role."

"I am constantly amazed at the number of times the City Center has tottered on the brink of financial disaster," said Mrs. Darrell. "I remember one evening in the early fifties when I found Newbold pacing up and down in front of the Fifty-fifth Street house with a tragic look on his face. I asked him why he didn't go inside, and he said, 'I can't, because I can't meet my payroll.' And that was one of the *minor* crises."

"After LaGuardia, we had great difficulty keeping the building repaired," Mrs. Reis said. "I remember one evening when Impellitteri, who was the least adventurous of the mayors as far as we were concerned, turned up for a première and was put, quite by accident, under our rather primitive air-cooling equipment. One of the ducts leaked, and, much to our amusement, large drops of water began to fall around the Mayor during the first act. By intermission, there was such a flood that the building superintendent had to place Army blankets in the aisle so that Mr. Impellitteri could leave without getting his feet wet. But the next week the Department of Public Works gave us a new roof."

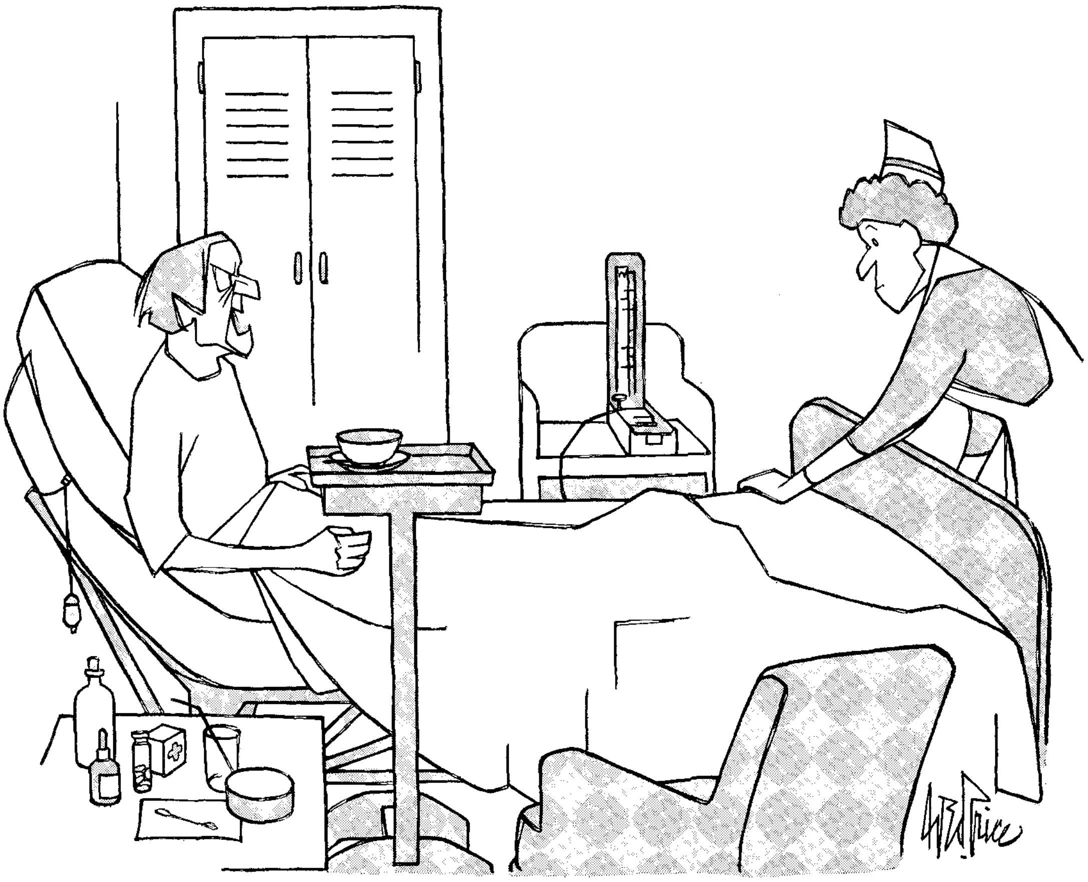
We chatted briefly with John D. Rockefeller III, chairman of the board of Lincoln Center ("We're pleased and proud to have the City Center opera and ballet here, and we feel that there are real values to be obtained from a close geographical interrelationship between professional companies and the tops in performing-arts education"), Anthony A. Bliss, a board member of the Metropolitan Opera Association ("I've always believed that artistic coöperation between the two opera companies should increase as time goes on. But none of this happens overnight"), and Peter Mennin, president of Juilliard ("Our job is to train opera talent in that vague area between musical studies and professional acceptance in a major house. This will complement, not conflict with, the Metropolitan and City Center"), as we worked our way across the crowded room to congratulate Beverly Sills, the radiant red-haired prima donna of the evening. "I've sung seventy-four Marguerites, but this is the first time I've ever had a real character to work with," Miss Sills said, with a smile. "I'd always thought of her as a nice dull little girl until our stage director, Frank Corsaro, sat me down one day and pointed out that she murders her mother, drowns her illegitimate child, is responsible for her brother's death, and goes to her own execution at the end. How's that for a swinging teen-ager?"

" 'Faust' is about a child who becomes a woman and accepts her fate," said Mr. Corsaro, who was standing nearby. "Her redemption is through her own private crisis, and her madness you must believe in. Otherwise the opera is just a series of segues to set pieces."

"Here's the man who really has staging problems," said Miss Sills, introducing us to Norman Treigle, her Mephistopheles.

"Not in this production," Mr. Treigle said, in a soft Southern accent. "But I must admit I get very nervous when a director tries to turn me into Mandrake the Magician. One time, in Detroit, the stagehands put too much powder into the magic cup and I got a bad burn on my hands. In another production, out on the West Coast, they decided to surround me with a ring of flame, which went up like Hiroshima and set my cloak on fire. Probably the most memorable entrance this company has ever seen was one I made about ten years ago in the old house. As I rose through a trap in the floor, the flashpan—which was supposed to provide suitable amounts of smoke and flame—blew up, and the rocks that weighted it down flew through the air like bullets. I saw a couple of them whiz right by Julius in the orchestra pit, but he didn't miss a beat, and, somehow, neither did we."

"Our finances may be weak, but our nerves are strong," said Miss Sills as Mr. Rudel emerged from the crowd and planted a kiss on her cheek. "Hello, Julius. How about some non-explosive champagne?"



"How dare you crank me up for stewed apricots!"

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OVERHEARD on the Columbia campus, one tortoiseshelled young man to another: "Actually, we are facing reality on an interim basis."

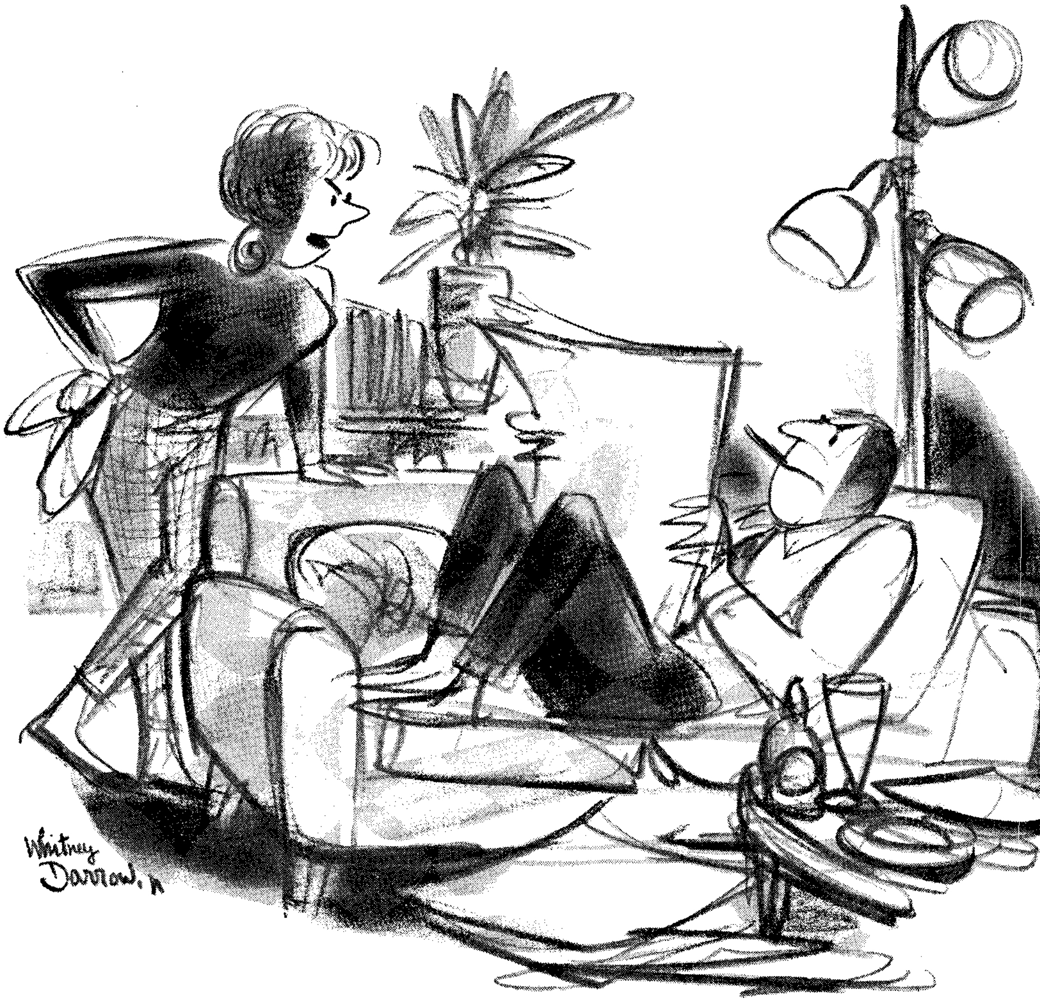
THE OTHER DEATH

I HAVE mislaid the letter, but a couple of years or so ago Gannon wrote me from his ranch up in Gualeguaychú saying he would send me a translation, perhaps the very first into Spanish, of Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem "The Past," and adding in a P.S. that don Pedro Damián, whom I might recall, had died of a lung ailment a few nights earlier. The man (Gannon went on), wasted by fever, had in his delirium relived the long ordeal of the battle of Masoller. It seemed to me there was nothing unreasonable or out of the ordinary about this news since don Pedro, when he was nineteen or twenty, had been a follower of the banners of Aparicio Saravia. Pedro Damián had been working as a hand up north on a ranch in Río Negro or Paysandú when the 1904 revolution broke out. Although he was from Gualeguaychú, in the province of Entre Ríos, he went along with his friends and, being as cocky and ignorant as they were, joined the rebel army. He fought in one or two skirmishes and in the final battle. Returned home in 1905, Damián, with a kind of humble stubbornness, once more took up his work as a cowhand. For all I know, he never left his native province again. He spent his last thirty years living in a small lonely cabin eight or ten miles from Ñancay. It was in that out-of-the-way place that I spoke with him one evening (that I tried to speak with him one evening) back around 1942; he was a man of few words, and not very bright. Masoller, it turned out, was the whole of his personal history. And so I was not surprised to find out that he had lived the sound and fury of that battle over again at the hour of his death. When I knew I would never see Damián another time, I wanted to remember him, but so poor is my memory for faces that all I could recall was the snapshot Gannon had taken of him. There is nothing unusual in this fact, considering that I saw the man only once, at the beginning of 1942, but had looked at his picture many times. Gannon sent me the photograph and it, too, has been misplaced. I think now that if I were to come across it I would feel afraid.

The second episode took place in Montevideo, months later. Don Pedro's fever and his agony gave me the idea for a tale of fantasy based on the defeat at Masoller; Emir Rodríguez Monegal, to whom I had told the plot, wrote me an introduction to Colonel Dionisio Tabares, who had fought in that campaign. The Colonel received me one evening after dinner. From a rocking chair out in the side yard, he recalled the old days with great feeling but at the same time with a faulty sense of chronology. He spoke of ammunition that never reached him and of reserves of horses that arrived worn out, of sleepy dust-covered men weaving labyrinths of marches, of Saravia, who might have ridden into Montevideo but who passed it by "because the gaucho has a fear of towns," of throats hacked from ear to ear, of a civil war that seemed to me less a military operation than the dream of a cattle thief or an outlaw. Names of battles kept coming up: Illescas, Tupambaé, Masoller. The Colonel's pauses were so effective and his manner so vivid that I realized he had told and retold these same things many times before, and I feared that behind his words almost no true memories remained. When he stopped for a breath, I managed to get in Damián's name.

"Damián? Pedro Damián?" said the Colonel. "He served with me. A little half breed. I remember the boys used to call him Daymán—after the river." The Colonel let out a burst of loud laughter, then cut it off all at once. I could not tell whether his discomfort was real or put on.

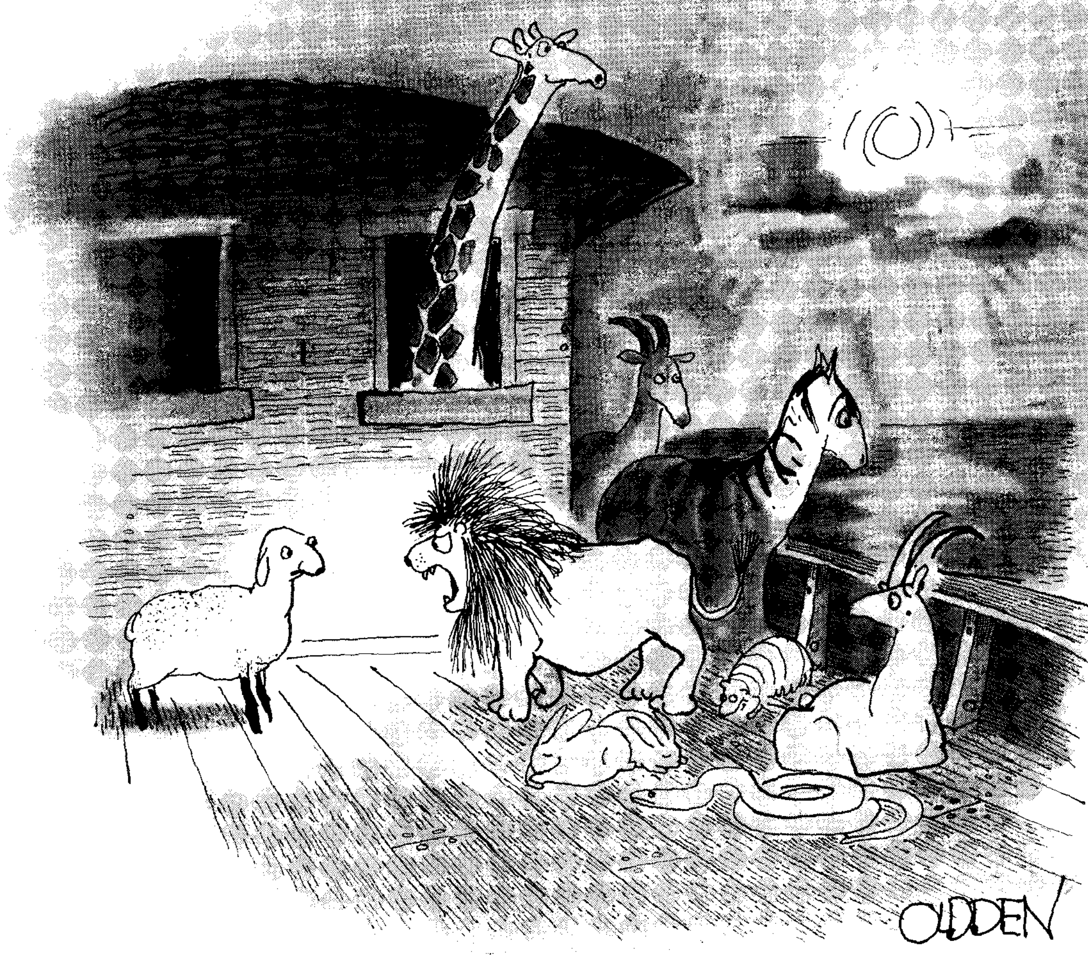
In another voice, he stated that war, like women, served as a test of men, and that nobody knew who he really was until he had been under fire. A man might think himself a coward and actually be brave. And the other way around, too, as had happened to that poor Damián, who bragged his way in and out of saloons with his white ribbon marking him as a Blanco, and later on lost his nerve at Masoller. In one exchange of gunfire



"I wouldn't mind your split personalities so much if just one of them was fit to live with."

with the regulars, he handled himself like a man, but then it was something else again when the two armies met face to face and the artillery began pounding away and every man felt as though there were five thousand other men out there grouping to kill him. That poor kid. He'd spent his life on a farm dipping sheep, and then all of a sudden he gets himself dragged along and mixed up in the grim reality of war. . . .

For some absurd reason, Tabares' version of the story made me uncomfortable. I would have preferred things to have happened differently. Without being aware of it, I had made a kind of idol out of old Damián—a man I had seen only once on a single evening many years earlier. Tabares' story destroyed everything. Suddenly the reasons for Damián's aloofness and his stubborn insistence on keeping to himself were clear to me. They had not sprung from modesty but from shame. In vain, I told myself that a man pursued by an act of cowardice is more complex and more interesting than one who is merely courageous. The gaucho Martín Fierro, I thought, is less memorable than Lord Jim or Razumov. Yes, but Damián, as a gaucho, should have been Martín Fierro—especially in the presence of Uruguayan gauchos. In what Tabares left unsaid, I felt his assumption (perhaps undeniable) that Uruguay is more primitive than Argentina and therefore physically braver. I remember we said goodbye to each other that night with a cordiality that was a bit marked.



"Once we get to dry land, Buster, you've had it."

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DURING the winter, the need of one or two details for my story (which somehow was slow in taking shape) sent me back to Colonel Tabares again. I found him with another man of his own age, a Dr. Juan Francisco Amaro from Paysandú, who had also fought in Saravia's revolution. They spoke, naturally, of Masoller.

Amaro told a few anecdotes, then slowly added, in the manner of someone who is thinking aloud, "We camped for the night at Santa Irene, I recall, and some of the men from around there joined us. Among them a French veterinarian, who died the night before the battle, and a boy, a sheepshearer from Entre Ríos. Pedro Damián was his name."

I cut him off sharply. "Yes, I know," I said. "The Argentine who couldn't face the bullets."

I stopped. The two of them were looking at me, puzzled.

"You are mistaken, sir," Amaro said after a while. "Pedro Damián died as any man might wish to die. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. The regular troops had dug themselves in on the top of a hill and our men charged them with lances. Damián rode at the head, shouting, and a bullet struck him square in the chest. He stood up in his stirrups, finished his shout, and then rolled to the ground, where he lay under the horses' hooves. He was dead, and the whole last charge of Masoller trampled over him. So fearless, and barely twenty."

He was speaking, doubtless, of another Damián, but something made me ask what it was the boy had shouted.

"Filth," said the Colonel. "That's what men shout in action."

"Maybe," said Amaro, "but he also cried out, 'Long live Urquiza!' "

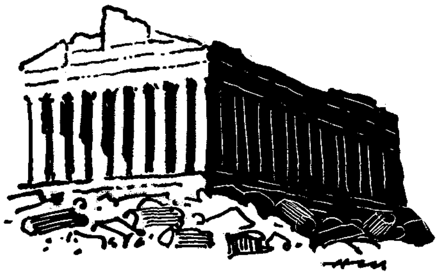
We were silent. Finally, the Colonel murmured, "Not as if we were fighting at Masoller, but at Cagancha or India Muerta a hundred years ago." He added, genuinely bewildered, "I commanded those troops, and I could swear it's the first time I've ever heard of this Damián."

We had no luck in getting the Colonel to remember him.

BACK in Buenos Aires, the amazement that his forgetfulness produced in me repeated itself. Browsing through the eleven pleasurable volumes of Emerson's works in the basement of Mitchell's, the English bookstore, I met Patricio Gannon one afternoon. I asked him for his translation of "The Past." He told me that he had no translation of it in mind, and that, besides, Spanish literature was so boring it made Emerson quite superfluous. I reminded him that he had promised me the translation in the same letter in which he wrote me of Damián's death. He asked me who was Damián. I told him in vain. With rising terror, I noticed that he was listening to me very strangely, and I took refuge in a literary discussion on the detractors of Emerson, a poet far more complex, far more skilled, and truly more extraordinary than the unfortunate Poe.

I must put down some additional facts. In April, I had a letter from Colonel Dionisio Tabares; his mind was no longer vague and now he remembered quite well the boy from Entre Ríos who spearheaded the charge at Masoller and whom his men buried that night in a grave at the foot of the hill. In July, I passed through Gualeguaychú; I did not come across Damián's cabin, and nobody there seemed to remember him now. I wanted to question the foreman Diego Abaroa, who saw Damián die, but Abaroa had passed away himself at the beginning of the winter. I tried to call to mind Damián's features; months later, leafing through some old albums, I found that the dark face I had attempted to evoke really belonged to the famous tenor Tamberlik, playing the role of Othello.

Now I move on to conjectures. The easiest, but at the same time the least satisfactory, assumes two Damiáns: the coward who died in Entre Ríos around 1946, and the man of courage who died at Masoller in 1904. But this falls apart in its inability to explain what are really the puzzles: the strange fluctuations of Colonel Tabares' memory, for one, and the general forgetfulness, which in so short a time could blot out the image and even the name of the man who came back. (I cannot accept, I do not want to accept, a simpler possibility—that of my having dreamed the first man.) Stranger still is the supernatural conjecture thought up by Ulrike von Kühlmann. Pedro Damián, said Ulrike, was killed in the battle and at the hour of his death asked God to carry him back to Entre Ríos. God hesitated a moment before granting the request, but by then the man was already dead and had been seen by others to have fallen. God, who cannot unmake the past but can affect its images, altered the image of Damián's violent death into one of falling into a faint. And so it was the boy's ghost that came back to his native province. Came back, but we must not forget that it did so as a ghost. It lived in isolation without a woman and without friends; it loved and possessed everything, but from a distance, as from the other side of a mirror; ultimately it "died" and its frail image just disappeared, like water in water. This conjecture is faulty, but it may have been responsible for pointing out to me the true one (the one I now believe to be true), which is at the same time simpler and more unprecedented. In a mysterious way, I discovered it in the treatise "De Omnipotentia," by Pier Damiani, after having been referred to him by two lines in Canto XXI of the "Paradiso," in which the problem of Damiani's identity is brought up. In the fifth chapter of that treatise, Pier Damiani asserts—against Aristotle and against Fredegarius de Tours—that it is within God's power to make what once was into something that has never been. Reading those old theological discussions, I began to un-



FIVE HORSES

Midday, midsummer, the field is watercolor green.
In the center, slats of an open paddock frame.
A rusty bathtub for water trough in foreground shade.
Five horses—two brown, two pinto, one a buckskin—wade
the wide green. They are made short by the stature
of the grass—hooves and half their muzzles unseen.

They keep the composition balanced by their ease
and placement. On a rectangle of sun, the two brown
backs, like polished tables, solid, reddish, rove.
The black-on-whites, turned hinders to the wood,
necks down, feel a slow breeze drag the scarves
of their manes aslant. One's whole head is a dark hood
through which the ears, unpainted, point. The other's a mare
with astonishing blue eyes, and all blond, except for a pale
tan patch over stifle and loin. The buckskin, youngest,
crops in shade alone, tail thrown over tawny rump
in a constant feathery rotor against flies.

They move and munch so gradually, the scene
seems not to change—clean colors outlined on mat green
under a horizontal wash of steady blue
that ink-sharp, darker swallows, distant, dip into.

That pasture was the end of one of our walks.
We brought carrots that we broke and passed,
on the flats of our hands, to the lips of Buck and Blue,
to Spook, Brown I, and Brown II, who nipped and jostled
each other over the gate to get them.
They'd wait while we stroked their forelocks and smooth jaws.
I could look into the square pupils of the palfrey, Blue,
her underlip and nostrils, like a rabbit's, pink.
Pied spots, as on a cheetah, showed faint under the hair
on Buck, your horse; you liked him best.
Close up, we rubbed the ragged streaks and stars on their
foreheads and chests, slapped their muscular necks,
while they nudged us, snuffling our pockets for more.

Now we've gone past summer and the green field, but I could draw
their profiles, so distinguished the five faces stay in view,
leaning over the gate boards toward our coming,
waiting for carrots—staring, yearning in a row.

—May Swenson

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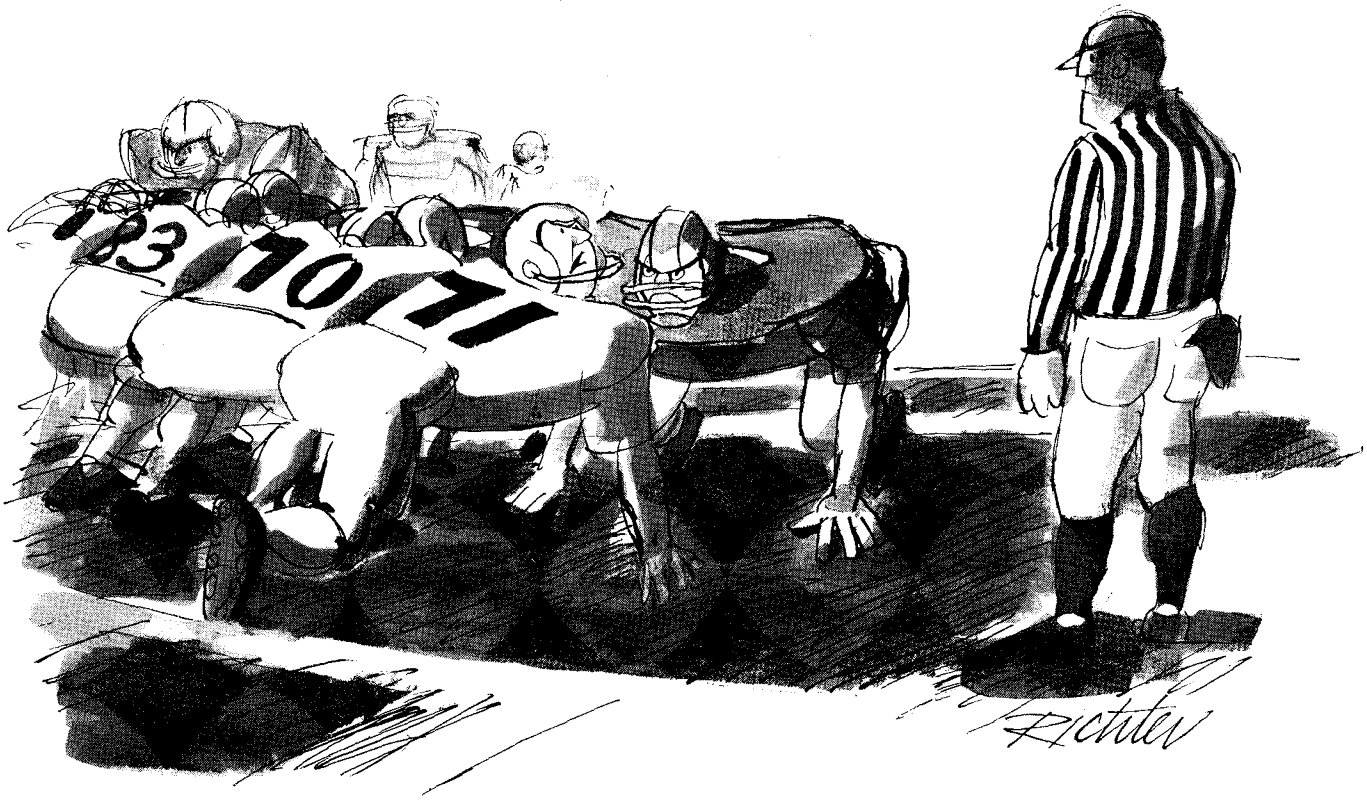

"This man has the sniffles."

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derstand don Pedro Damián's tragic story.

THIS is my solution. Damián handled himself like a coward on the battlefield at Masoller and spent the rest of his life setting right that shameful weakness. He returned to Entre Ríos; he never lifted a hand against another man, he never cut anyone up, he never sought fame as a man of courage. Instead, living out there in the hill country of Ñancay and struggling with the backwoods and with wild cattle, he made himself tough, hard. Probably without realizing it, he was preparing the way for the miracle. He thought from his innermost self, If destiny brings me another battle, I'll be ready for it. For forty years he waited and waited, with an inarticulate hope, and then, in the end, at the hour of his death, fate brought him his battle. It came in the form of delirium, for, as the Greeks knew, we are all shadows of a dream. In his final agony he lived his battle over again, conducted himself as a man, and in heading the last charge he was struck by a bullet in the middle of the chest. And so, in 1946, through the working out of a long, slow-burning passion, Pedro Damián died in the defeat at Masoller, which took place between winter and spring in 1904.

In the "Summa Theologiae," it is denied that God can unmake the past, but nothing is said of the complicated concatenation of causes and effects which is so vast and so intimate that perhaps it might prove impossible to annul a *single* remote fact, insignificant as it may seem, without invalidating the present. To modify the past is not to modify a single fact; it is to annul the consequences of that fact, which tend to be infinite. In other words, it involves the creation of two universal histories. In the first, let us say, Pedro Damián died in Entre Ríos in 1946; in the second at Masoller in 1904. It is this second history that we are living now, but the suppression of the first was not immediate and produced the odd contradictions that I have related. It was in Colonel Dionisio Tabares that the different stages took place. At first, he remembered that Damián acted as a coward; next he forgot *him entirely*; then he remembered Damián's fearless death. No less illuminating is the case of the foreman Abaroa; he had to die, as I understand it, because he held too many memories of don Pedro Damián.

As for myself, I do not think I am running a similar risk. I have guessed at and set down a process beyond man's understanding, a kind of exposure of reason; but there are certain circumstances that lessen the dangers of this privilege of mine. For the present, I am not sure of having always written the truth. I suspect that in my story there are a few false memories. It is my suspicion that Pedro Damián (if he ever existed) was not called Pedro Damián and that I remember him by that name so as to believe someday that the whole story was suggested to me by Pier Damiani's thesis. Something similar happens with the poem I mentioned in the first paragraph, which centers around the irrevocability of the past. A few years from now, I shall believe I made up a fantastic tale and I will actually have recorded an event that was real, just as some two thousand years ago in all innocence Virgil believed he was setting down the birth of a man and foretold the birth of Christ.

Poor Damián! Death carried him off at the age of twenty in a local battle of a sad and little-known war, but in the end he got what he longed for in his heart, and he was a long time getting it, and perhaps there is no greater happiness.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author.*)

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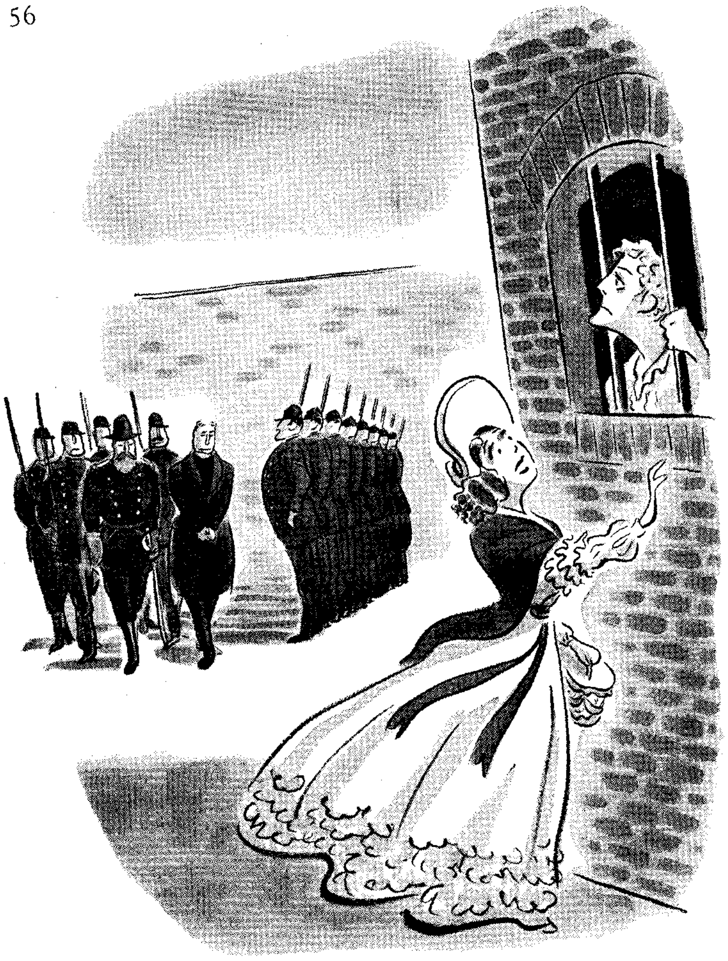
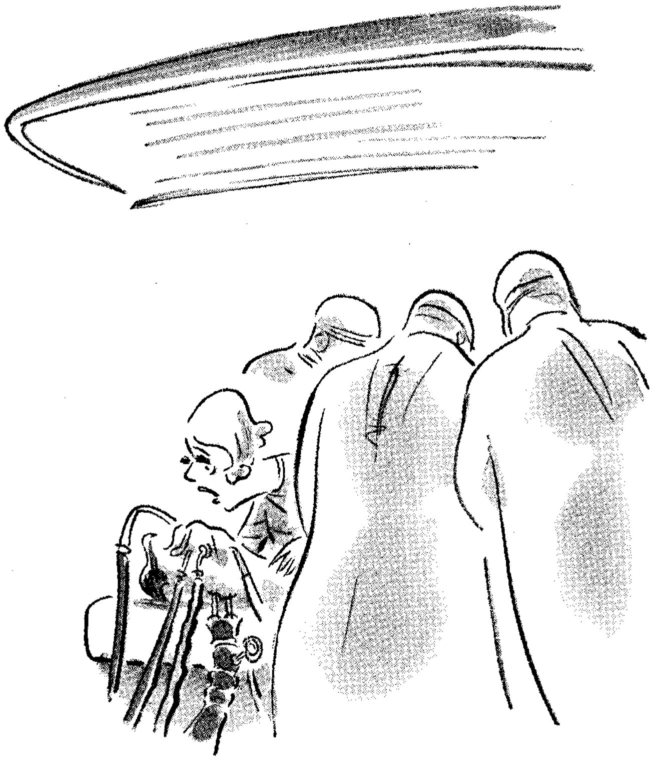
Princess Grace, in a black Victorian dress with a linked pearl collar and ostrich feathers in her hair, danced with Danny Kaye, who is film-making at Nice, while Prince Rainier wore a false moustache and Prince Nez.—*Washington Daily News.*

Who's this Nez?

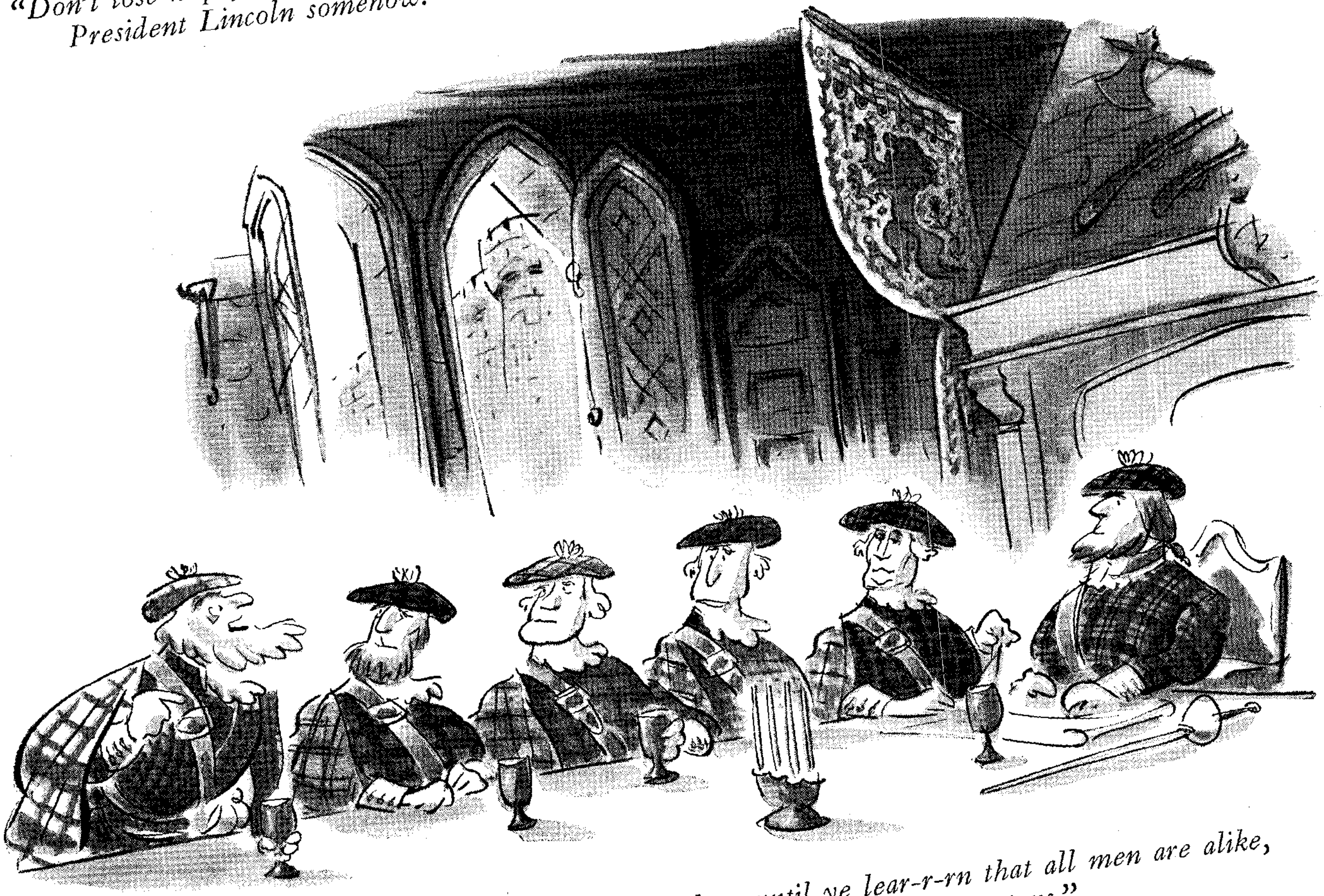
THE LATE LATE SHOW



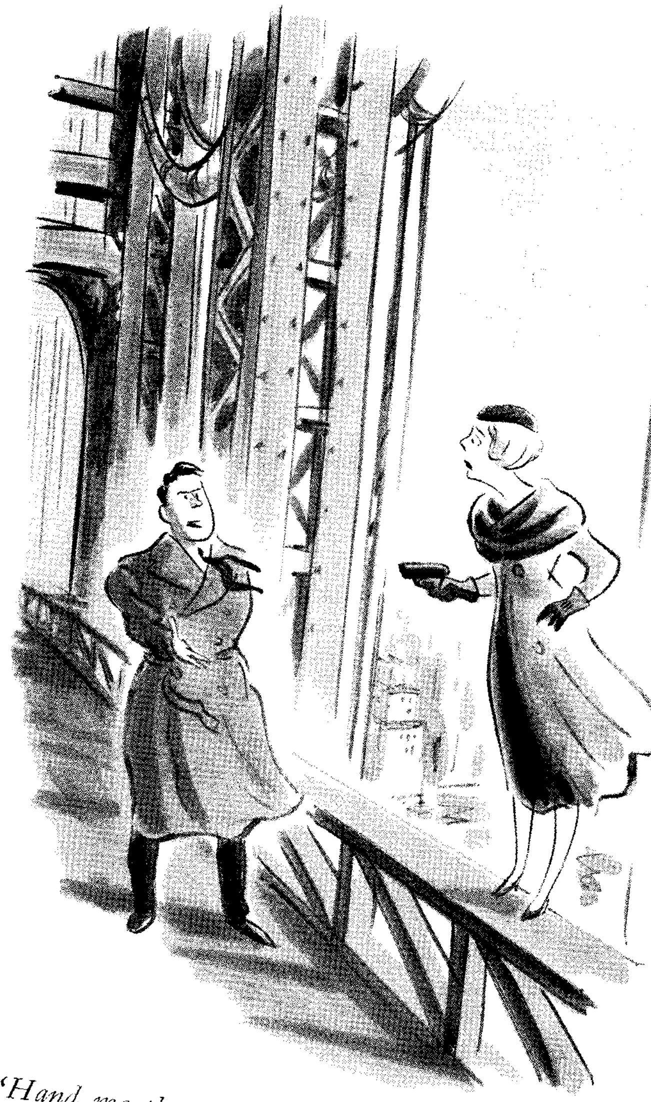
"Don't lose hope, Clayton. I'll get to President Lincoln somehow."



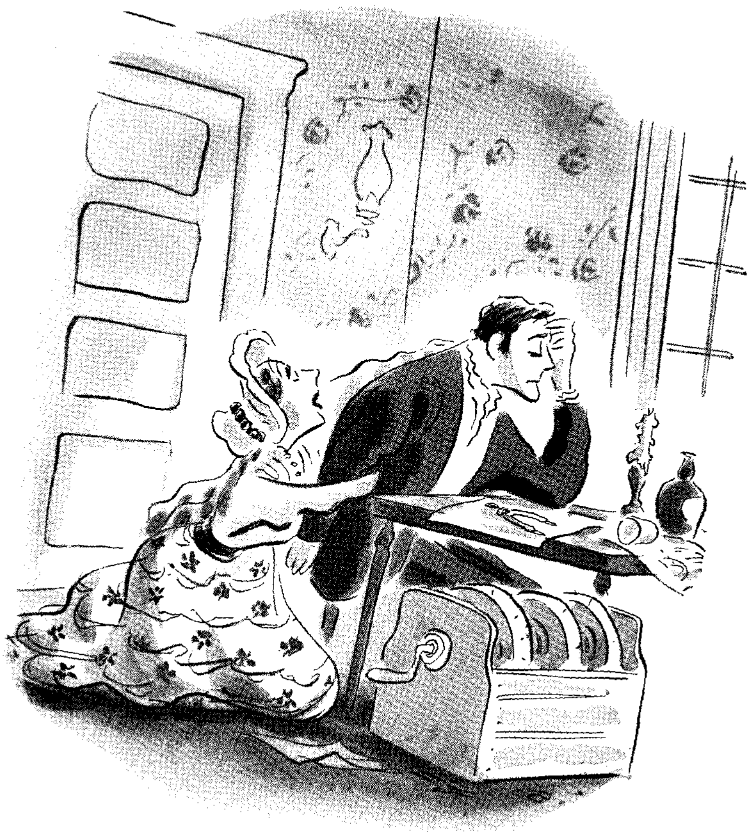
"Roger, can you hear me? You've got to want to live."



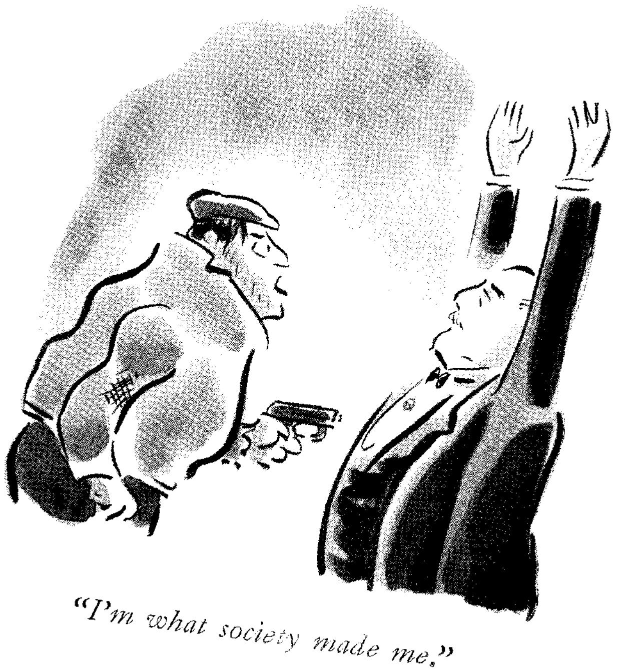
"Mon! Ye'll nae have peace between the clans until ye lear-r-rn that all men are alike, r-r-regardless o' race, creed, or the color o' their tartans."



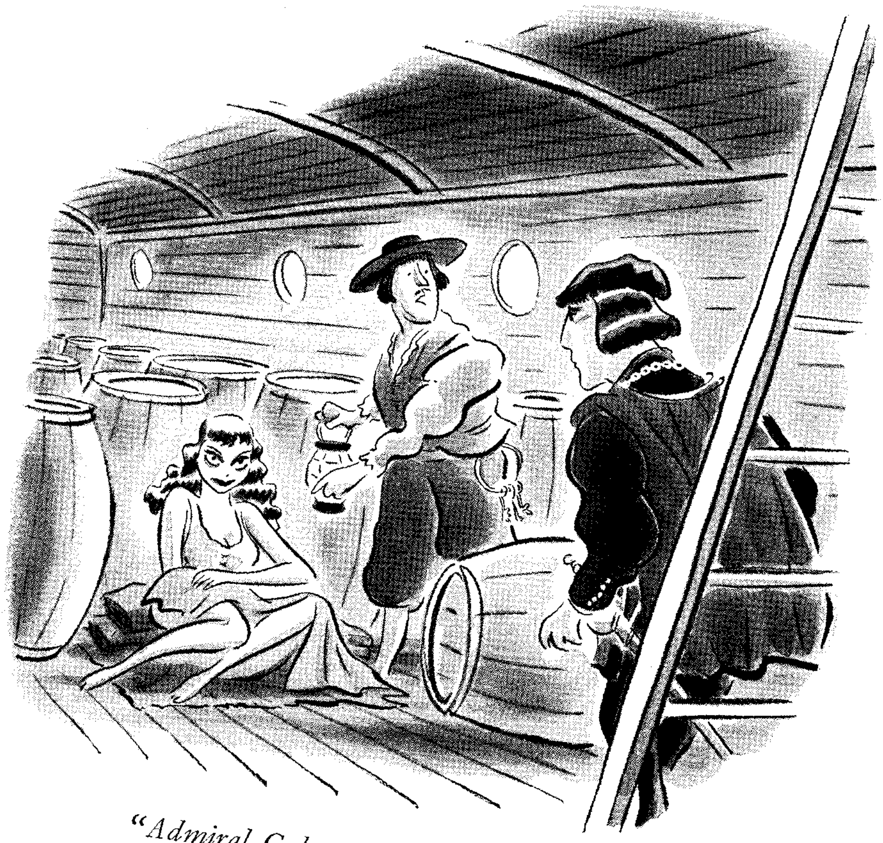
"Hand me the gun, Miss Wayne—and step down from the bridge rail!"



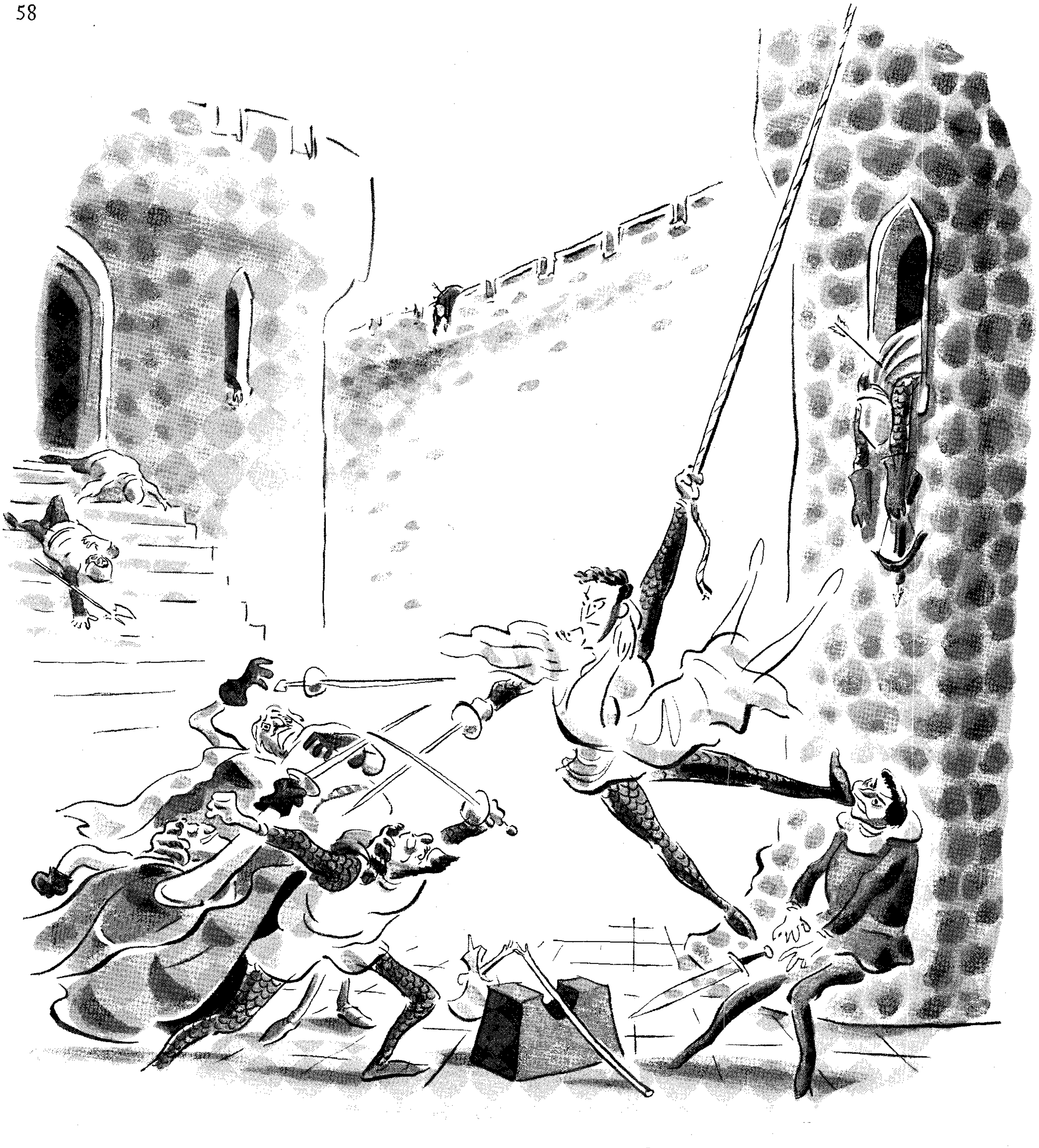
"You mustn't lose faith in yourself, Eli. You've got to believe the cotton gin will be a success."



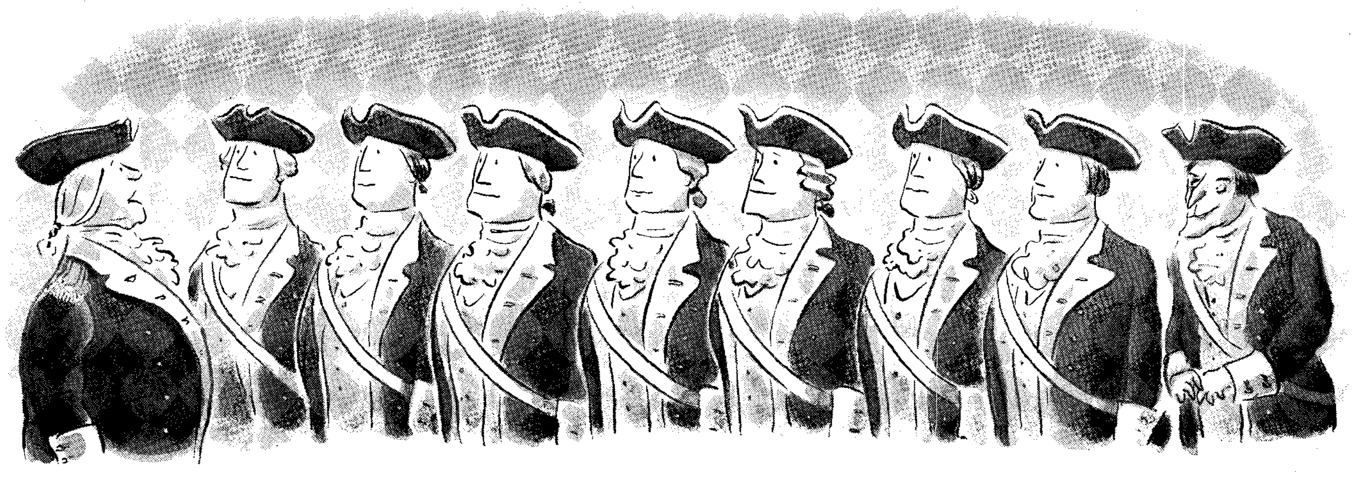
"I'm what society made me."



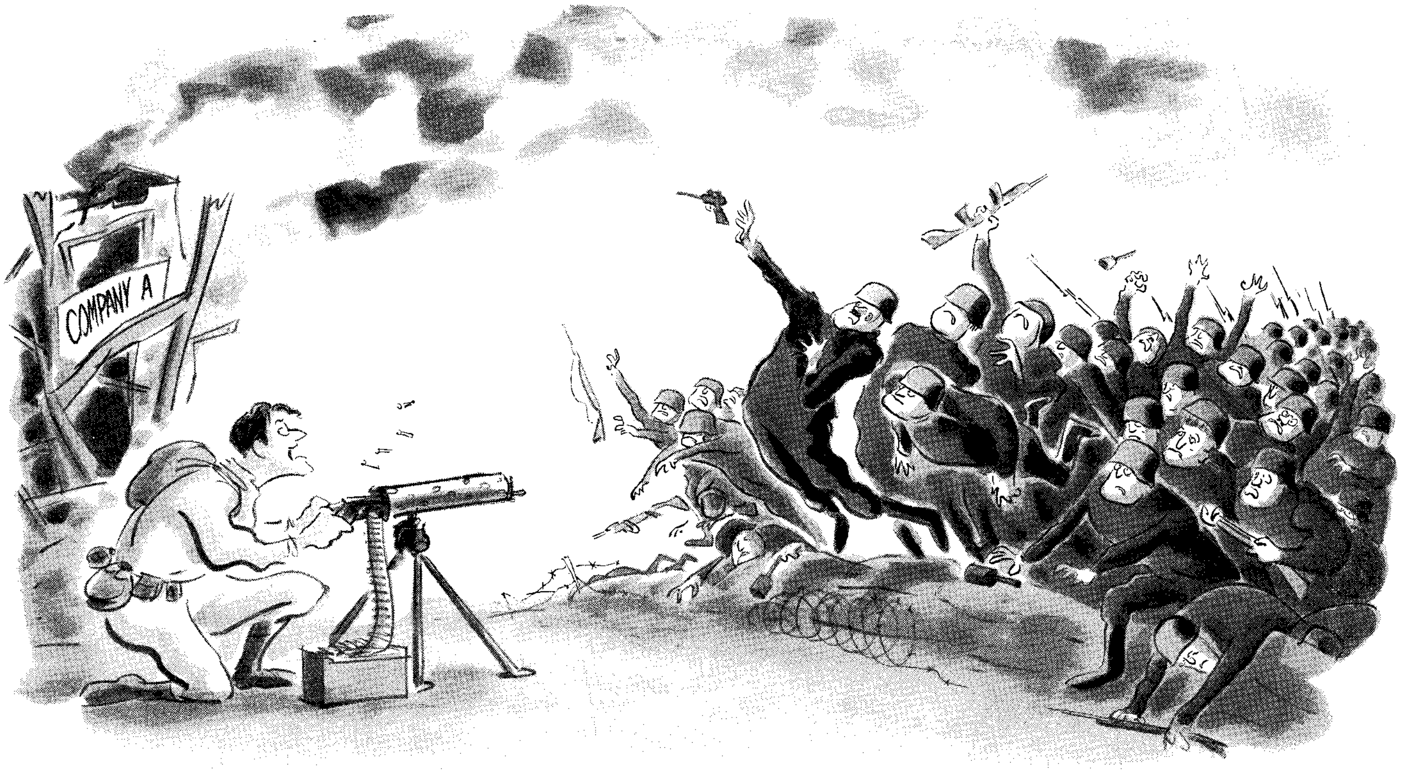
"Admiral Columbus, sir, this stowaway says she knows you."



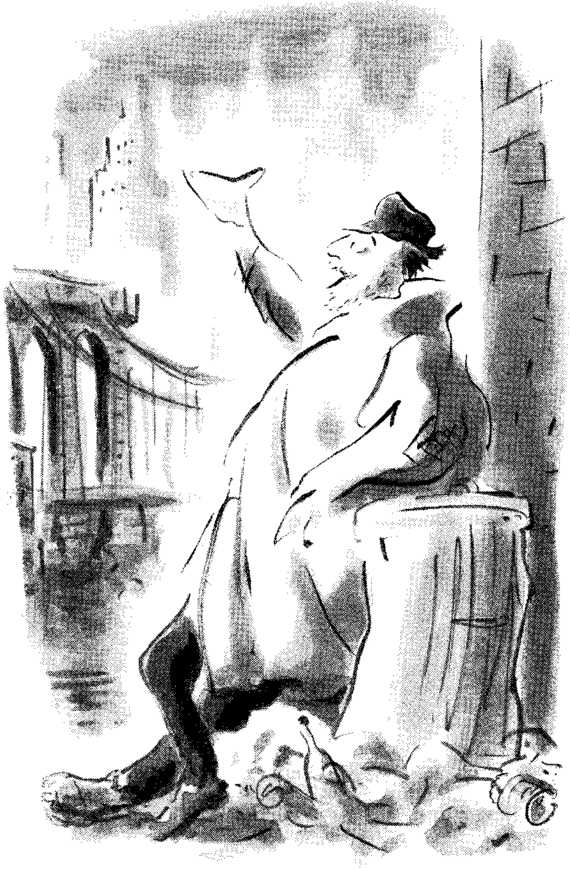
"You do love me, Richard!"



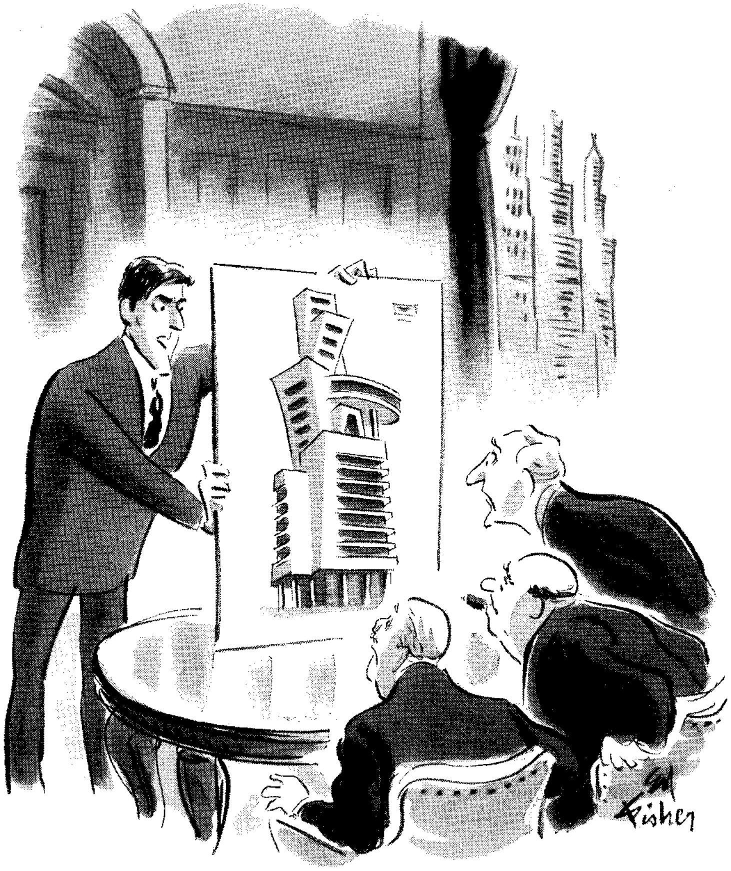
"Which of you gentlemen is Benedict Arnold?"



"This is for Bill, and Pete, and the bucktoothed kid from Iowa! And this is for Sergeant West, and Captain Tolbert, and Mr. Jacoby, back home! And this is for Lidice, Warsaw, Coventry, Guernica!"



"There you are, New York, inscrutable as ever, kind and cruel, squalid and sublime, a teeming, throbbing galaxy of eight million swirling souls, orbiting day and night through their mysterious destinies . . ."



"I trust this proves, gentlemen, that I have no intention of sacrificing my architectural ideals to your Victorian prejudices."

THE DARTS OF CUPID

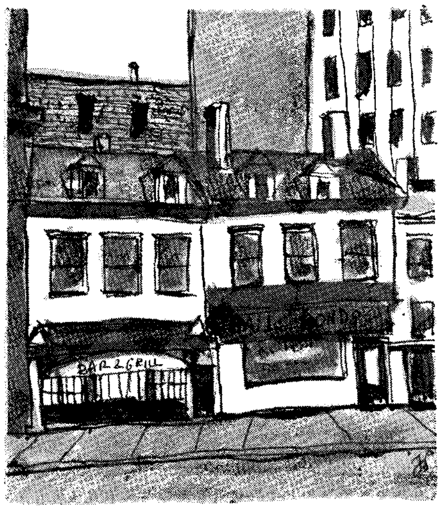
SOMETIMES I wondered whether he had not chosen the Merry Widow because she had crinkly red hair, freckles, a bony face, and small dark eyes, the same as he—just as people choose dogs whose masks resemble their own features. But I knew this was an idle conceit of mine. He had obviously wanted a mature, well-bred, and decorous woman for the job, and he could not have taken anyone else from our crowd, because the Merry Widow was the only one of us who, owing to a perverse whim during one phase of her life, had learned to be competent in shorthand and typing. The Merry Widow was also known as the Secretary, because she was the Brigadier General's secretary, and the Brigadier was the only one in the Office of the Chief Surgeon U.S. Forces who had a personal secretary to himself. According to the law of irony, which states one thing while implying its opposite, the Merry Widow was neither merry nor a widow; she was married and grieved for her absent husband, who was doing service overseas, and in this she was the exception in our crowd, who were none of us single and had all a history of ill-starred marriage behind us.

It was fortunate for all of us women who worked in the U.S. War Office in Bathdale in those days of the war that Claudia Carter and the Merry Widow were both "old girls" of the Bathdale Ladies' College, and had been in the same house at school. Thus, through Claudia, we were guaranteed our supply of the very best quality gossip, fresh and untainted by later distortions. The Merry Widow, sitting in the anteroom of the Brigadier General's office, was not easily accessible; she did not take her tea break, nor was she given to dawdling in the ladies' rest room. Yet there were occasions when she could be drawn into talk, because it was she who dished out the remedies for hangovers, coughs, and headaches. With the cough mixture—a sinister-hued, muddy-green liquid of early-Victorian vintage—she had the greatest success, because she never failed to comment, "Only a teaspoonful, mind you. It's got real dope in it—it's dangerous, you know. It beats me how they allow it to be sold across the counter."

In the beginning, I had made attempts to draw out the Merry Widow—like "I say, Gwendolyn threw a frightful tantrum and weeping fit in the ladies' rest room again. Is it true that the General took the Osborne woman to a party?" And she would reply, "Never you fear, Prescott-Clark; he's merely widening his field of operations." This was quite witty, because he was, like most of the officers in the department, a doctor, and he was a Regular Army man, too, but it was an unsatisfactory reply, and I resigned myself, like the others in our crowd, to leaving it to Claudia, whose claims to intimate gossip were further strengthened by the fact that both she and the Merry Widow were natives of Bathdale and had remained in that town. We, the others who were employed as civilian labor in the U.S. War Office, had merely happened to be living there at the onset of the war, owing to various circumstances in our lives.

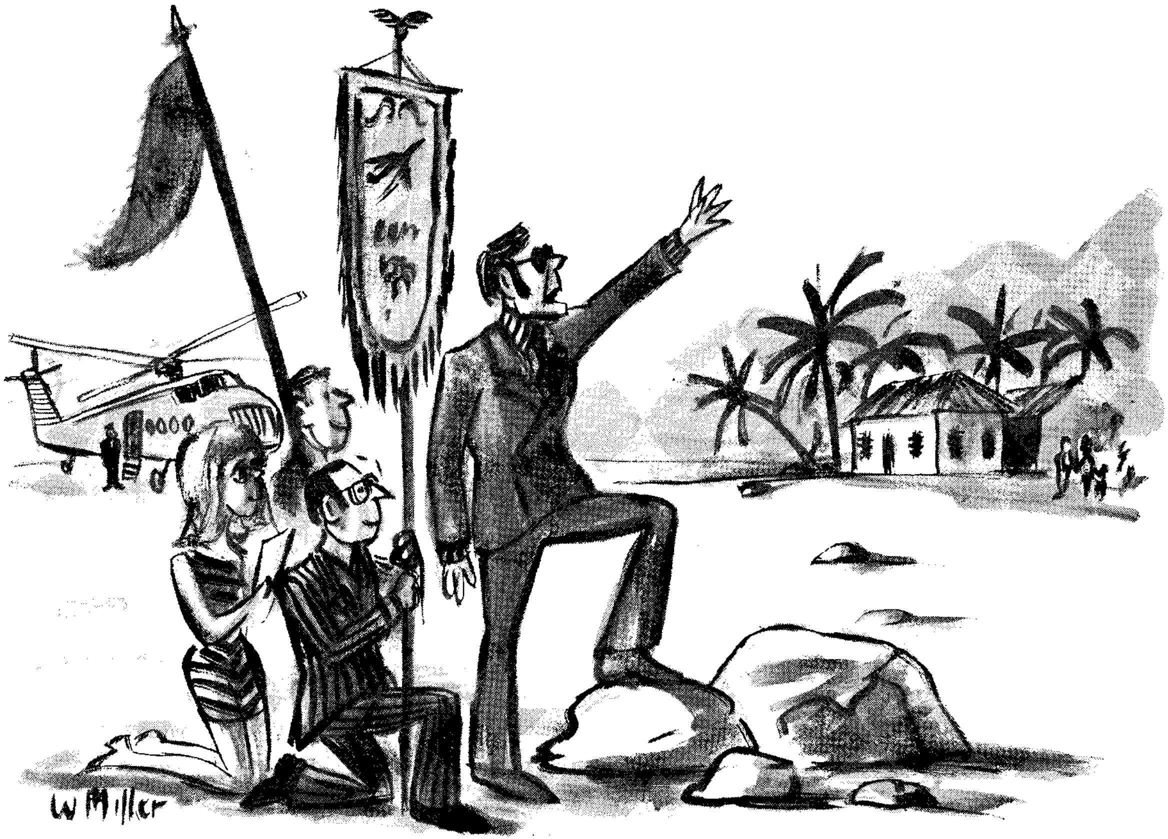
While the Merry Widow dealt with such unspectacular complaints as coughs and headaches, it was Sergeant Parsons who was called in on those dramatic occasions when it was imperative to remove grit from under the eyelid or a splinter embedded in the hand. He was the only man who was allowed to enter the ladies' rest room, where, on an electric hot plate, he boiled his surgical implements in a tin that had once contained condensed milk. He had "golden hands" and a way of saying, "Don't worry, Ma'am. I won't do anything yet. I'm only going to have a look-see," while adding, a few seconds later, "Here, that's what's been bothering you, isn't it?" To shrieks of "It's not possible. I never felt a thing," he would reply, "Do you want me to put it back again, to convince you?"

He was a short, narrow-chested man with graying hair, rather older than the other soldiers, with deep-set eyes of the same muddy greenish color as the cough mixture. He came from somewhere in the Southwest—Arkansas or Texas, I think. He had a small, thin mouth, and when pondering important decisions he would compress his lips, making them still thinner. His other features were small and thin, too, as though his Creator had applied the mold in a hurried, slapdash way, intending to finish the job more thoroughly at a later date. It was not only in applying first aid that he was remarkable. In emotional upheavals, too, he was excellent—better than women friends, who found nothing better to say than "Pull yourself together, Gwendolyn—the General is too old for you anyway," or "Don't be silly; no man ever is worth it," or, in affected stage accent, "Men are deceivahs evah." Whereas the Sergeant would remark, "You women are so stupid. When will you understand that because a man prefers another girl to you it doesn't mean that the other girl is prettier or wittier or smarter. It doesn't mean anything at all." I thought how this was exactly the right kind of comfort for Gwendolyn, because in her case it was not a matter of sensuous desire but of vanity and ambition.



Gwendolyn was a young girl and not part of our crowd, and the Sergeant dealt with her for soothing purposes only. He had to deal with us all the time, because he was responsible for our work and responsible to the Colonel, who was the chief of our department. He was efficient in this, too, probably because in civilian life, before the war, he had been a schoolteacher, and his manner of treating us certainly was flavored by his peacetime calling. When trouble arose, he never interfered straightaway. He approached the offending person about an hour later, for a quiet talk: "Now, Ma'am, I thought you'd like to know. I used to know a little girl called Claudia—isn't it strange? Claudia, just like you—and little Claudia never could be bothered to check over her work and always relied on other people to pull out her mistakes, although her father and mother . . ." and thus he continued, relentlessly, toward the final catastrophe of fire or drowning, till Claudia grew suitably remorseful and promised not to be slapdash in future.

It was Sergeant Parsons, too, who improved my manner of dress: "A nice girl who works in an office, now, she doesn't slop about in odd skirts and woollies and cardigans. She shows her respect for her work by wearing a coat and skirt and a blouse, and the blouse is always freshly laundered, and she presses her skirt every night. And a very nice girl wears shoes that match her purse, but being English she'll call



"I proclaim this sun-drenched tropical country a new tourist mecca, in the names of Consolidated Airways and the Peck & Smathers Advertising and Public Relations Company."

it 'handbag.' I thought you'd like to know."

"And how does the nice girl manage with the clothes rationing?" I asked.

The Sergeant said, "She doesn't get herself evening dresses for parties, because that would look bad in these days of austerity, and she spends all her coupons on good tailor-mades and doesn't worry, because the war will be over before her suits wear out."

He did not drink and did not smoke. He had no favorites among us and seemed to have no friends among the Army personnel, either. When we received visits from the Big Bad Wolves, he tolerated their presence without joining in the horseplay. Sergeants Kelly and Danielevski, the Big Bad Wolves, were greatly liked by us. They were a couple of highly intelligent young men who, in guarded isolation, in rooms situated at the end of a separate passage, serviced the mechanical tabulators and the coding machines, which transformed long medical histories into rows of ciphers for the records. The Wolves came to pay homage to us, to offer the incense of flattery, to bear gifts, and to spread the spirit of peace and good will among men. Each of them had a permanent joke, like a leitmotiv in an opera. When Kelly entered our room, he did the rounds, saying, "Do you still love me, Buttercup? Give your daddy a kiss." Danielevski displayed his "tidiness." "Allow me, Ma'am," he would say as he approached the woman nearest the door. "I perceive you have a speck of fluff on the front of your dress. May I dust it off?," and he fluttered his hand against her breast. "There, Ma'am." Then, approaching the next one, "Now you, Ma'am. I perceive that you, too, happen to have a tiny speck . . ." and by the time he had "dusted off" each of us, the office resounded with shrieks and giggles. Then the two distributed cigarettes and spilled onto our tables those flat round American sweets that look like the coins of an exotic country, and Kelly would remark, "No girl nowadays needs to go hungry, because there is always a wolf at the door." It was mainly from them I learned American Army slang, like "wolf," which meant seducer of women, or "goldbricking," which meant avoiding work, or "polishing the apple," which meant currying favor.

If Sergeant Parsons tolerated these uproars, the Colonel pretended to ignore them, though he could hear them, working as he did in an office opposite ours, across the passage. I think he ignored them partly from weakness and partly from laziness and partly out of solidarity—because two of our crowd, June and Betty, were united in ties of close friendship with two officers, both doctors like himself. Claudia's lover, whom she hoped to marry after the war, was an officer in our department, too, though, not being a doctor, he belonged to Medical Administration. He was said to be rich, and managed to look it, despite being in uniform. The Colonel contented himself to show his zeal by making us assemble from time to time with the entire staff of the department in a vast unused ballroom, where we had to listen to talks that sounded like a course in idiomatic English for the benefit of advanced students; we were urged to pull our socks up, pull our weight, toe the line, pep up our work, show our mettle, show the stuff we were made of, and, once having seen daylight, consider this a feather in our cap.

Usually after such a talk, the Big Bad Wolves entered our office with a look of worry and preoccupation. "Ladies," one of them would announce, "the Colonel wants you to know there is just one obscure but vital point he did not touch upon. . . . No, not what you think. Quiet, please. . . . It has now been put down in this memorandum, which you will please read and sign and return to us." We never showed Sergeant Parsons the yellow paper slips they distributed. One, to give a sample, read, "This young lady got out of bed in the morning, put her robe and slippers on, pulled the curtains, took the cover from the parrot cage, and put the coffee on the boil. Then the telephone rang and a voice said, 'Honey, I'll be over in ten minutes.' So the young lady takes the coffee off, draws the curtains, puts the cloth on the parrot's cage, takes her robe and slippers off, and just as she gets back into bed she hears the parrot mutter, 'Christ, that was a short day.' "

When the Colonel was posted away and the new Major arrived to take his place, we all took pains to assure him how fond we had been of the Colonel and how we regretted his departure. This was untrue. It was because malice, even senseless malice, is the luxury of underlings, and we thought this an easy opportunity to distress the new Major. We were not easy to deal with. We were women, and we revelled in the knowledge that it is embarrassing for a man to be the head of a female staff. And though this was also the case with the other civilians in the Office of the Chief Surgeon, we were a choice collection of troublemakers—more unpredictable and harder to control than those in the other offices, who were docile young girls who would have gone into employment in any case, war or no war, and who did not feel they were doing anyone a favor by going to work. Whereas we, in the medical coding department, had never had to earn our living. We all had that expensive education which, being useless for monetary gain, is meant to be, like virtue, its own reward, and we had been chosen for our familiarity with medical terms. We were doctors' wives, doctors' widows, doctors' divorcées. In my own case, though I was married to a non-medical husband, I had been recruited because I had studied medicine for two years. I was by far the youngest of our crowd—twenty-four as against their forties. Yet I was accepted as a full member because I could say with the best of them, "Aren't husbands ghastly?" and "It doesn't matter whom you are married to—after a year, you feel like kicking him down the back stairs." I could also remark pleasantly upon the Merry Widow's plaint of not having seen her husband for the last two years, "That won't keep you warm in bed."

One month after I joined the U.S. War Office, my husband had been posted for service abroad. Thus we would have been apart in any case, but I had made it clear that this was a final separation, and I had given up our flat, sold the furniture, and taken up lodgings with my friend Beryl, a woman twice divorced, in a house owned and still occupied by her former lady's maid, where we allowed ourselves to be pampered shamelessly. Apart from this comfort, there was Beryl herself, who exhorted me to keep to my resolve and to be a "stiff upper-lipper." She said, "Marriage is a bloody institution, and some get stuck in it, being miserable worms, and put up with it forever. The decent women have the guts to stick up for their rights and clear out."

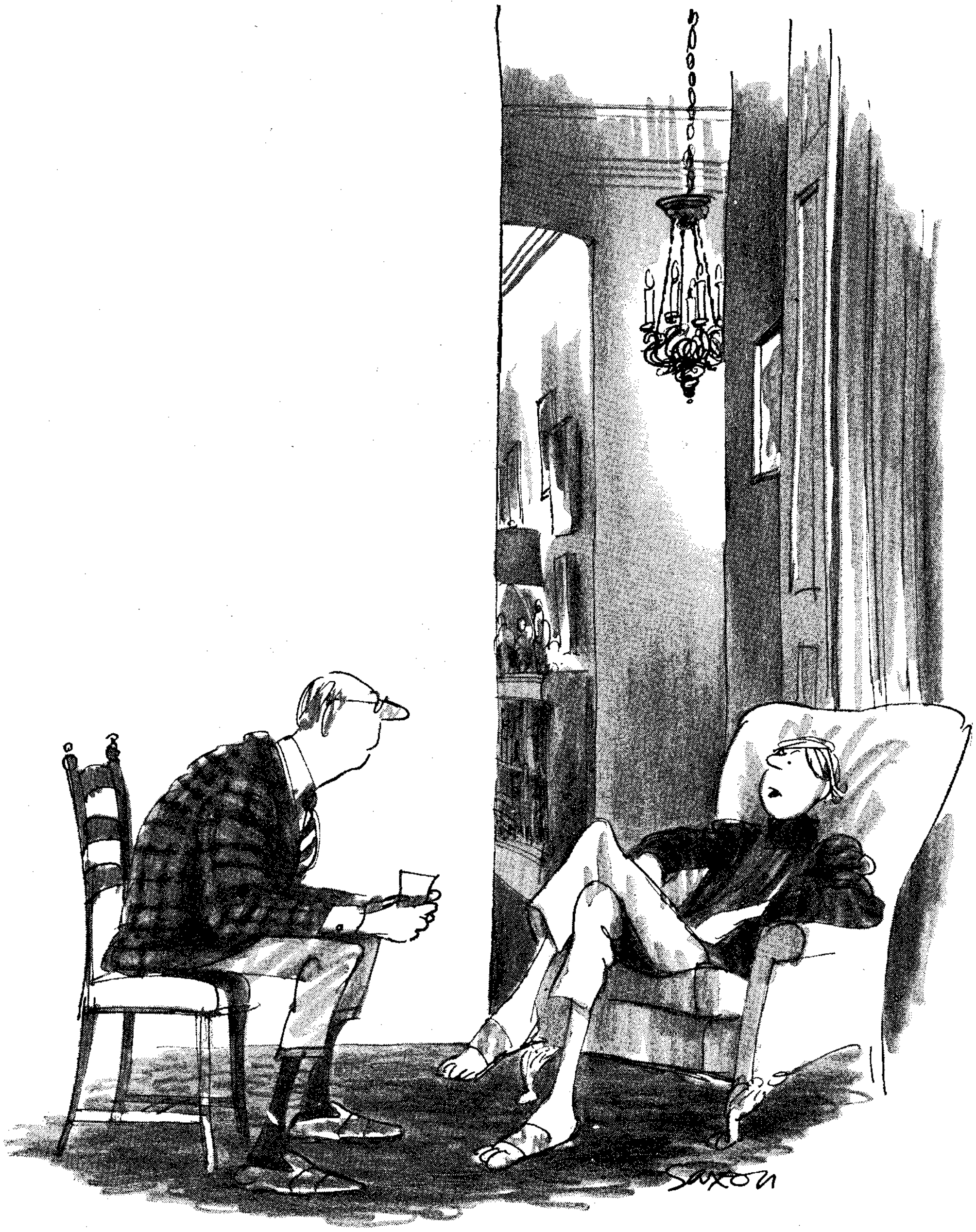
"Yes," I said, "but clearing out doesn't put an end to it. At night, when I can't sleep, I go over and over all those rows and scenes we've had. It's like having a mill in my brain grinding away, and I can't find the switch to turn it off."

"I know it," said Beryl. "We all go through it. It will stop after a year."

"Do you think it's a form of bad conscience?" I asked.

"Don't talk rot," said Beryl. "You didn't run away with another man. But *that's what husbands can never understand*. They could understand it if you wanted to leave them because you'd fallen for someone else. What they can't grasp is that you walk out simply because they themselves are the way they are."

I FIRST had a glimpse of the new Major through his half-closed door as I walked past his room. Seeing that large, square-jawed face and the strong shoulders, I would have expected him to belong to the breed of men who give a promise of impressive authority when seated and who turn out to be small, squat, and insignificant when they stand up. Then, later, I saw him walking away from me, with his back to me, down the passage, and I glanced up at the full height of the heavy-boned, magnificent physique of what the French call *un homme de poids*. And along with my surprise there passed through me a shudder of fear and admiration. There was no telling whether this weight would be used for protection or for menace. Then there



"First of all, Dad, let's get one thing settled. Do you want to discuss what's really happening or do you want to discuss what the New York 'Times' says is happening?"

ROCKET
BATTLE
500
5000

“I’ll say this, Albert. Yours is the most ingenious retirement in Sun Village.”

occurred to me yet a third possibility, the most likely and the least flattering of all—that he would pass by with indifference.

Two days after the new Major’s arrival, we were moved from our little room, where we had sat side by side on old benches wedged against old school desks, into the empty ballroom where we had used to gather for the Colonel’s talks. We were provided with metal tables and metal chairs painted pike gray, loose-hinged for folding and stacking up. “The Major doesn’t want to stew in his office all on his little lone,” Sergeant Parsons told us. “He wants to move in here with you ladies. He is pining for company.”

“And what are these in aid of?” I asked, pointing to an incalculable number of stacked chairs, rising close to the walls like skeletal towers. “Is he going to sit every five minutes on a different chair, or what?”

“You’d better ask him yourself, Ma’am,” said the Sergeant.

On the following day, I had the answer to my query. Regimented in rows and lanes, like the beds in a nursery garden, were not only our crowd, as promised, but three more departments of sorters and checkers and filing clerks, all of whom we knew by sight only. With each group were their sergeants, like undergardeners. The Major, being head gardener, had his desk close to the first window as one came in through the door, thus having a full view of all his flowers. It was a master stroke. It was also a blow to us. Henceforward, there would be no more raids from the Big Bad Wolves, no more giggling over funny medical histories passed from hand to hand, no more poring over fashions, and no more savory tidbits read out from the newspapers. And it had been achieved without a single word of chiding.

When I returned from luncheon that day, I followed Claudia to her seat and sat aslant the corner of her table and talked. The Major came in and sat down at his desk.

“I say, Prescott-Clark, he’s looking at us,” whispered Claudia.

“Let him, Carter,” I said.

“I say, Prescott-Clark, you’d better skedaddle back to your place.”

“In a minute, Carter,” I said. “I’m not a maidservant who picks up the broom and the duster as soon as the master shows up.”

“Come here, Miss P.,” called the Major.

“What did I tell you? Now you’re in for it,” said Claudia. “And he knows your name, too—that’s bad.”

I went up to the Major.

“I wanted to consult you on an important question, Miss P.,” he said.

“Yes, Major,” I said in my most dutiful voice.

“As you know, I’m now privileged to be in charge of you ladies. My greatest worry, of course, is to know if you are happy in your work. But in your own particular case, how am I to put it? If I asked you, ‘Are you happy in your work?’ it would be a joke, wouldn’t it? So I’ll just ask you if you are happy.” And he laughed loudly. I still could hear his laughter as I walked back to my place.

During the tea break, Claudia said, “How on earth did you do it? All merry laughter. And I could have sworn he’d put you on the carpet.”

“He didn’t. Because there is no carpet,” I said.

Later on in the afternoon, I got up, gathered two pencils, and strolled at a leisurely pace to the far end of the room, where I devoted a good deal of time to sharpening them in the machine. I had barely returned to my table when the Major called, “Come here, Miss P.” For a while, he looked at me in silence, smiling. He had excellently white teeth, too small and dainty for that square-jawed face, and they gave him an air of youthful eagerness to please and of guilelessness.

“Efficiency above all,” he said.

“Yes, Major.”

“Now, I’m afraid you are falling down in efficiency. If I were in your place, I’d take one pencil to be sharpened first, then go back, pick up the other, and do the second walk. Get the idea? Bear it in mind, will you?”

“I will. Thank you,” I said.

He left the office soon after this, and I worked steadily during his absence. When he returned, I saw him glance questioningly at me, with a smile. Furious and intent on emphasizing my state of not being a maidservant, I got up and with deliberate speed did the round of several tables, searching for a refill for my stapler, which I could have got straightaway by asking the Sergeant for it.

“Come here, Miss P.,” called the Major. “You are looking distressed,” he said. “I hope nothing went wrong during your search.”

“Nothing,” I said.

“I thought maybe you are still lamenting the late departed Colonel?"

"Certainly," I said.

"And will you lament me, too, when I'm gone?"

"Certainly not," I said.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Because you are just a slave driver," I said.

"Sure."

"And that wouldn't be so bad," I continued, "but on top of it you enjoy it."

"Sure," he said. "Now I got you. You don't like watching me having fun, is that it?"

I nodded. "You are uniting the useful with the beautiful, as Goethe would have put it," I said.

"I knew you'd be worthwhile to talk to," he remarked. "But what the hell. I must get some pleasure out of this damned office. I'm a surgeon. Damned office job."

"But isn't it interesting—for you, I mean?" I asked.

"It is interesting," he said, "but in the wrong way. For instance, we'd like the tabulators to throw up results like two hundred men sprained their ankles when getting out of landing barges. Then we'd know there's something wrong with the design of the boats. Instead, we get saddled with statistics of how so many troops in Africa got jaundice after the yellow-fever vaccine, but the hell of it is that it's nearly all officers and no enlisted men. Now, why? And the Germans have exactly the same problem."

"Drink," I said.

"No," he said. "Among the fighting corps out there there's no difference with the booze. They all live the same way. It's a mystery." And as I gazed at him silently he added, "That took your speech away, all right. I didn't know it could be done."

I nodded.

"Now, tell me, since we are getting on so famously, that colonel before me—light colonel, wasn't he?"

"Yes," I said, "he was a lieutenant colonel."

"Where are the light colonels of yesteryear?" And he laughed loudly. "Now, tell me. What was so good about him, a quitter like that? No fight in him."

"There was some fight in him, but not enough," I said.

"Was he a choleric? Did he rave and rant at you when you went to sharpen your pencils?"

"He never did," I said. "He never interfered. But I know he would have liked to have power, too, only he couldn't get it. But he'd never admit it, of course."

"Then what the hell—how do you know?" asked the Major.

"Once I had to go to his office with some papers," I said. "And you know the War Office rule—no door must ever be closed. He was standing with his back to me; he didn't see me. He had a—it's quite sickening—a fly, with a thread tied round its middle, and he let it fly away from him at arm's length and then he'd pull it back by the string."

"And what did he say when you interrupted his idyll?" asked the Major.

"I didn't," I said. "I never went in at all. I sent the Sergeant."

"Pity you didn't go in, Miss P.," said the Major. "He might have tied a string round your waist."

"I'm not a flirt, you know," I said.

"I know you are not. But you are giving a very good imitation of one." And he laughed so loudly that when I left Claudia said to me, "How do you do it, Prescott-Clark? You seem to be getting

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LÜCHOW'S AND AFTER

Dinner at Lüchow's. The invisible man—
Replete, clean-shaven, in a quiet tan
Dacron-and-worsted suit—pays up, gets up,
Walks out, dodging a junkie and a drunk
Disintegrating on the sidewalk, and
Heads south to haunt old haunts, a fattening,
Unlikely ghost of his emaciate
Old self. Unriotous Fifth Avenue—
Asleep in almost as profound a sleep
As in its teens, that mammoth cave of mens-
Wear basted in black silk and lined with blue
Star-pattern Bemberg—peels back from my eyes
In skeins of years: Macmillan's, Sixty-Eight,
The church in its iron close, the Grosvenor,
The other church, the old Fifth Avenue,
Apartments unremembered, Number One—
A cut-rate *gratte-ciel*—the gash of Eighth
Street bleeding neon, the streetlight-white Arch,
The Square alive with songs and arguing,
The gloomy Reggio, the tough tenderloin
Beyond it: the mean streets of immigrant-
Less tenements now turned to kinky bars,
Tout-fronted supper clubs for out-of-town
Explorers, cafés packed with solid sound
By small groups with big amps, long poster shops,
Wildcat theatres seating sixty-two,
Diggers' free stores, and *boîtes* that promise blue,
Or, rather, experimental, movies by
Great underground directors. Nothing new
About all this, except for the degree
Of license on display; what worries me
Is the parade of faces down these streets:
Young as the morning, white as inky sheets
Of the *East Village Other* smugly fixed
On the next vein of pleasure to be tapped
(Pill, body, bottle, music, pain, or speed)
At unencumbered will, at instant need;
Soft chins and baby cheeks taped tightly up
In a glazed mask of not-quite-cruel, not-
Quite-irresponsible all-knowingness,
Which spits on you and me, or would if it
Troubled to notice us. Not that our aims
Differ so much from theirs, but that our peers—
Doubles and brothers, classmates and colleagues, friends—
Anxious and thoughtless, put into their hands,
Paternally, the lethal weapon of
The gift of things and not the gift of love.

—L. E. SISSMAN

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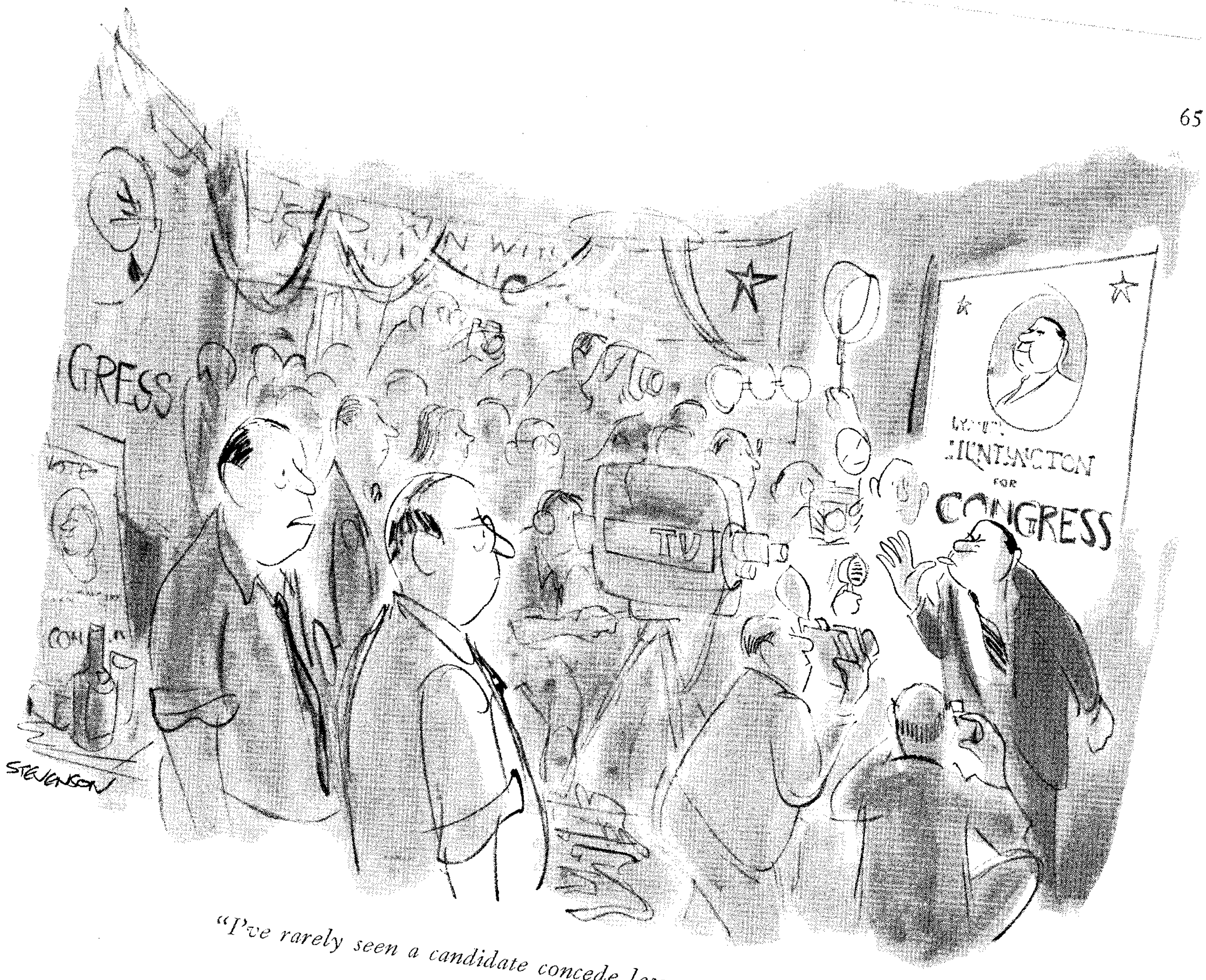


"I've rarely seen a candidate concede less gracefully."

on with the Major like a house on fire."

"I don't, Carter," I said. "Besides, one has to get used to his what-the-helling."

On the following day, the Major was absent during the morning and looked in at the office for some ten minutes in the late afternoon. On the next day, Sergeant Parsons said to me, "I thought you'd like to know, Ma'am. The Major won't come in today at all. But he'll want me to report about the work. He said I should keep a special eye on you. Now, I wonder why."

"So do I," I said.

"I told him you'd been very, very good yesterday, which is true," said the Sergeant. "I told him you are like the little girl with the little curl right in the middle of her forehead. And do you know what he said? He said, 'That suits me fine. And when she is horrid, I'll be horrid, too.' "

"Charmed, I'm sure. Much obliged," I said.

"I thought you'd like to know," said the Sergeant.

"That's big of you," I said.

I continued "very, very good" during the Major's absence. When I saw him entering the office the following morning, I decided that I was not going to expose myself to any more of his taunts. By working diligently during his absence I had proved myself to be the opposite of a maidservant. This praiseworthy state of mind did not last long, however, and I grew steadily more enraged at the sight of the Major, who was also playing the game of not being a servant and sat tilted back in his chair, reading the *Times*. I rose and left the office and went to the lavatory, where I dawdled for a while. On my way back, I met the Major in the passage, walking in the direction of the General's office. I repeated my excursion once before and once after the morning coffee break. On that last occasion, I met the Major again in the passage, this time coming up behind me. "Miss P.," he said. I stopped and turned round.

"How is it," he asked, "that every time I happen to pass by I meet you outside the office?"

"If you didn't run round so much yourself, you wouldn't meet me so much, Major," I said.

"May I inquire where you've been?" he said. "Was it a case of the lady glowworm who told her boyfriend glowworm, 'If you've got to glow, you've got to glow'?"

"*Vous tombez mal*," I said. "I went to get a drink of water."

"Oh, we speak French when we are on our dignity, do we?" he said. "But tell me, how did you manage this drink? Are there any glasses in the ladies' room?"

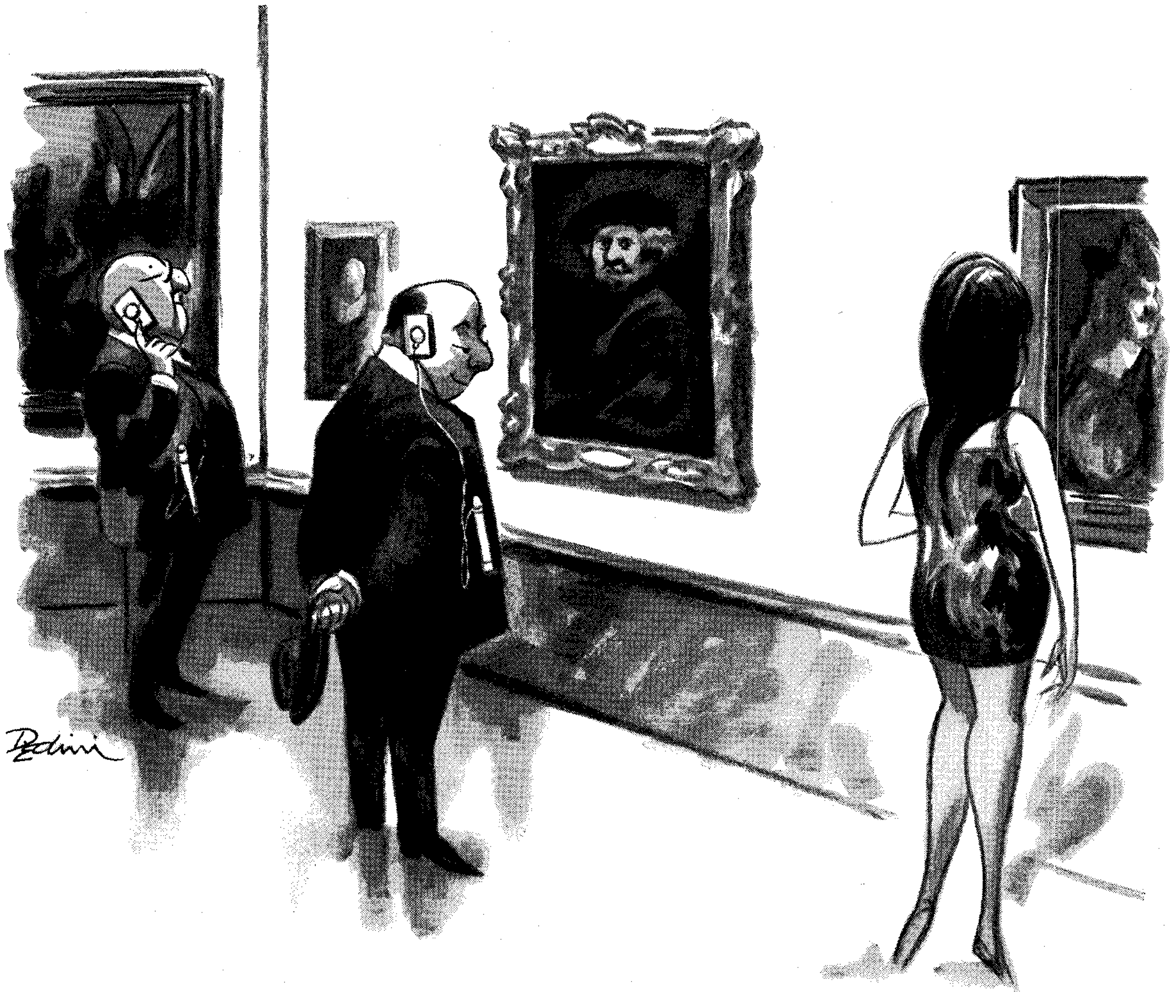
"Oh, yes," I said, "there are some tumblers."

"And you drank it out of a tumbler?" he asked.

"I did," I said.

"That's bad," he said, with a pretense of being grieved. "I thought you'd be quicker on the uptake, after what I told you the other day." He paused. "Next time you're thirsty, Miss P., drink with a spoon. One spoonful at a time. Go back, return—another spoonful. That should work out at fifteen journeys." And I walked away, followed by the sound of his laughter.

That day, in the late afternoon, the Major came in, carrying a sheaf of pa-



"This self-portrait, painted in his fifty-third year, is one of many painted during his latter years, offering, as it were, a record of Rembrandt's progress from vigorous manhood to embittered age."

• •

pers. He stopped in the door and informed us that it had been decided to spread the free days and to carry on with the work on Sundays. "Now, ladies, which of you would like to work on Sunday?"

The idea appealed to me greatly; it was nice to be free during the week, when the shops were open. "I'll work," I said.

"You mean, you'll be here, Miss P.?" said the Major.

In the week that followed, I worked steadily, irrespective of the Major's presence or absence, and I was quieter, too, during the tea and coffee breaks, and somewhat morose during the lunch-time gatherings, which made Claudia remark, "You are losing all your sparkle, Prescott-Clark. You aren't going to run round as a reformed character, are you?" And June said, "How now, brown cow? Let's have a real orgy today, shall we? He won't be in all day. He's gone to London, I hear." And I said, "But he'll pick on me when he gets back, and I refuse to be court jester and office clown, you know." When she said, "Shame on you, Prescott-Clark, to let yourself be got down by our beloved Major," I hinted that my dejection was due to a certain Captain's having been posted abroad.

Beryl liked to declare that she was "sick and tired of men" and couldn't be "bothered anymore with that rot," but I, on the contrary, felt willing to be bothered, and even if I admitted to the rot, I found it worthy of indulging in, because it never was quite the same kind of rot. Since entering the War Office, I had had two affairs with American officers, each lasting for several weeks. I finished the one by provoking a quarrel and withdrawing in a pretense of huffiness. In the second case, there had been no need for such subterfuge, because the officer had been posted away. In each case, I had been bored. And in each case I might have been willing to carry on for longer if it had not been for the attitude common to both men; they were both married, and they gave me to understand that they were fundamentally faithful. It boiled down to the joke of the wife in America writing to her husband-soldier overseas, "I hear you got yourself a mistress. What has she got that I haven't got?" and he replying, "Nothing, except she's got it right here." I could not stand this. I did not want to be second-best. I wanted to be the one and only one, even if it was for a short span of time. Amazed and disgusted at the blockheadedness of the men who failed to perceive this, I was able to agree with renewed sincerity with Beryl's utterances concerning the selfishness, the insensitivity, and the lack of curiosity of men when dealing with women.

As I watched the Major day by day, I found that he was double-faced; his countenance bore one character when seen full front and a different character when seen from the side. Talking to him, looking him full in the face, I noticed that his square forehead and square jaws made him seem straightforward and reliable, and the fair glossiness of his coloring, the smooth blond hair, the evenly pink skin, the gray eyes, and the well-shaped teeth, which gleamed whenever he parted his long lips, lent to his person an air of unspoiled youthful candor, an eagerness to please that seemed almost simpleminded. When I observed him from across a distance, the beguiling coloring was dimmed by gray shadows, and his profile stood out against the windowpane as if stamped out of a sheet of steel. There sat a charmless, blunt-featured man, looking older than his years—clever, efficient, stubborn, unkind though given to joviality, unsubtle and yet capable of deviousness.

I was at that time doing the most difficult of the medical coding work, involving the Zone of Interior. In military parlance this name designated the United States of America, and my work dealt with the cases of soldiers whose condition was so serious that they had to be returned to the States for

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further treatment. Among the checkers, whose work was much easier and subordinate to mine, was a dentist's widow, a Mrs. Dicks, with the face of a garden-statuary dwarf. She clearly came from a ruling-class background, of which she never spoke, and had lived long years in Ceylon, of which she spoke often. She had tried to be admitted to our crowd and had not made a success of it. Mrs. Dicks had already exasperated me on two previous occasions when she had come to me with queries couched in such Edwardian terms as "fearful bloomers" and "someone came a cropper," and I had treated her with arrogance and bad temper, cutting her short with "Go back to your knitting" and "Get out of my sight." She had retreated, indignant, convinced that I was in the wrong, and that I was "afraid to face the music" or "afraid of losing face." Now, on the third occasion, perhaps because I was feeling more downcast than before, I did not cut her short, and we had a row. Sergeant Parsons came to visit me an hour later.

"I just thought you'd like to know, Ma'am," he began, "I used to know a little girl and she was called Eve—isn't it strange? Eve, just like you. She was only six years old at the time, but she was already very clever, and this would have been fine, only little Eve was conceited about her cleverness and she wasn't clever enough to understand that it isn't clever to be clever when it upsets other people."

I said, "Widow Dicks should have jumped onto her husband's funeral pyre and committed suttee," and the Sergeant said, "This is not done in Ceylon, and we are not talking about Mrs. Dicks, we are talking about little Eve," and he went on relentlessly till I promised to keep my peace with Mrs. Dicks in the future.

On the day after this, the Major called me: "Come here, Miss P." When I stood by his side, he handed me what looked like a poem, beautifully set out on a sheet of handmade rice paper with those carefully irregular edges that look as though they have been nibbled by a well-behaved mouse. "You're welcome to see it," he said. He watched me, smiling, as I read:

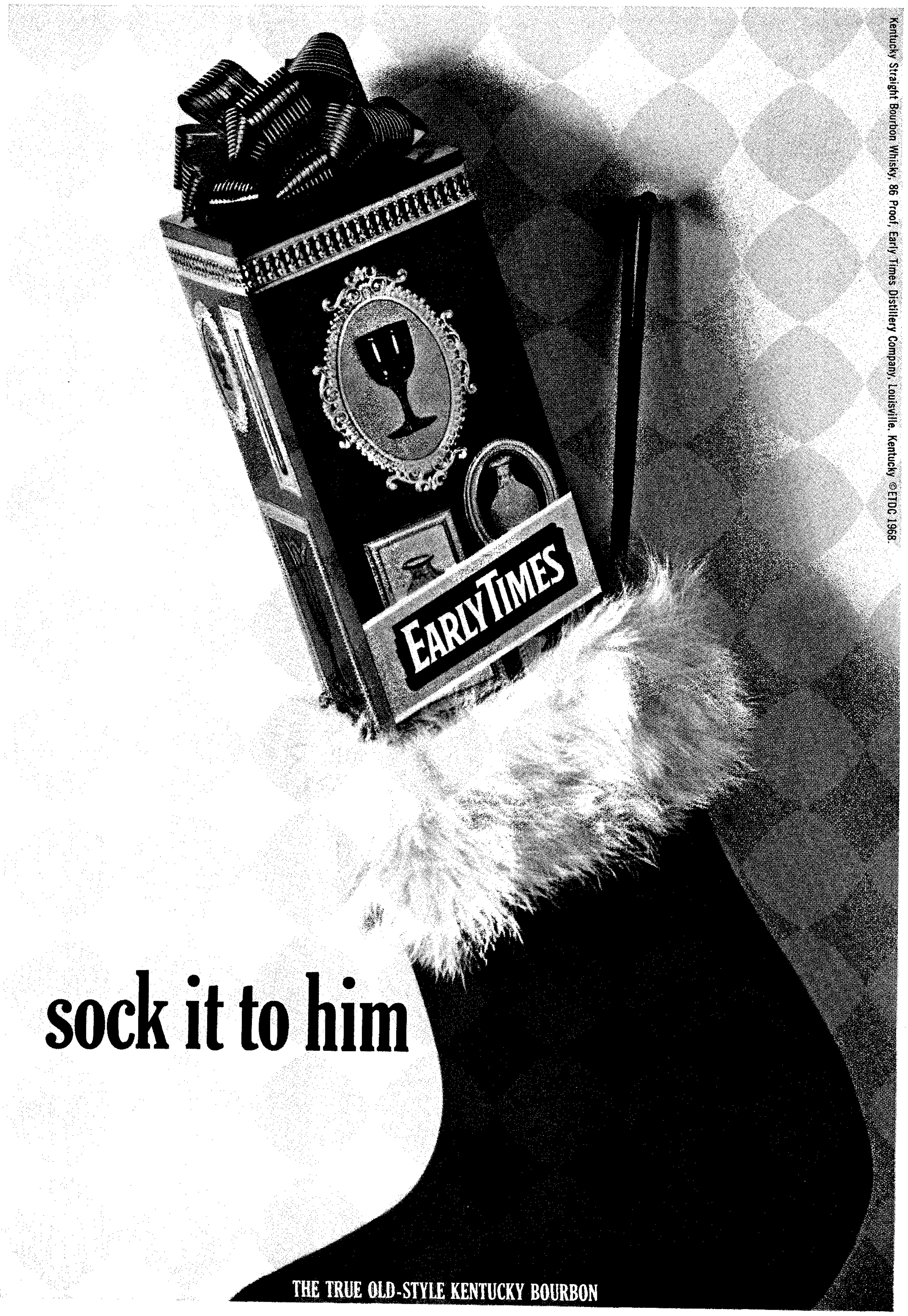
> I now leave the Zone of Interior,
> Where everyone was my superior;
> Henceforward the body's exterior
> Is all I'll endeavor to know.

It went on for six more stanzas.

"What do you think of it?" he asked when I had put it down.

"It's awfully impressive," I said. "Very smooth. The paper, I mean."

"Mrs. Dicks has resigned," he said,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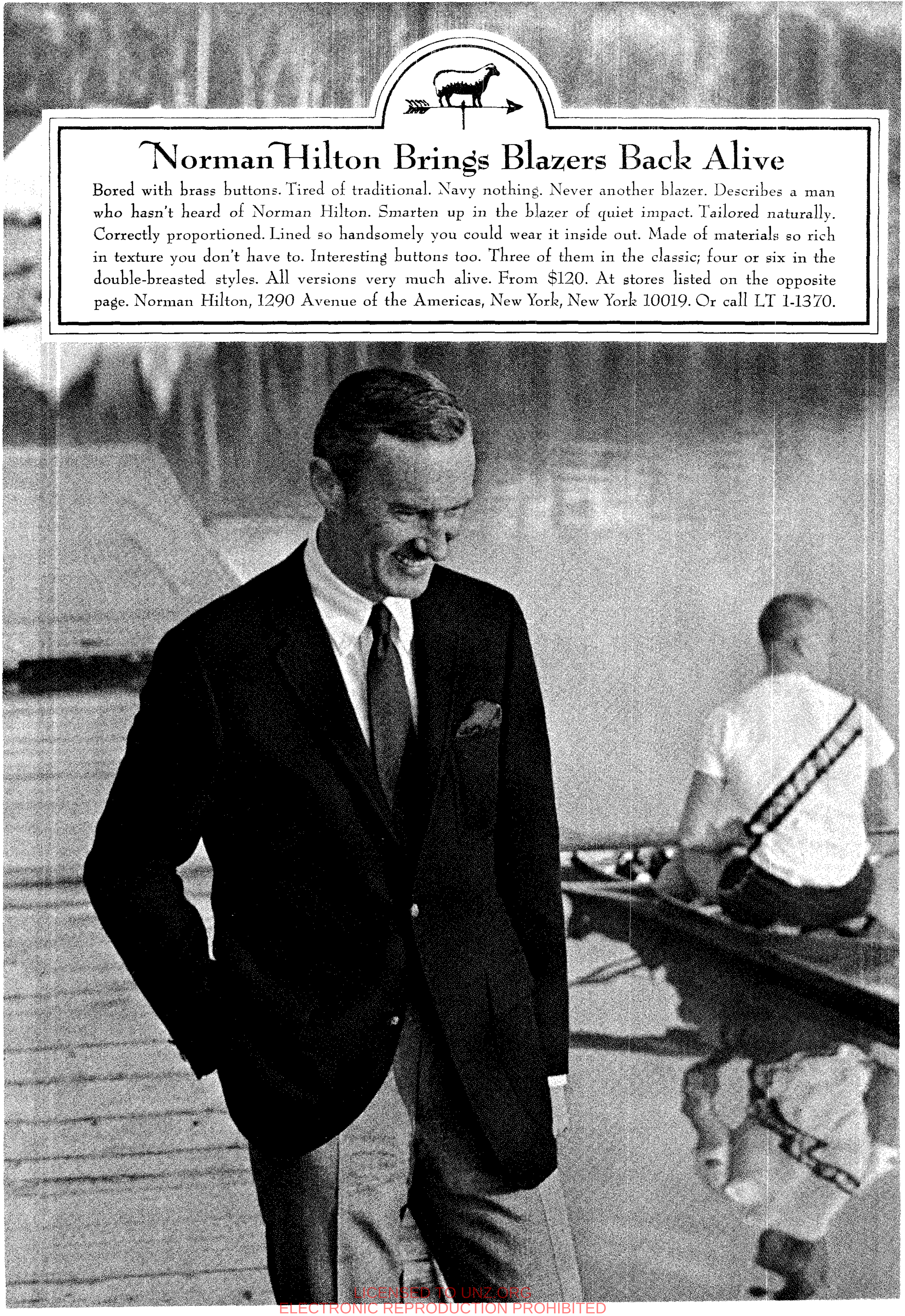

"and this is her Parthian arrow."

I said, "*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*"

"Oh, we speak Latin when we are humble," he said.

I nodded.

"Sergeant Parsons was already here," he continued, "buzzing into my ear. Wondering if you are worth it. Worth keeping. He says you're a demoralizing influence. But what the hell. As long as you demoralize me in the future, instead of the others. How's that?"

I did not speak.

"May I take it that since you did not say no you mean yes?"

I nodded.

"What's troubling you, Miss P.? You don't look happy about it."

"Why do you always call me Miss P.?" I said. "You deny me my status and my full name."

"I just can't think of you as married," he said.

"How do you mean?" I asked. "Do you mean you can't imagine it, or do you mean you cannot bear to think about it?"

He looked at me, silent, till I cast my eyes down.

"We'll get around to this another time," he said, "but in the meantime, as a stopgap, I'll give you another reason. 'Mrs. Prescott-Clark' is such a mouthful. 'Miss P.' is a matter of convenience. I'm kind of lazy, I suppose. You of all people should know how I feel." And he laughed loudly.

From that day on, the Major when he was present made me come and talk to him at least once a day. But it was never for the purpose of chiding me, and he dispensed with all forms of address. He called, "Come here to me."

He had no cause for chiding me, either. I would have despised myself if I had now traded on his apparent good will toward me, and thus, in order to show that I was not a maidservant, I was forced to be on my best behavior.

Though the Major did not engage in talk with any of the others, none of my crowd was resentful or jealous. They had, from the beginning, given him his due of being "a fine figure of a man" and "having a presence," but had made it clear that they did not consider him attractive. June, Claudia, and Betty went through their days with amorous blinkers, being devoted to their lovers, and the others rather inclined toward the frigid indigo in the rainbow of the emotions and, like Beryl, were "sick and tired of all that." Sergeant Parsons refrained from comments. And the Big Bad Wolves, who

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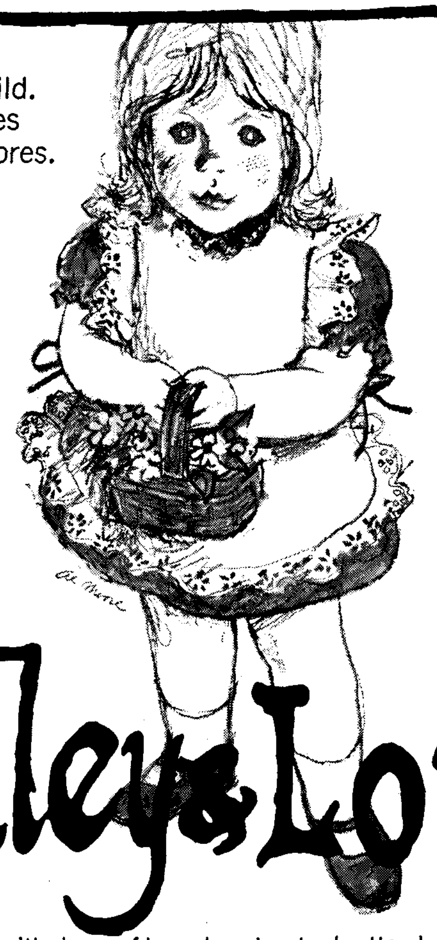

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had become tame wolves and could now talk to us only during the tea and coffee breaks, contented themselves with slight, inoffensive chaffing. "If you were a soldier, Buttercup," said Sergeant Kelly one day, "you'd be polishing the apple. But being what you are, it's a sheer waste of your time singing duets with that big blob. Why don't you ask him what kind of tree he is—if he is a son of a birch or a son of a beech?"

"Never you mind, Kelly," said Claudia, who had just joined us. "Keep your filth for another time. Listen, you lads and lasses, great news from the home front. This new wench who came yesterday into filing. The Major asked her out that very night. Straight off the bat. Aren't you staggered?"

"She looks anemic," said June.

"Someone should tell her to get rid of that mustache," said Betty.

"And she did accept?" I asked.

"She did," said Claudia.

"And what happened?" I asked.

"I'll tell you exactly," said Sergeant Danielevski. "She has this speech defect. And by the time she told the Major she was a g-g-g-good g-g-g-girl, she wasn't anymore." We screamed with laughter.

"No, but seriously, what happened?" I asked.

"Nothing," said Claudia, "as far as I can make out. She hasn't got a stammer, but she's got a boyfriend on a firm tether, or he's got her on one, and she was transferred here because he pulled strings, and he's Quartermaster and works in the PX. The Major gave her a chaste drink and then they separated. He didn't even see her home to her place."

I was convinced of the truth of the story, especially because I knew that our crowd would have taken great pains to keep me informed of the Major's amorous exploits. And yet, an hour later, when the Major made me come and talk to him, remarking, "I just don't feel like work today. I'm tired. I worked hard all day yesterday and then some, late into the night," I could not restrain myself from saying, "Yes, on the mattress. On the human body."

"First wrong, second right," he said calmly. "I'm taking an additional degree as a surgeon, the F.R.C.S. What the hell, I'm in England anyhow, I might just as well. That's why I sometimes go up to London—for the coaching."

"I didn't know," I said, "and I shouldn't have made the remark. It was frightfully *mauvais genre*."

"You are never *mauvais genre*. You

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couldn't be if you tried," he said. "What the hell, you are like a little princess—you even have long hair and put it up like a crown."

I thought, And what's the use being like a princess if you ask out the common floozies, and, to cover my embarrassment, I said hastily, "But isn't it an awful strain on you? Working here and then cramming on top of it?"

"No," he said, "for me it's easy, with the kind of training that I've got. I've done the first part already. It's in two parts."

A few days later, Claudia came with more news. "I say, you lasses, he's doing the rounds. He must be frantic for a woman. There's this new girl, come in to work for the Merry Widow, and he asked her out. Again slap on the very first day; her bottom had hardly touched the chair."

"What's she like?" asked June.

"Usual stuff—common as dirt, trained shorthand-typist. What'd you expect?" said Claudia.

"And what happened?" I asked.

"Wouldn't play," said Claudia. "Gave him the cold shoulder, and he retreated to previous position according to plan, as they give out in the war news."

"Very odd," said June, "when you come to think of it. He's been here two months now and still hasn't got himself a steady."

"Perhaps he doesn't want a steady," said Claudia. "Let's ask Prescott-Clark. She's an expert on the Major."

"I haven't got a clue," I said.

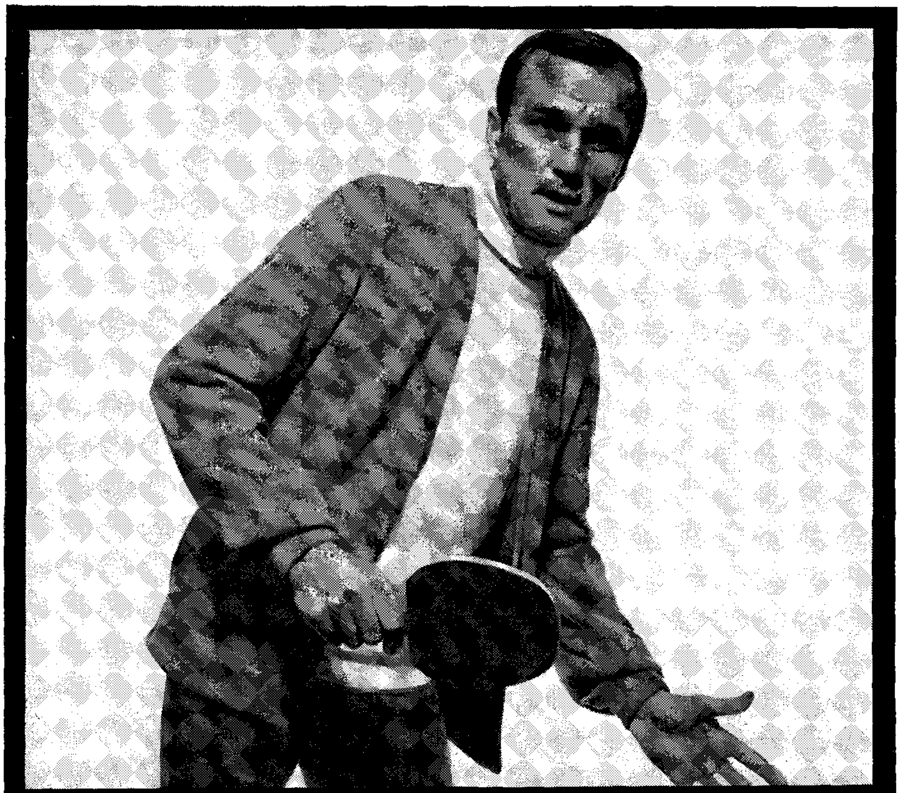
"But he's an expert on you, Prescott-Clark," said Betty. "Do you know, the other day when you took the half day off he cast round for you and got at Sergeant Parsons. 'Where is Miss P.? Why isn't she at work?' And Parsons said, 'I let her go home, she wasn't feeling well.' And the Major said, 'This must have been a great relief to her.' The Sergeant went away blushing, I swear to God. And, Prescott-Clark, now you've blushed, too. Golly."

"He's a beast," I said. "And you know I never create over my curses. Besides, he's barking up the wrong tree, what with my blameless life, as you know. Besides, I had such a cold I shouldn't have come in in the morning, either."

"Keep your shirt on, Prescott-Clark," said Claudia. "You go and tell him how blameless you are. But you've got to hand it to him, he's awfully good at repartee."

"Mostly of the hand-me-down, ready-made variety," I said.

We went on speculating as to why



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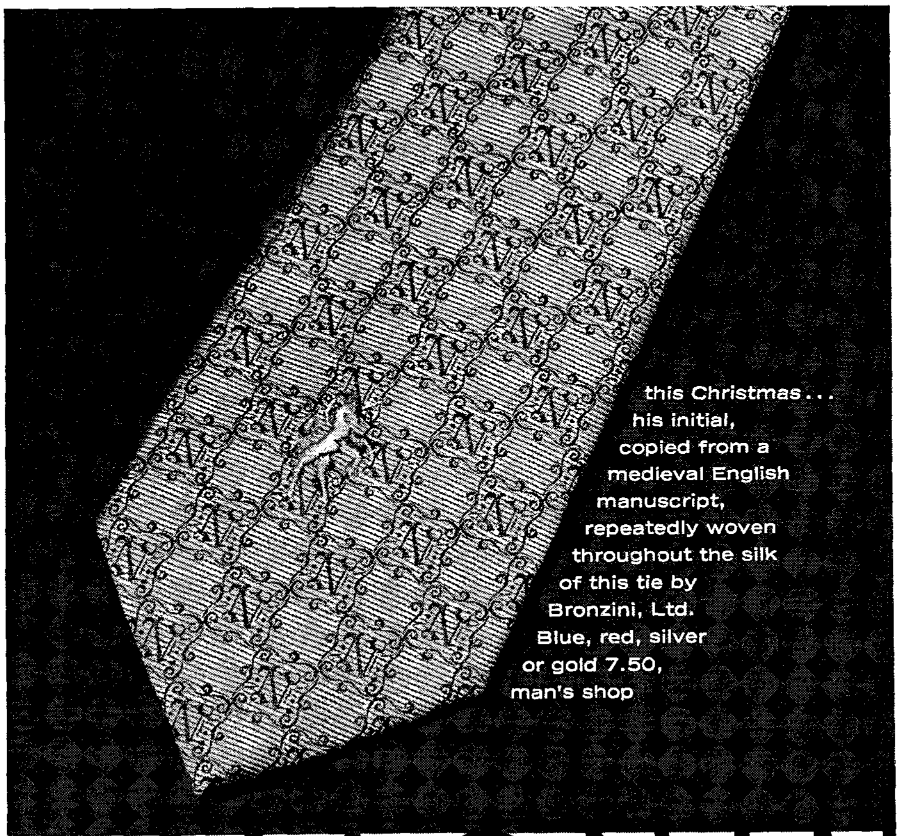

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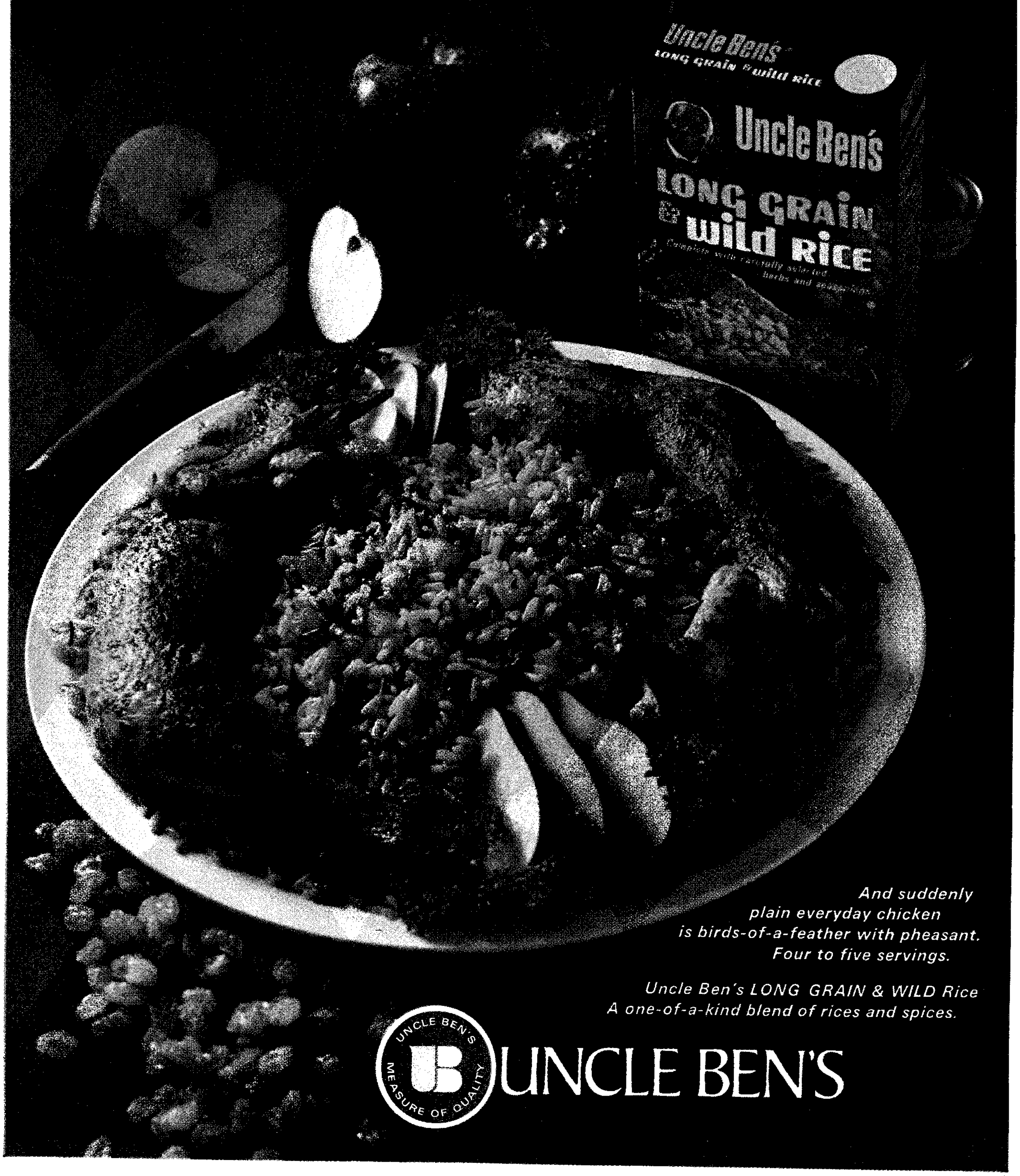
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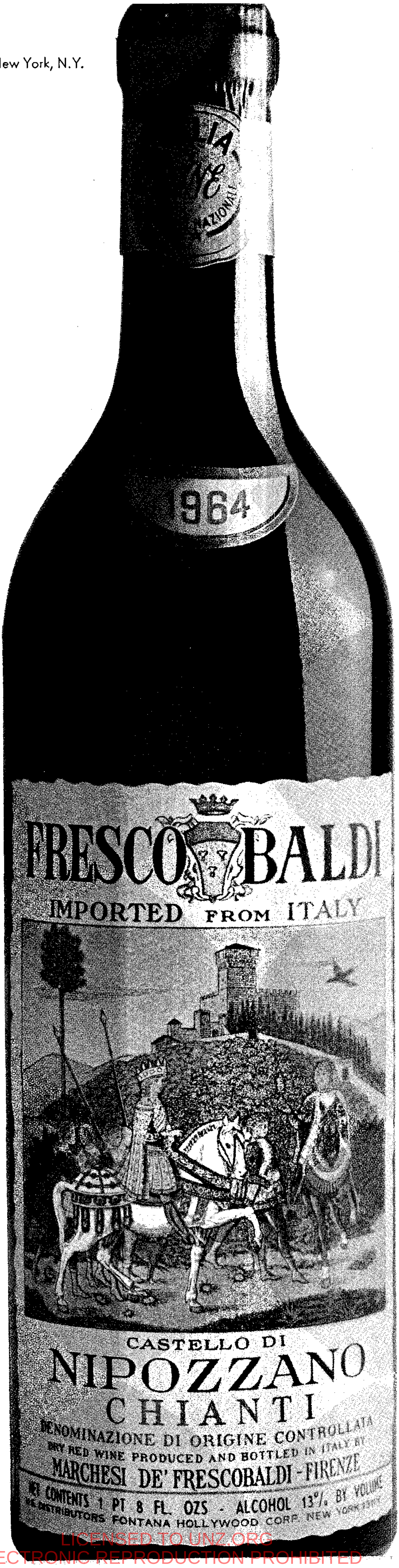
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the Major had not got a woman friend. I thought it was because he did not wish to be distracted from his studies for the Royal College of Surgeons, but I kept quiet about it, just as I kept quiet about all our talks. When we came to learn the answer, I was as astonished as everyone else.

"Shame on you, Prescott-Clark, you really haven't got a clue," said Claudia a few days later. "Yap-yapping at him, day in, day out, God knows what drivel, and if I hadn't had a hangover and gone screaming for an Alka-Seltzer, you'd still be in the dark, the lot of you. And all this time, here we were worrying if he really is a man, only because he looks like one. But now we've caught him with his pants down."

"Speak for yourself, Carter," I said.

"You pipe down, Prescott-Clark. You're a washout," said Claudia. "The hat at the gate. That's her."

For two nights running, upon leaving work, we had seen a young woman outside the wire netting, a few paces away from the guards at the main gate. We had noticed her mainly because of her elegance, which was underscored by her large, soft-brimmed summer hat. During those war years, ladies' hats had fallen victim to the prevailing fashionable shabbiness, and were replaced, though in cold weather only, by turbans and woollen large-meshed snoods. Glancing from the hat downward, I had seen that the stranger wore a sky-blue dress with inset panels of pleating, of the unfashionable and expensive kind favored by elderly and rich clergymen's wives—a garment belying her youth and her tall, voluptuous figure. And glancing upward once more, I saw that she was a pretty blonde, with a tip-tilted nose in a long oval face. Her prettiness was of the kind that is entirely pleasing and entirely forgettable, and if she had appeared by the gate on the second evening without the hat, I might not have recognized her. Though standing alone, obviously waiting, and looking into space, she was smiling. I suspected that this was not so much due to happy thoughts as to her willingness to display her pretty teeth.

"She's come down from London," said Claudia. "That's why he's been flitting Londonward all this time. And now he's brought her down here to share his bed and board. He's left his hotel and moved into a flat. And she's flung her bonnet over quite an expensive windmill, never you fear; the flat's in a house in St. James's Square—superb situation, high living and low

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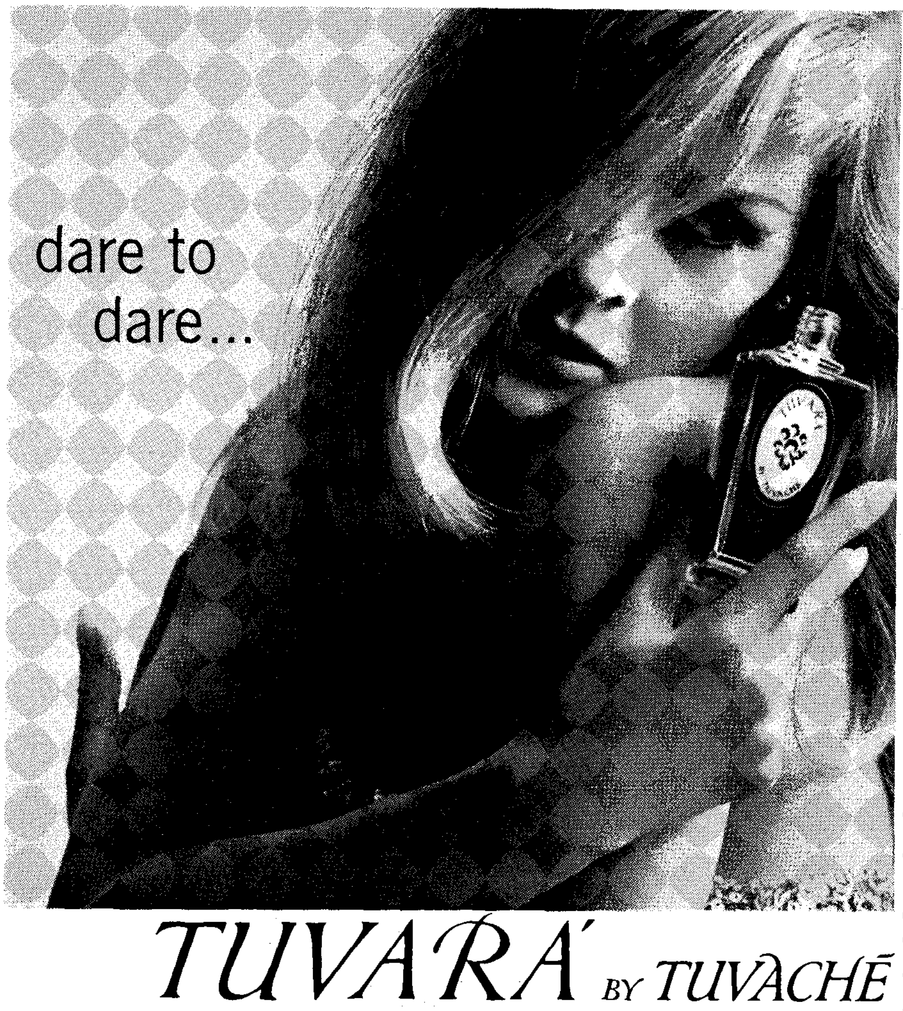

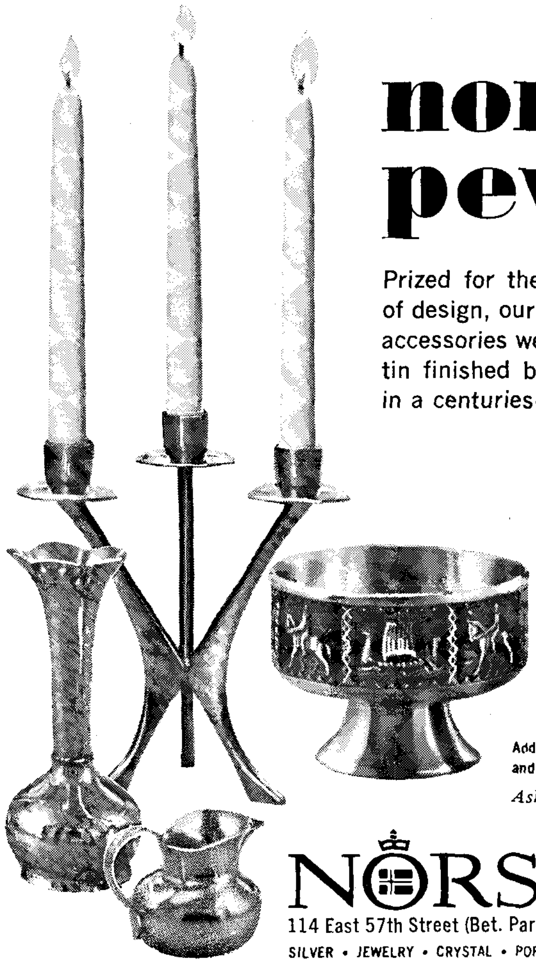
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thinking. The Merry Widow knows exactly what it cost, too, because she did some of his ordering for him. And the woman in the hat's a lady, because she called him once over the telephone while he was in the Brigadier's office, and, you know how it is, two words are enough and you know where you are. Not like with the Yanks, where *you never can tell from the way they speak*. And she's called Constance Ray. Mrs. But then, over that I wouldn't put my hand into the fire. Altogether, if you ask me, apart from the Mrs., the name is too good to be true."

"Sounds made up to me," said June.

"Rather eccentric of him, bringing her down here. Coals to Newcastle," said Betty.

"She is a Gainsborough type," I said.

"Harken to Prescott-Clark, standing up for the Major," said Claudia.

"Perhaps she's an actress," said Betty. "What with that name, and not at all out of the top drawer, and it's been the good old elocution lessons for her all the time."

"Never you fear, we'll find out," said Claudia. But they never did find out.

For days, Sergeant Danielevski went about saying, "Have you seen the Major's mistress? She's got lovely big blue eyes," and he accompanied these words with a most suggestive mime, holding his cupped hands in front of his body and shaking them up and down as though weighing two outsize oranges. I joined in the laughter, experiencing a kind of relief, as one may feel relief when at last receiving the punishment with which one has been threatened for a long time.

Once more, I could not master myself and made a remark to the Major. He called me to him one day and threw on his desk a stack of snapshots, face down, with a gesture of contempt, as though after having started on a game of cards he had found himself holding a bad hand. "Look at them," he said. "I just got these, sent from home."

I gathered them up and turned them over. I did not like being shown photographs "from home." I always found myself embarrassed when confronted with pictures of scraggy or sagging wives and overfed, grinning offspring, and I had learned from June and Betty to overcome this embarrassment and to say, "Now, it beats me how a ghastly man like you managed to hook himself *such a divine wife and produce such angelic children*."

But this time there was no need to

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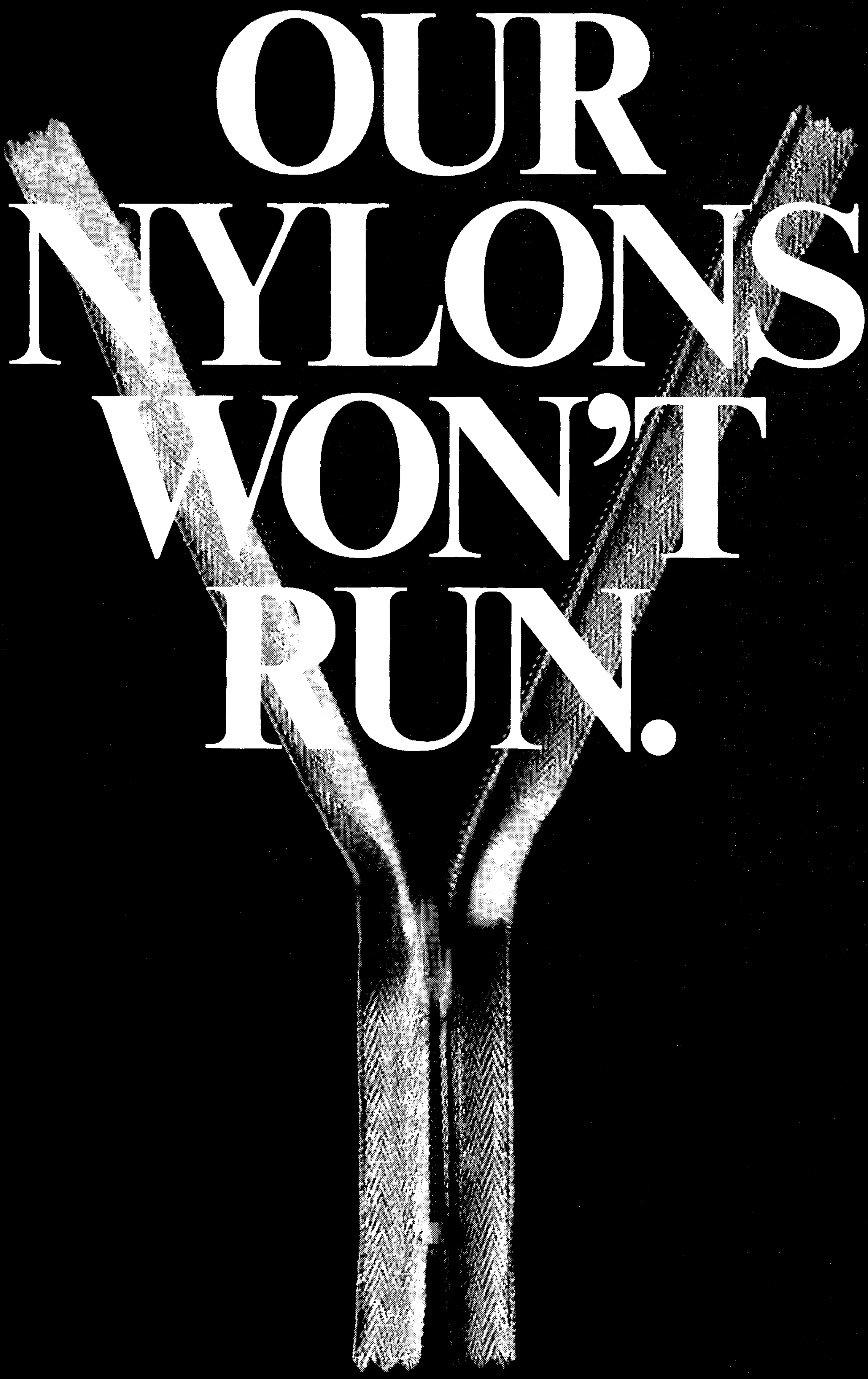

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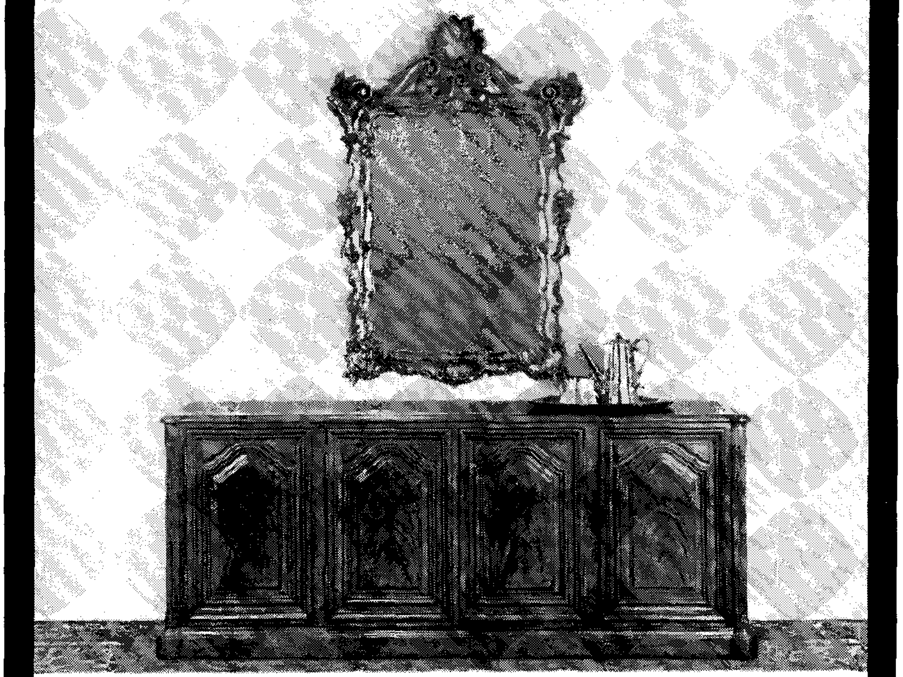

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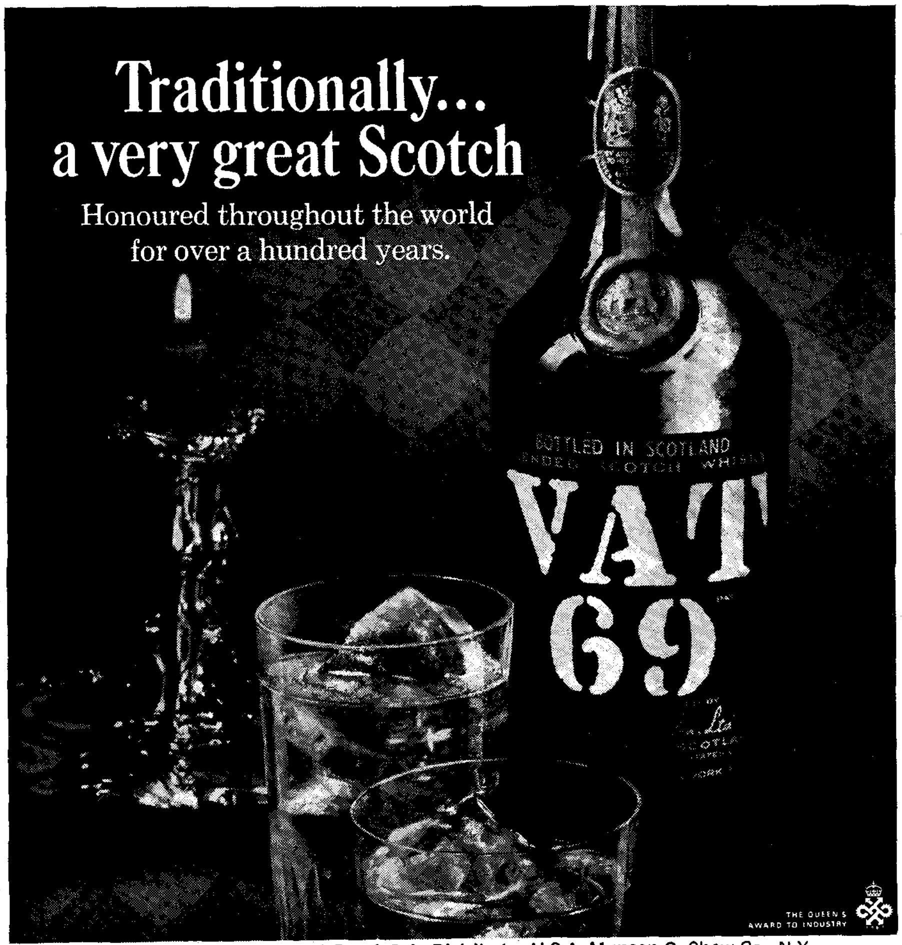
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brace myself. "What a beautiful woman," I said.

"Part of her profession. She used to be an actress," he said.

In another snapshot, immediately recognizable, like the winged lion on things Venetian, was the baby's scowling face, stamped with the square jaw and square forehead. "How old is the little girl?" I asked.

"Three," said the Major.

"Really, Major," I said, "with a lovely wife like this, I cannot understand how you can even as much as look at another woman."

"I don't look. So what the hell are you talking about?"

As I turned away and his laughter followed me, I thought how odious it was of him always to laugh at his own jokes. And yet I always came when he called "Come here to me," and by now no one took the trouble anymore to remark that "Prescott-Clark and the Major get on like a house on fire." Sometimes it was related to me that he had been at a party with Constance Ray, and that they had been both very animated, and I was given descriptions of her dress. Once, I saw them at a dance, but only from afar; they were leaving as I arrived.

ONE drizzly morning in the autumn, I slipped as I got out of the bus in front of the gate, fell on the mud-sodden fallen leaves, and grazed the heel of my hand. It did not bleed when I looked at it, but after I started work I saw that I had stained my coding slips. I went to Sergeant Parsons. "Better than having a torn stocking," I said, "what with clothes rationing being the way it is."

"I'll clean it up for you," said the Sergeant.

"I thought you'd say you'd give me a pair of nylons," I remarked. "They do exist, don't they? And is it really true that they last longer than silk?"

The Sergeant said, "The harder you work the sooner the war will be won and the sooner you'll find out, Ma'am. Come along now and get it over with."

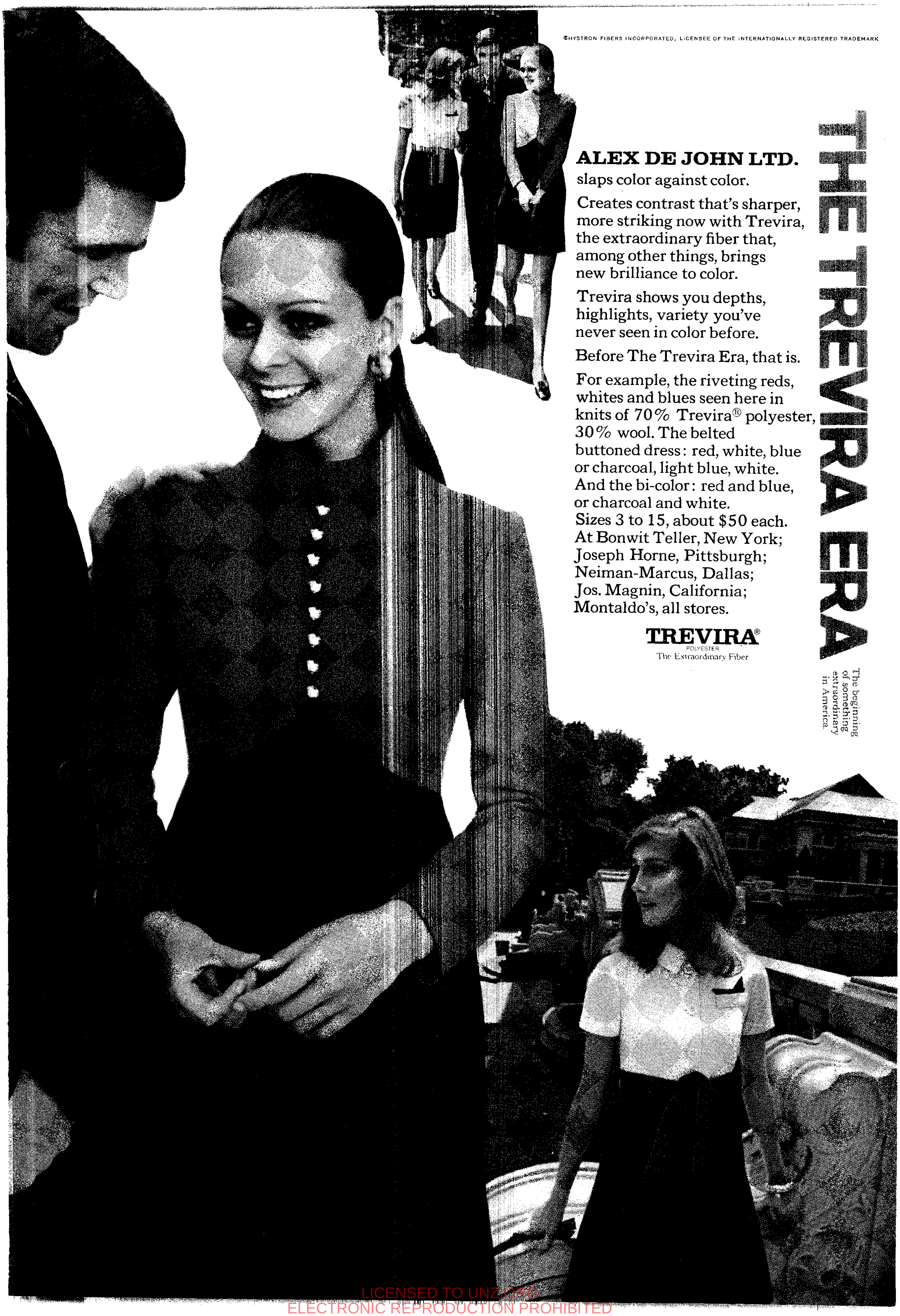
"Get over what?" asked the Major, who had just entered.

"I'm off to the slaughterhouse, euphemistically known as the ladies' rest room," I said.

"Stop clutching your hand," said the Major. "Come over here to the window and show me."

"I'll cut off the rough edges, sir," said the Sergeant, who had followed us, "and fix it up with iodine and a bandage."

"No," said the Major. "No io-



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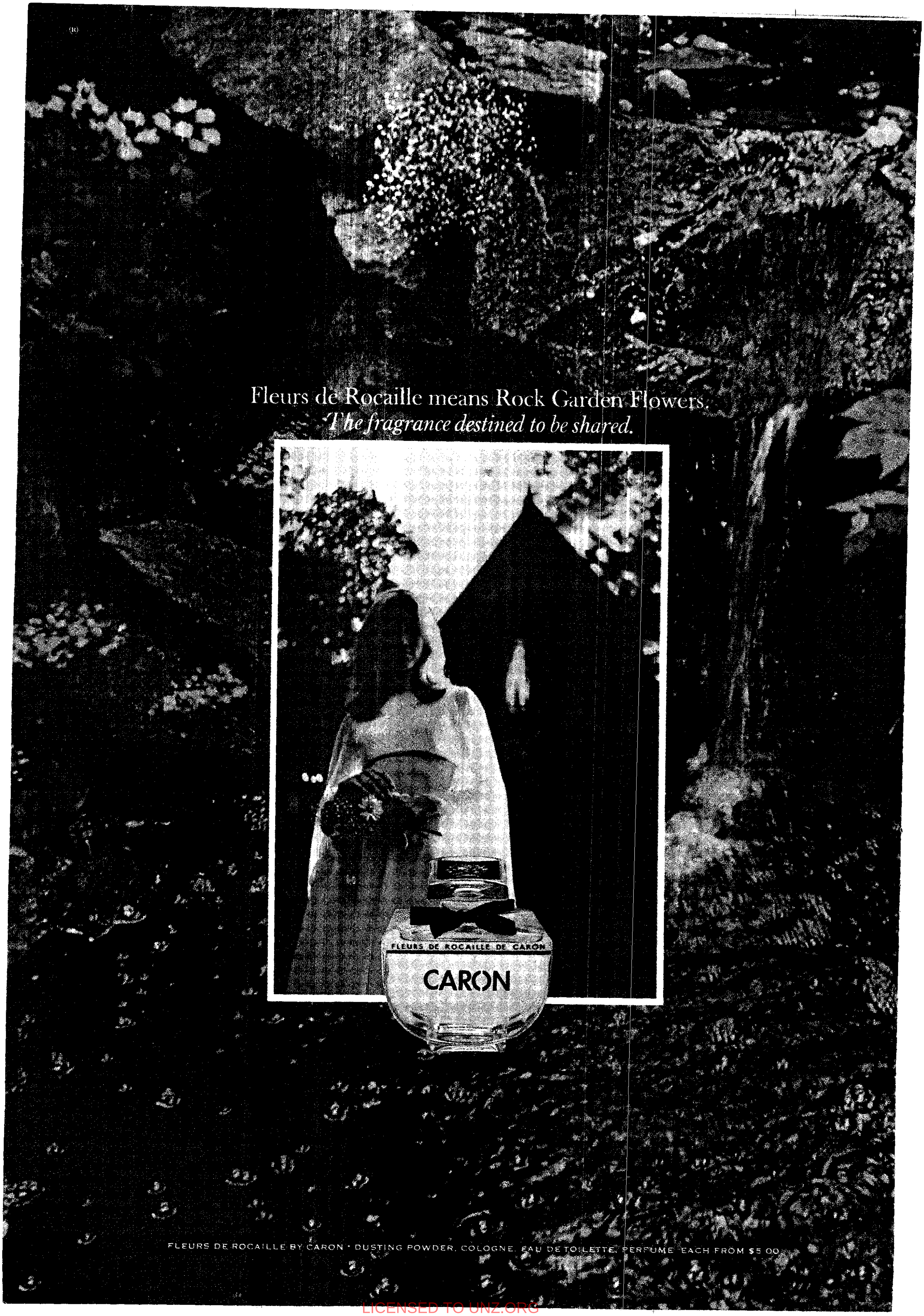
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dine. With that skin of yours, you'll get an eczema and no end of trouble. Iodine is all right for the sheep and the cows and the horses. But you are too delicate. I won't have it. Wash it with soap and cold water and let it dry in the air. Let her be, Sergeant."

When I was coming back from luncheon, Sergeant Parsons approached me. "You women are so stupid, you'll believe anything. I just thought you'd like to know."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Telling you you are so delicate. Routine treatment is all right for others but not for you. Because you are so delicate. And you fall for it."

"He's a surgeon," I said. "He should know."

"He knows, all right. He knows only too well what he is after," said the Sergeant. "And if you don't, it's about time you did. He's broken you down so he's only got to whistle and you come. And he won't let you go. If I say a word, it's always 'She's our most brilliant coder, and even if she weren't, what the hell, I've got to have her around, she does me good.' But what good is he doing you? If I were you, I'd get myself moved. You needn't raise a finger. I'll fix it for you."

I did not speak.

"Look at it this way," said the Sergeant. "You are only twenty-four, aren't you, and you are married?"

"Not fearfully, not frightfully," I said.

"I know," said the Sergeant, "but you want to think ahead. Maybe when the war is over you'll want to go back to your husband."

"What's all this got to do with the Major?" I said. "You go and drown yourself in your iodine. You are barking up the wrong tree. He doesn't . . . You know quite well he's never even asked me out. He's got other fish to fry. He's got his mistress, with the big blue eyes. And a wife and a child in God's own country."

"He's been after you from the very first minute he set foot in this office," said the Sergeant. "First, I thought it would blow over, but it hasn't. Now you are in it up to your neck, and before long you'll burn your boats. If I were in your shoes, I'd run for dear life."

I did not speak.

"Don't say I didn't warn you," he added.

"Charmed, I'm sure. Much obliged, Sergeant," I said.

It was after this—only a few days after, it must have been, because the blood crust on my hand had not yet

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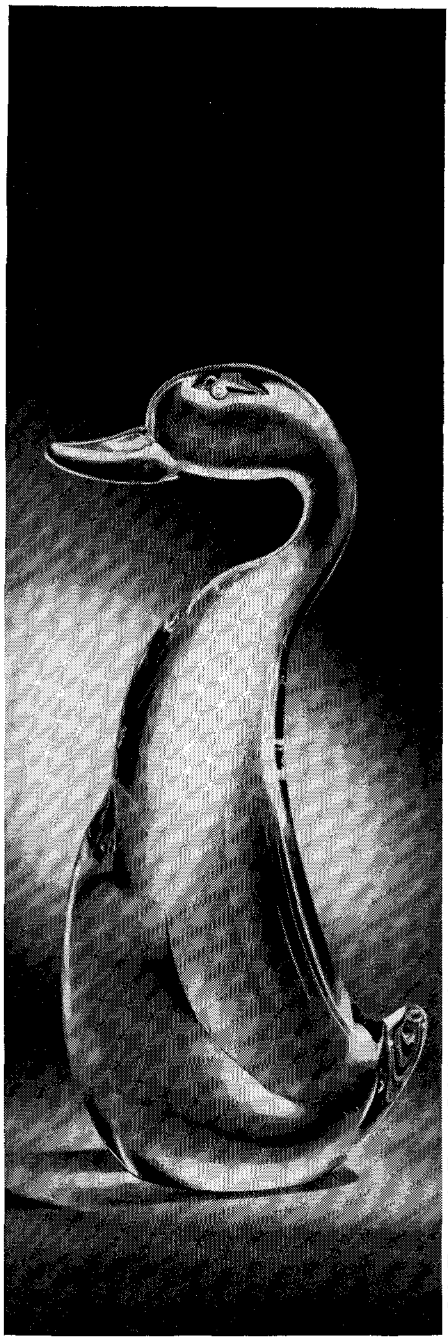

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fallen off—when the Major said to me, "I'd be very pleased if you'd come to dinner with us tonight. Constance—what the hell, you know my setup—she'll be delighted to have you, and there's a friend of mine, a colleague, just come over from the States, and he's staying with us. I told her you are such good company."

"Thank you, Major, I'd love to come," I said.

"Then why do you look so sad about it?" he asked.

"I didn't know it showed," I said.

"It does," he said. "It doesn't matter what you say, I can always read you in your large brown eyes. Now, what is it?"

"It's only—" I said. "Only that it makes me feel so ghastly respectable. Promoted to the position of the trusted family friend, like the maiden aunt. But I feel greatly honored, of course."

It was agreed that he would fetch me from my place at half past seven that evening, and when I started to explain how to find the house where I lived he cut me short, saying that he knew it anyway.

I did not tell anyone of the invitation, but my first thought was of Sergeant Parsons, and how ridiculously wrong he had been with his warning. To me, the invitation had been like a slap in the face.

It is not often in life that things turn out as one has expected them, but when I saw the Major's flat it was exactly as I had pictured it beforehand; this was not remarkable, because I knew the Square, and I knew that Bathdale, apart from its colleges, is famous as a retiring place for colonial servants. It was situated on the first floor, in the corner house of one of those Regency terraces whose pilasters counterfeiting Doric columns and gables counterfeiting triangular pediments give the town its make-believe air of Greek temples. Above these, incongruously, the Chinese-style green copper roofs curving upward over the narrow iron-railed balconies draw an ever-recurring pattern of Oriental fantasy across the eggshell-white façades. The big drawing room had the customary three tall windows and stuccowork ceiling, and was furnished, as I had visualized, with easy chairs and settees whose ill-fitting loose covers of faded flowered cretonne partly concealed sagging springs and lumpy stuffing. There were the banal ivory carvings, the cloisonné plaques, the brass Benares tray tables, and the dancing Krishna in bronze with which the Army officers, the tea and rubber planters, and the civil servants who had once lived here recalled their former life in the Far East.

Whenever I enter a room, I can tell at a glance whether I am attractive to the men who are there, and when I saw the Captain who stood by the fire, glass in hand, I was glad to feel that I pleased him. It would, I thought, provide me with a measure of consolation for being made to witness the Major's loving ménage. The guest looked clever, restless, and dissatisfied—an uncomfortable person to be with. In his early thirties, about the same age as the Major, he was thin and narrow-faced, with black curling hair, small eyes, and a strongly jutting nose and chin. His deeply sunburned color proclaimed his recent arrival in England and gave him a perhaps spurious air of vigorous health.

"How do you do it? Where did you get this peach of a girl from?" he asked as soon as he had been presented to me. "Say, what kind of an office is this where she comes from?"

I did not pay much attention to their chaffing. It was on the same lines as "How can a ghastly man like you get himself such a divine wife?," and as I sipped my drink of gin-and-lemon I thought what a pity it was that it was night and that the blackout boards had been fitted over the panes; I would have liked to stand by the window on a fair evening, looking at the sunset sky from perhaps the very spot that Beau Nash had done the same.

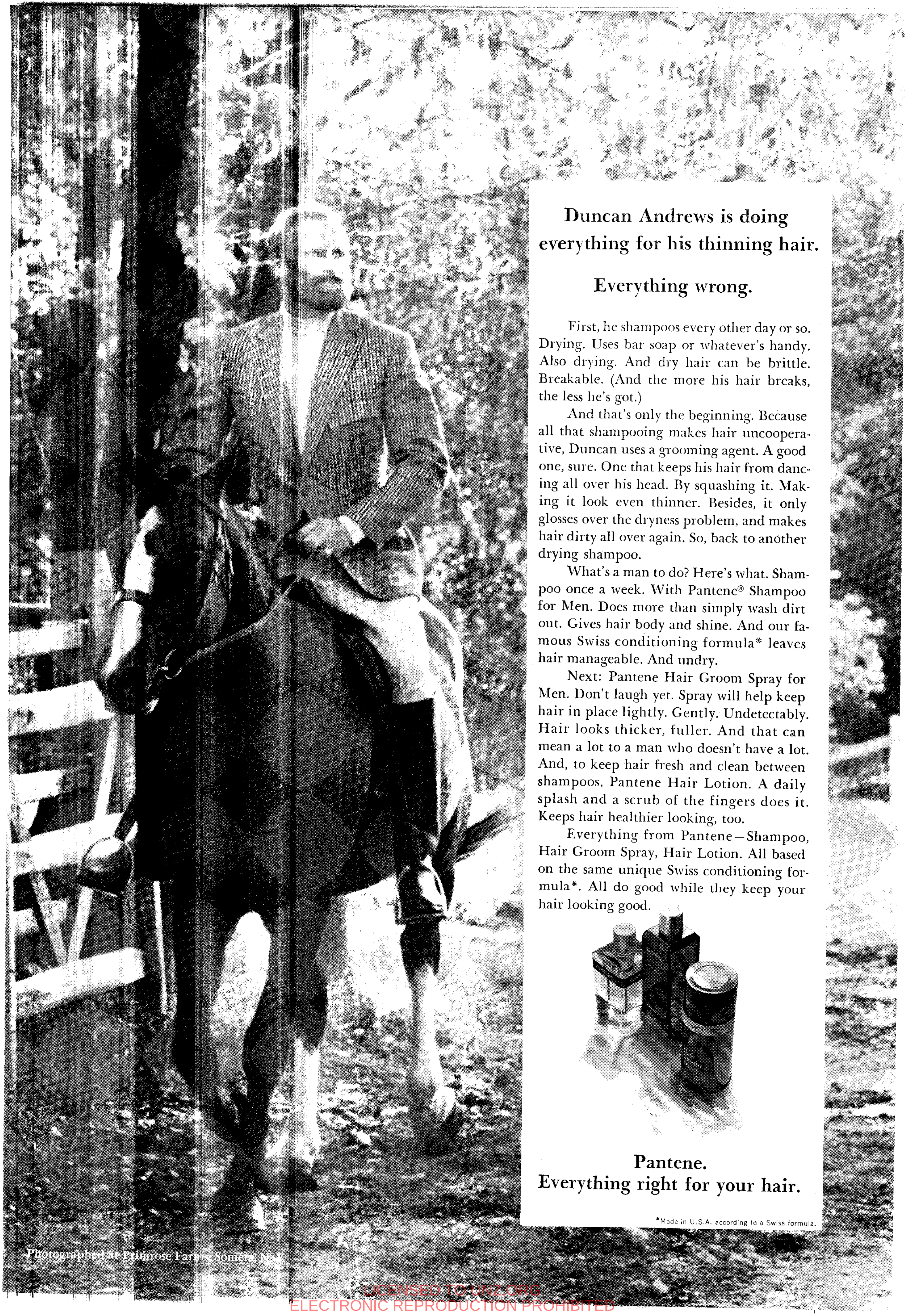
Constance came in. It was not her easy, beautiful smile that I saw first of all, nor the kind of dress she had on. It was her figure. She was certainly six months pregnant.

"How nice of you to have come, Eve, and at such short notice, too," she said, and I noticed that she, the stranger, called me Eve, when the Major had never done so, and I fell to wondering what he had told her about me. I also gave full praise to the Merry Widow's judgment; she was genuinely well-bred.

"It was awfully good of you to ask me," I said. "Simply thrilling nowadays to be asked to a dinner, the cheese ration being what it is."

"I'm so glad, Eve, you didn't say 'I hope you aren't going to make anything special,' " she cried. "Because when people say that they expect you to do something special, and to trouble like mad."

The Major several times made hearty allusions to her state, laughing loudly. Addressing her, he would say,



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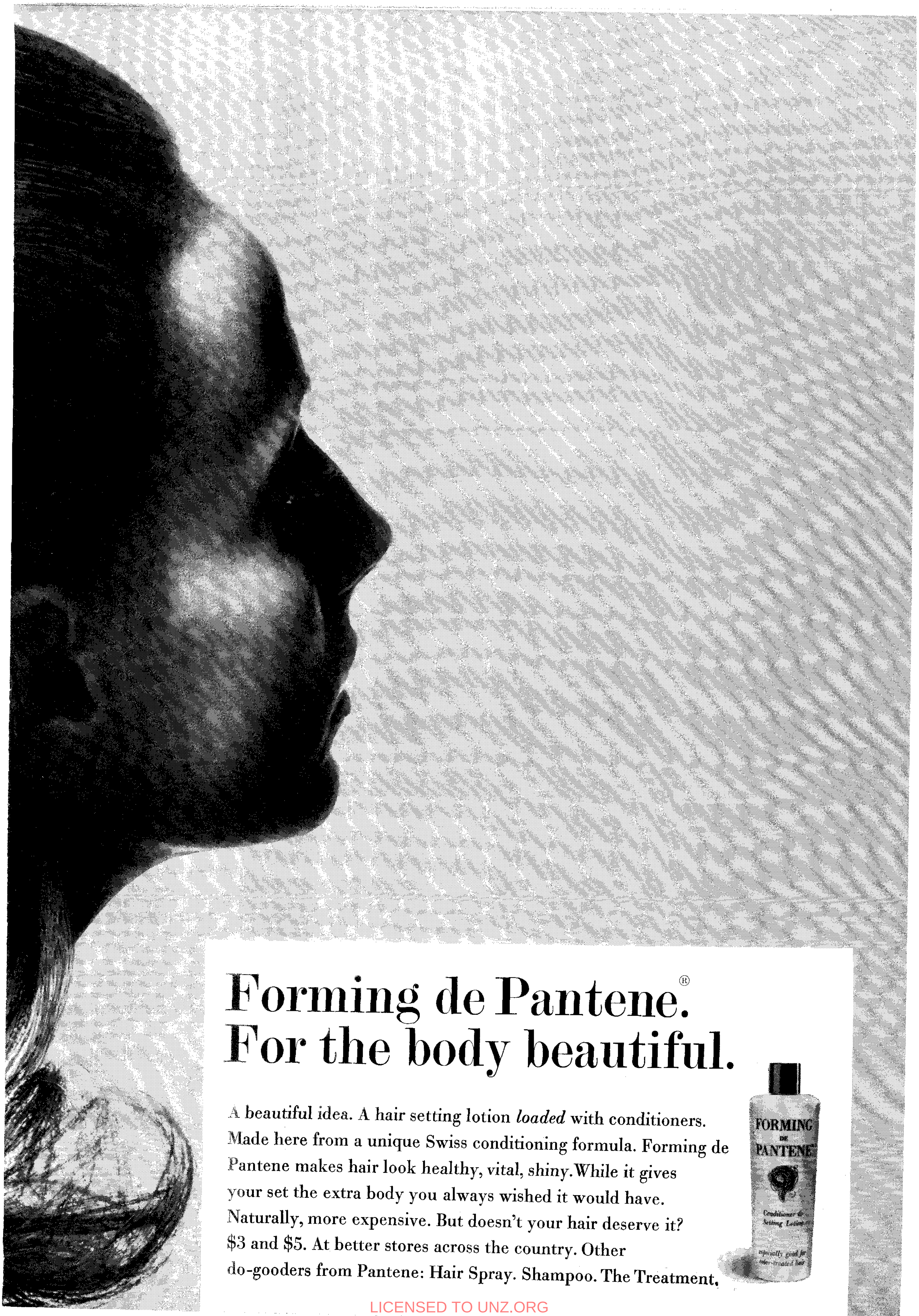

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"Now, what will you have to drink, the two of you?," and "Sit yourselves down, the two of you," and "Let's get up—shall I hoist you up with a crane?" Each time, she would first seek my eye, as though waiting for my approval, before joining in the laughter, and then say, radiantly, "Isn't Calvin silly?" And while I forced myself to smile, too, my heart tightened each time I heard her pronounce his Christian name; I had never heard it spoken before.

We went into the dining room—narrow, ill-lit, and chilly, despite two burning electric stoves. This, too, was furnished as expected, with the usual shield-back imitation-Hepplewhite chairs and bowfront sideboards. It was hung with dilettante oils depicting Asian women in their native costume, and these provided the Major with further jokes about Constance's condition, and the danger of her "taking fright."

The meal was lavish, by wartime standards. The fish was cooked with mushrooms and shrimps, both unrationed and expensive, and there was cold tinned turkey, which was a present from the Captain, and the American tinned fruit was served with those little domed cakes smothered in chocolate shavings that were the hallmark of Kunz on the Promenade, the best pastrycook in town.

After the meal, Constance went out to make the coffee. The Captain rose and, despite my offers to help, began to stack up the plates. "I'll clear away," he said, "and you two go back to the fire. I'll cough three times before I come into the room."

We went to the drawing room, and the Major, after having put more coals on the fire, came and sat on the arm of my chair. "Sad again?" he asked.

"Not exactly," I said.

"Because of that remark?" he asked.

"Oh, rot," I said. "That was just silly and *mauvais genre*."

"Then what is on your mind?" he asked.

"Wondering what's going to happen," I said.

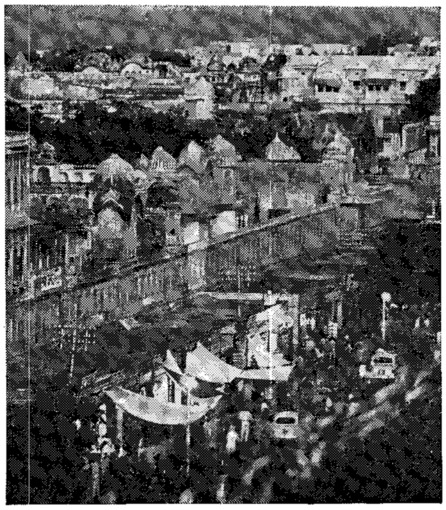
"There are two possibilities," he remarked. "Either it's going to be a boy or a girl. It isn't twins."

"And what then?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "I suppose she'll get herself a pram. What the hell, she's got money of her own."

I did not speak.

He said, "What the hell, I didn't want it to happen. But she was all set for it. And besides, what was done could have been undone. I offered it to her ten times over. It would have been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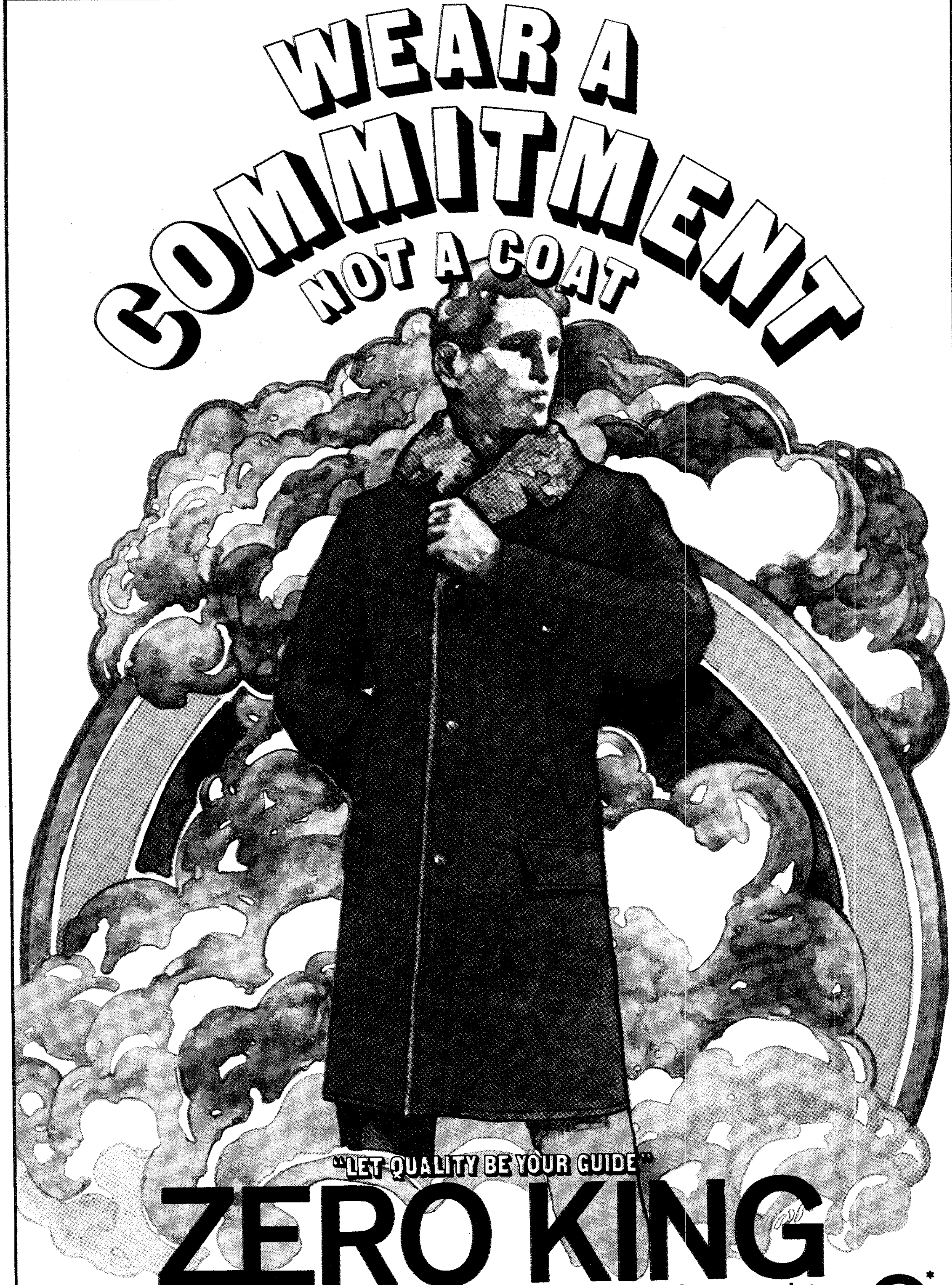
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child's play, I have so many friends among my colleagues. But she wouldn't hear of it. She wants to have it and she is going to have it, and I'll leave her to it. She knows it. She knew it from the beginning."

"Dreadful," I said.

"No. It's what she really wants."

"It's dreadful just the same," I said, "and she is really and truly a sweet girl."

"Oh, what the hell. She's sweet. All right, sure, she's sweet," he said in a weary voice.

"She isn't married?" I asked.

"There's a husband floating about. English. He's a major in India now. She'll never go back to him. She was off him already before I met her, so I didn't grab her and break up a happy home, if that's what's worrying you."

I remained silent.

"Have a drink," he said.

"Not just now."

"Come on, behave like a guest. You didn't come here for the pleasure. Just a tiny drop. Do you know what the old lady said to the bishop when she went bathing in the sea? 'Every little drop helps.' "

I forced myself to laugh.

"Oh, Eve, you two make such a lovely group sitting there by the fire," said Constance from the door.

"Sure we do," said the Major. "We are used to making a lovely group. We are old friends by now, aren't we?"

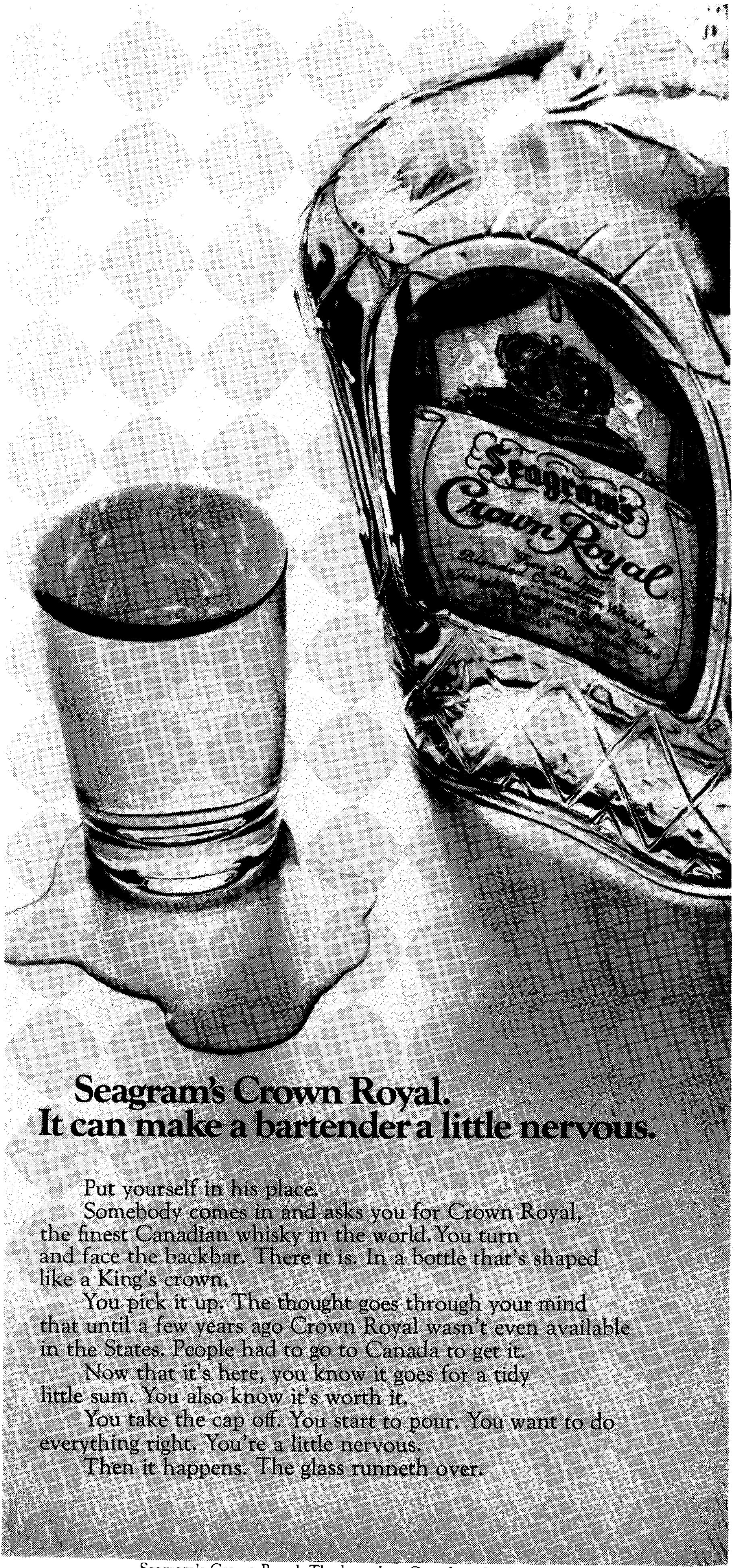
"Or old enemies," I said. I watched the Captain coming in; he was pushing a trolley. While setting out the coffee cups on their saucers, he said in a distracted tone, as though intent on his task, "Do you know what the Chinese call a lover? They call him one's preordained enemy."

"The Chinks do give me the creeps," Constance said. "Don't they you, Eve?" And she gave me a cordial smile.

"Not me," I said. "I always think I'd like to go to bed with a Chinese. And failing this, with a plumber. There's nothing I wouldn't do to get in well with a plumber. He is the only man a woman can't do without."

"Oh, Eve, aren't you naughty? Isn't she dreadful?" cried Constance with a delighted smile.

"Now I know what made me think of the Chinese," the Captain said to me. He had remained grave and preoccupied. "I've been trying to figure out all along why you are so fascinating, and who you look like. And now I've got it. You look like Luise Rainer when she played in 'The



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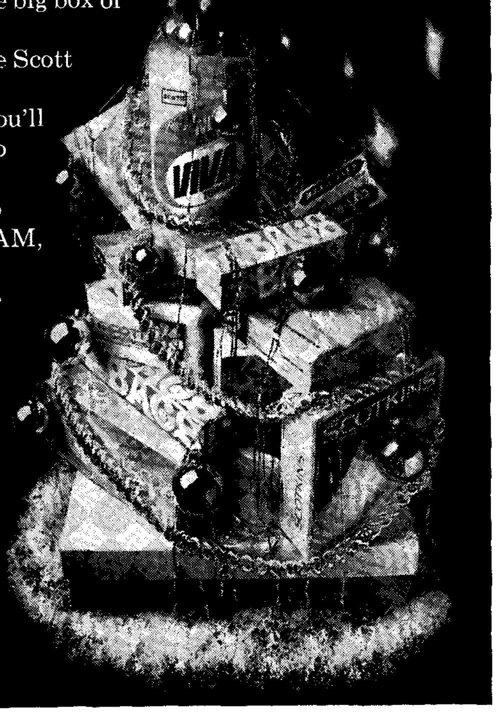

Good Earth.' That's set in China."

"I didn't see it," I said.

"Oh, Eve, he's right," said Constance.

"What the hell, stop buttering her up," said the Major. He seemed annoyed, but Constance did not see his vexation. The Captain did, though, and he appeared to enjoy it.

After we had drunk the coffee, Constance brought out an album and made me sit next to her on the settee. I thought she was going to show me photographs, but when I opened it I saw it was a book of remembrance. "You must write down something for me, Eve," she said, "because this is such a nice get-together, and nice people are always ships that pass by night."

I glanced at her sideways. She was smiling, her hands folded over her breast.

"You mean here today and gone tomorrow," said the Captain, watching her, too. Then his eyes fastened on me, and I bit my teeth together and returned his look.

The Major gave me his fountain pen. "Make it as good as Widow Dicks's," he said.

"Don't remind me of that," I said. Then I wrote quickly, feeling embarrassed because they were all watching me in silence. "Here," I said, handing the book to Constance. "As a souvenir of Bathdale."

"Oh, yes, of course, how clever of you," she said. "But they won't get it, poor lambs."

"Let's have it, what the hell, then we'll say whether we've got it or not," called the Major. And Constance, who had closed the album, recited:

"Miss Buss and Miss Beale
The darts of Cupid don't feel.
How different from us,
Poor Beale and poor Buss."

The Major said, "Good, clean English fun. It's always beyond me. Come on, unbosom yourselves, the two of you."

"It's to do with the Bathdale Ladies' College," said Constance.

"The Merry Widow went there, and Claudia," I said. "That's why they are so pally."

"You tell them, Eve," said Constance. "You are heavier in the brain than I am," and I told about the birth of the poem, which was and still is famous and to which no one has ever owned up as being the author. In Victorian times, when the school was at the height of its fame, the principal, Miss Buss, invited Miss Beale, headmistress of a girls' school in North London, to look over the college. While touring

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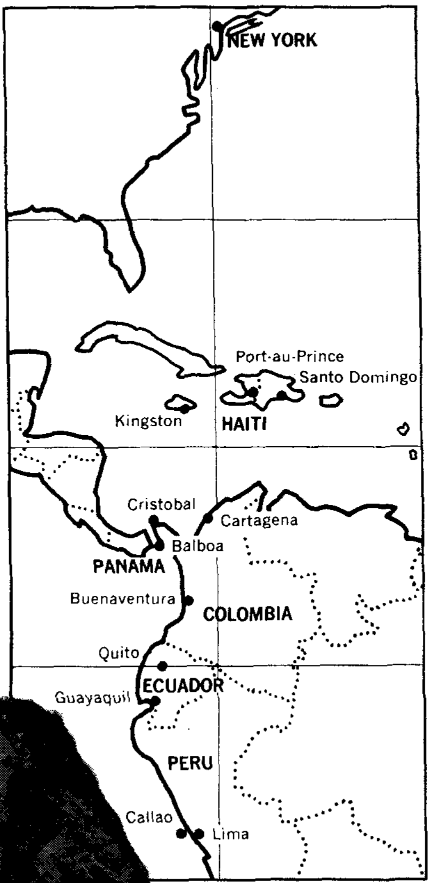

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the empty classrooms they found the poem chalked on a blackboard.

"Well, this is my swan song," I said, "and now I'm going home." I got up hastily.

"Oh, Eve, look here—you can't—" began Constance.

"Take her to the bathroom," said the Major.

When I heard Constance's voice calling, "Are you all right, Eve?" I was looking in the mirror, dabbing my face. "May I come in?"

"Yes, do," and I opened the door. "I'm frightfully ashamed of myself, Constance," I said. "I thought I could hold my liquor like a gentleman, and I never felt a thing all along, till it was too late. I didn't know I'd drunk so much."

"Oh, but Eve, you didn't drink half of what I had. And I know exactly how it is. It suddenly hits you out of the blue, and it was Calvin's fault anyway. When he puts the gin into the lemon, you can't feel the kick, and it's like drinking lemonade."

"Yes," I said, "and I felt stone sober all the time, too, I swear to God."

We walked past the elbow in the passage and came into the hall. "I'll be all right now," I said, "as soon as I get out into the fresh air."

The Major came out of the drawing room. "Put her to bed, Constance," he said.

"No, but honestly, this is too—" I began.

"You heard me," said the Major, and he went in and shut the door behind him.

"I'm sure he is right, Eve," said Constance. "You are in no fit state to leave. And we've got lashings of spare rooms. And it's no trouble, really." Linking her arm with mine, she walked me back past the bend in the passage and into a bedroom.

"It joins the bathroom, anyway," she said, "in case you feel queer again." And seeing that I was standing about, undecided and awkward, she added, with her most cordial smile, lowering her voice to a whisper, "And I'll give you a really super nightie, Eve. Look." She opened a door in the built-in cupboard that ran the length of one wall. "I've never had it on," she said. "It's prewar stuff, and it will suit you marvellously."

It was a gown of tea-rose yellow crêpe de Chine, the square neck bordered with roses of ivory and fawn lace.

"I'm quite overcome," I said. "First I disgrace myself, and then this—it's much too good."

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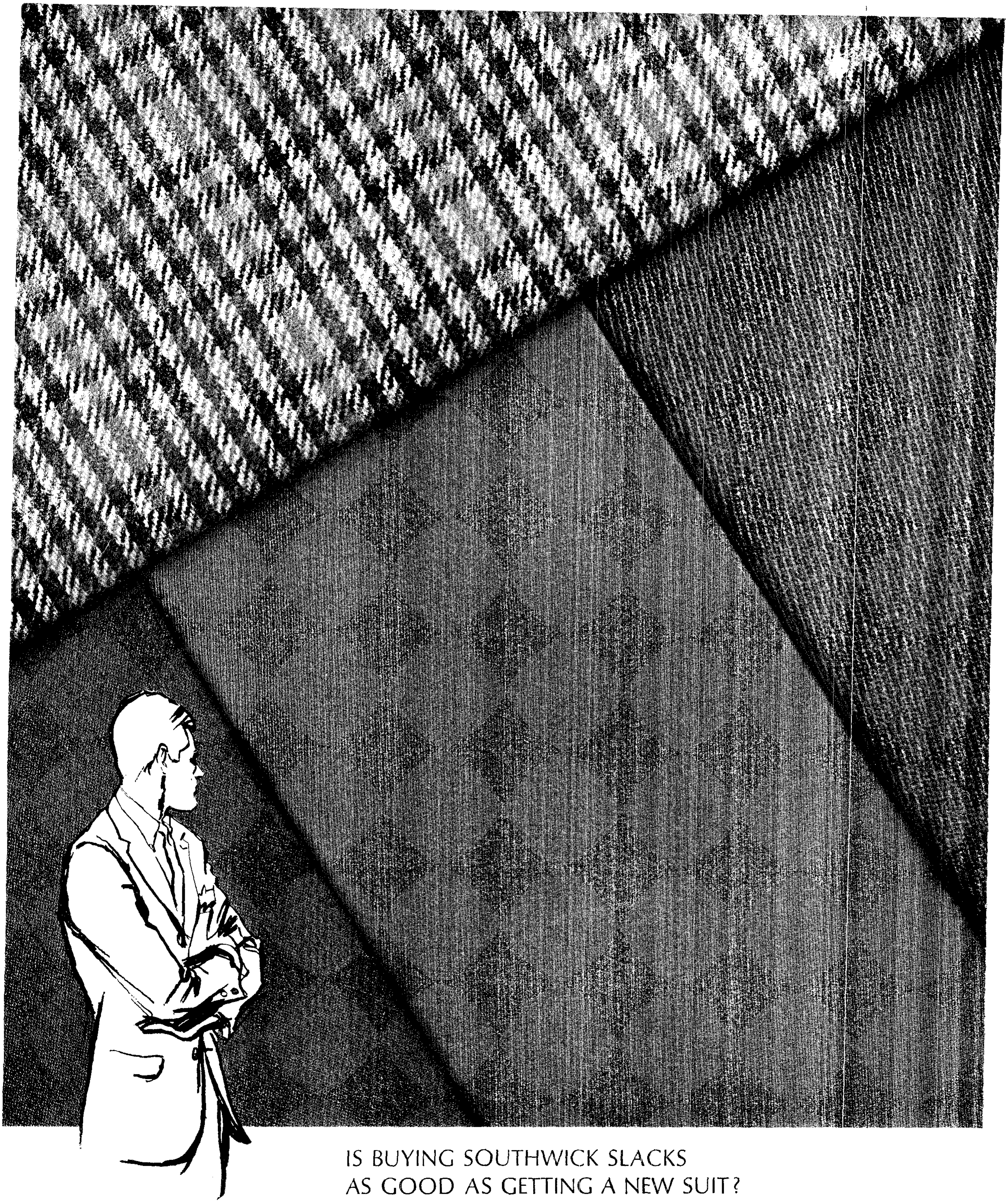

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and she glanced at me with a winning smile. At the door, she turned and smiled at me once more.

THERE was a double bed in the room, close to the window, and it was made up and opened, with the spread folded over the high footrail of brass. There was a single bed close to the opposite wall, obviously not in use, because several blankets were stacked side by side on the bare mattress. I wondered briefly if I was going to occupy the bed that had been got ready for the Captain, and whether they would not want now to take out the other bed and carry it into the drawing room, or whether there were other bedrooms in the flat. Then I was possessed once more by dizziness, and my limbs grew chill, as though they were enveloped in snow, and I undressed speedily, slipped into the nightgown, and got into bed. I felt better as soon as I lay down.

Constance came in again. She was now in partial undress, in a dressing gown which gaped open over her petticoat. "Calvin says you are to take these," she said. "Not to chew, just swallow." She extended her hand, on the palm of which lay two white glazed pills. "And here's some water." When she had taken the tumbler from me, she began to unpin my hair. She ran her fingers underneath the twisted tresses and shook them loose. "You look simply heaven, Eve," she said. "I knew you would, with your black hair on the yellow silk. You look like a mermaid."

I said, "Mermaids always drink and never vomit."

"Oh, Eve, you are the greatest fun!" she cried. "Just as Calvin said you'd be."

"I don't feel it, though," I said.

"You poor lamb, of course. Do you think you'll be all right now?" After several inquiries of the same nature, and reassurances on my part, she left and turned the light out. I cannot fall asleep while lying on my back, but I did not dare yet to turn on my side; I remained stretched out flat, taking deep breaths. The light went on and the Major came into the room and, wordless and without giving me a glance, passed into the bathroom.

I thought, Oh, God, how awkward. I suppose they've got another bathroom and that's occupied, what with everybody going to bed now. I saw him coming back, and again he did not look at me. He was in shirtsleeves and carrying a towel over one arm. I saw him standing in front of the cupboard and rum-

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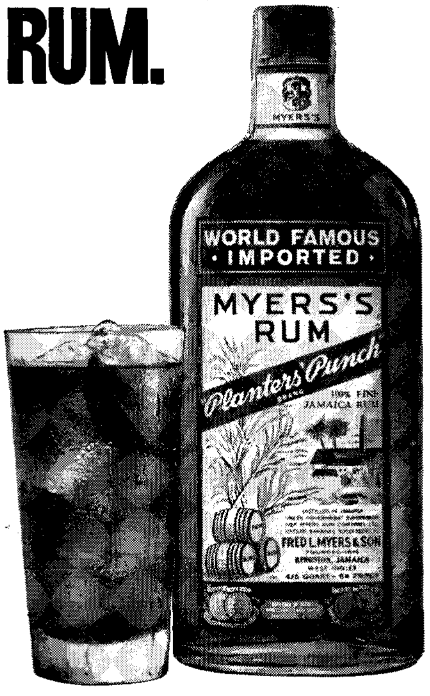

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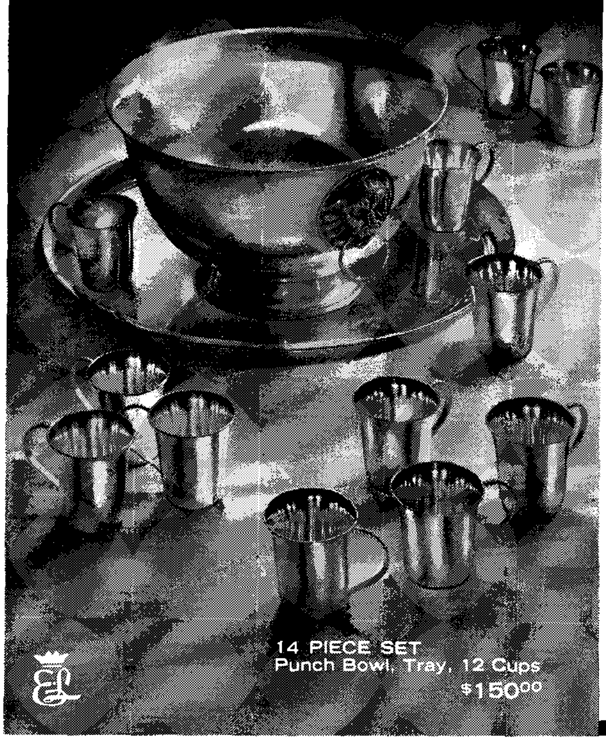

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maging among the shelves, and I closed my eyes, thinking, I suppose this is his dressing room and now he's looking for some pajamas. I'm hanged if I want to know what color pajamas he wears.

I heard a hinge creak, and then the light was turned off. The next moment, he was in bed with me, with one side of his body covering mine, and taking hold of my shoulders and hurting them in his grip. I turned my head away. "I must be sick again," I said.

He sat up, passed an arm under my waist and one under my back, drew me up into a sitting position, propped me up, and tore apart the blackout curtains on the window; he slid the sash up. "Here, go right ahead," he said. He steadied me against his chest and laid his arms round me while I was shaken by my violent heaving.

Unlike the tall elegant windows in the front part of the house, this was a modern low window, with the sill about a foot beneath my head. It was a moonlit night. And while I was being sick I noticed, with that part of one's mind that remains lucid and observant in any calamity, a pair of motoring gloves laid on the outside ledge. They were of an expensive make, with backs of pigskin and palms of crocheted yarn, and I was furiously ashamed when I saw that I had spattered them with my vomit.

"Finished?" he asked, laughing loudly.

"Yes, thank you," I said.

He propped me up against the pillows. I heard him moving about and I opened my eyes when I felt the light through my closed lids. He brought a basin and sponged me with warm water, gave me a lotion for rinsing my mouth, and dried me. Then he laid me down flat. I saw he was wearing nothing but his open pajama coat.

The light went out and he was in bed with me once more, extended over the full length of my body once more, with his virility pressing against my closed thighs while he grasped my wrists, raised my arms, and forced them to close round his neck.

"I've got to be sick again," I said. He released me and straightened up, and held and supported me as he had done before, and as before I soiled the motoring gloves on the ledge and was desperate with shame at their sight. My shame was mingled with fury and indignation toward him for having wanted to make love to me, and at the same time I was flooded with gratitude.

This time, after he had cleaned me and put the lights out, he did not cover me with his body but came and lay by my side. "No more, worse luck," he said. "You are too weak now. There is nothing to think about and nothing to worry about. Go to sleep."

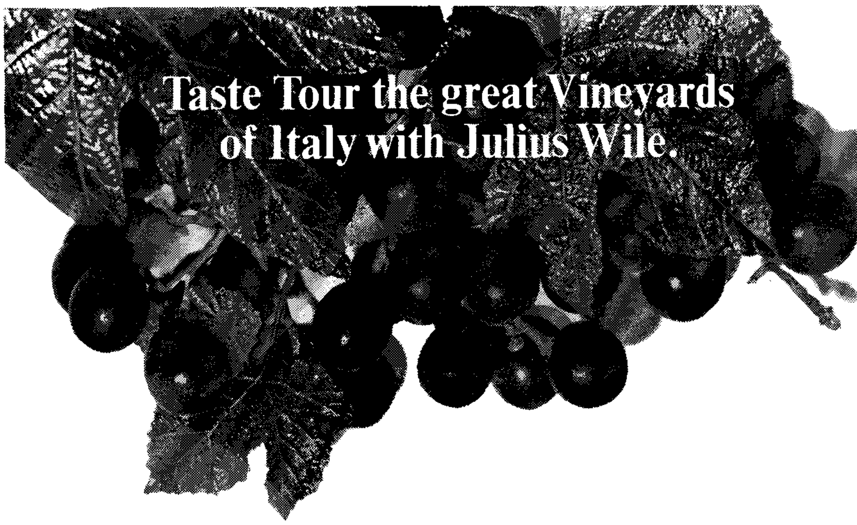
He turned me on my flank and pulled my nightgown up under my armpits. He placed my head against his chest and slid his arms about me and entwined his legs in a bewildering, complicated grip with mine, till my body was entirely enwrapped and enclosed and imprisoned in his, and as I drew a trembling breath and tried to stir he pressed me yet more closely to him and held me in utter captivity.

Mrs. Dicks had on one occasion, when she had tried to ingratiate herself with our crowd, brought to the office a valuable collection of prints drawn by the most famous Japanese masters between the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries. They showed men with men, men with women, and women with women, all partly clothed, in the greatest variety of voluptuous pleasures. I had looked through them hastily, ashamed of my interest and reluctant to admire the possession of the woman whom I disliked. The only picture I remembered clearly forever after was one unlike any of the others, perhaps because it was fantastic and thus unlike the realism of the others. It was starkly timeless; it had a fairy-tale quality. It was a naked woman, dead, floating in the sea, with an octopus, larger than man-size, fastening round her and holding, caressing, and penetrating her with his many arms. Her face was serious, with that air of deep abandon and satisfaction that may be given to those who have been granted their most heartfelt desire. Her spread-out tresses, the waving algae, the undulating water—black, whitish, gray, and suffused with green—now appeared to me, as though floating toward me out of the moonlit night behind the window, and I knew that this was the rendering of love as it should be: trapped inescapably, secure and fastened, drowned in bed and water, both cradle and grave. I gave a sigh of contentment and fell asleep.

WHEN I woke up, it was daylight, and I saw the Major standing behind the brass bars at the foot of the bed and looking at me over the top rail, like a keeper in the zoo who has come to look after his charge. He was in socks and underpants and vest. "I'm getting dressed," he said, "but I think I'll undress again, now that you're up."

"No," I said.

"Why not?" he asked, gripping the



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bed rail with one hand and pulling off his socks.

"Even if you are a beast," I said, "I couldn't possibly. Think of Constance. I couldn't look Constance in the face anymore. And she's so sweet. She even gave me her best nightie to wear."

He said, "We've had Constance and her sweetness last night. She's sweet—you said so, I said so, *ad nauseam*. Perhaps that's what made you throw up." He rested both arms on the bed rail and leaned over it, looking down at me.

"I don't understand you," I said, avoiding his eyes.

"You have that marvellous cold skin," he said. "You can lie for hours in bed with a man and you never get sticky and sweaty."

I did not speak.

"You are so exquisitely made," he said, "I could break every bone in your body."

"Go to hell," I said.

"I shan't go to hell," he said, "but I may go to the office."

"Yes, do," I said. "Go to the office."

"I needn't go," he said.

"You look so revoltingly clean and healthy it makes me ill just looking at you," I said.

"Yes. I suppose so," he said. "You are exhausted, but you're looking very pleased with yourself just the same. So be it. Relax. I'll put you down as a case of battle fatigue, but not incurred in line of duty."

It was only when I heard his laughter that I knew he had strangled his desire.

I lay back on the pillows and nestled into the covers. I heard him come and go, opening and shutting doors and drawers, and felt reassured at these sounds. Once, I heard his voice and laughter outside in the hall, but I could not hear anyone answering. He returned, stopping in the door. He was fully dressed and carried his cap in his hand. "I told Constance not to disturb you," he said. "Go to sleep now, and when you wake up she'll give you a nice breakfast." Once more, I heard his laughter outside, then the muffled slam of the front door.

When I woke up, I felt bright and light-headed and hungry. I went first of all to the window and looked out. The ledge was empty, the mortar dirty and eroded in tiny craters, and my heart tightened with remorse and shame and gratitude at the thought of the soiled gloves lying in the leaden moonlight. I took the Major's dressing gown from a hook on the door and stepped into his bathroom slippers, plaited of raffia and lined with Turkish towelling, and made my way along the passage, around the corner, past the open door of the kitchen, past the closed doors of the dining room and the drawing room. I knocked at a couple of narrower doors and opened them. In one room I saw an ironing board surrounded by chests and boxes. The other was a bathroom. I went back to the drawing room, walking slowly and with a shuffle, trying to stifle the slapping noise the outsize slippers made at every step. From the dining room I heard Constance's voice: "Is that you, Eve?"

"Yes, Constance, I'm afraid so. Outstaying my welcome."

"Do come in, you poor lamb."

I opened the door. It was not the dining room, as I now realized; I must have passed that before or after the kitchen. I saw the wide bed in the middle, well away from both walls, and in it Constance, half sitting up, facing me, and I thought again how pretty and how forgettable she was. Only then did I see more. Leaning against her shoulder was the Captain's head.

"Do come right in, Eve," she said, giving me her delightful, cordial smile. Running her fingers through his hair, she added, "Doesn't he look sweet with his curls? Just like a little boy."

"Yes," I said, forcing myself to look pleasant.

"He's such a lamb altogether," she said. "We'll be sorry to lose him, shan't we? He's got to leave tomorrow."

"Yes," I said.

I did not know what sickened me most about the sight of the pair—whether it was her pretty, unconcerned ease at having broken faith with the Major, or the sheer physical fact that she had lent her body, growing the seed of one man, for the use of another, or whether I was revolted by his clever, grinning face, tanned and with the jutting nose and chin, recalling those evil masked puppets carved of wood by the peasants of some Alpine regions. I felt that I might not have been pained so much at her betrayal if at least the Captain had resembled the fair, square-faced, masterful Major.

As I watched her smiling and caressing his curls, I realized that she was truly sweet "*ad nauseam*," as the Major had expressed it. It was just because she was so kind, so good-natured, and so welcoming that she found some attraction in every man and some reason for indulging him. Like a whore, she consorted choice-

■ Not even the most fastidious gourmet was born with a fondness for oysters or the desire for truffles, a fungus which grows wild underground and can be harvested only with the aid of trained dogs and pigs whose noses are peculiarly sensitive to its delicate scent.

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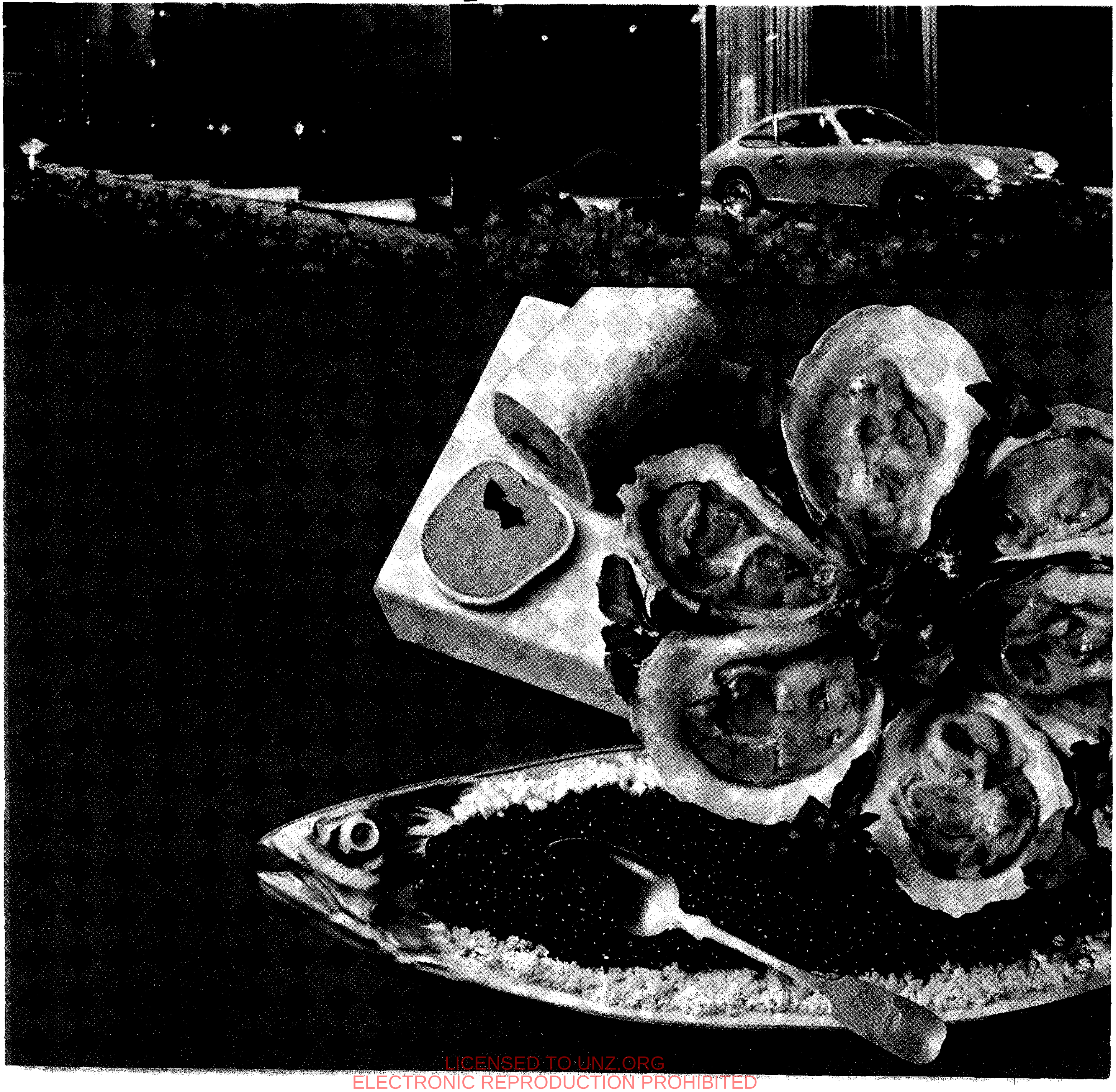
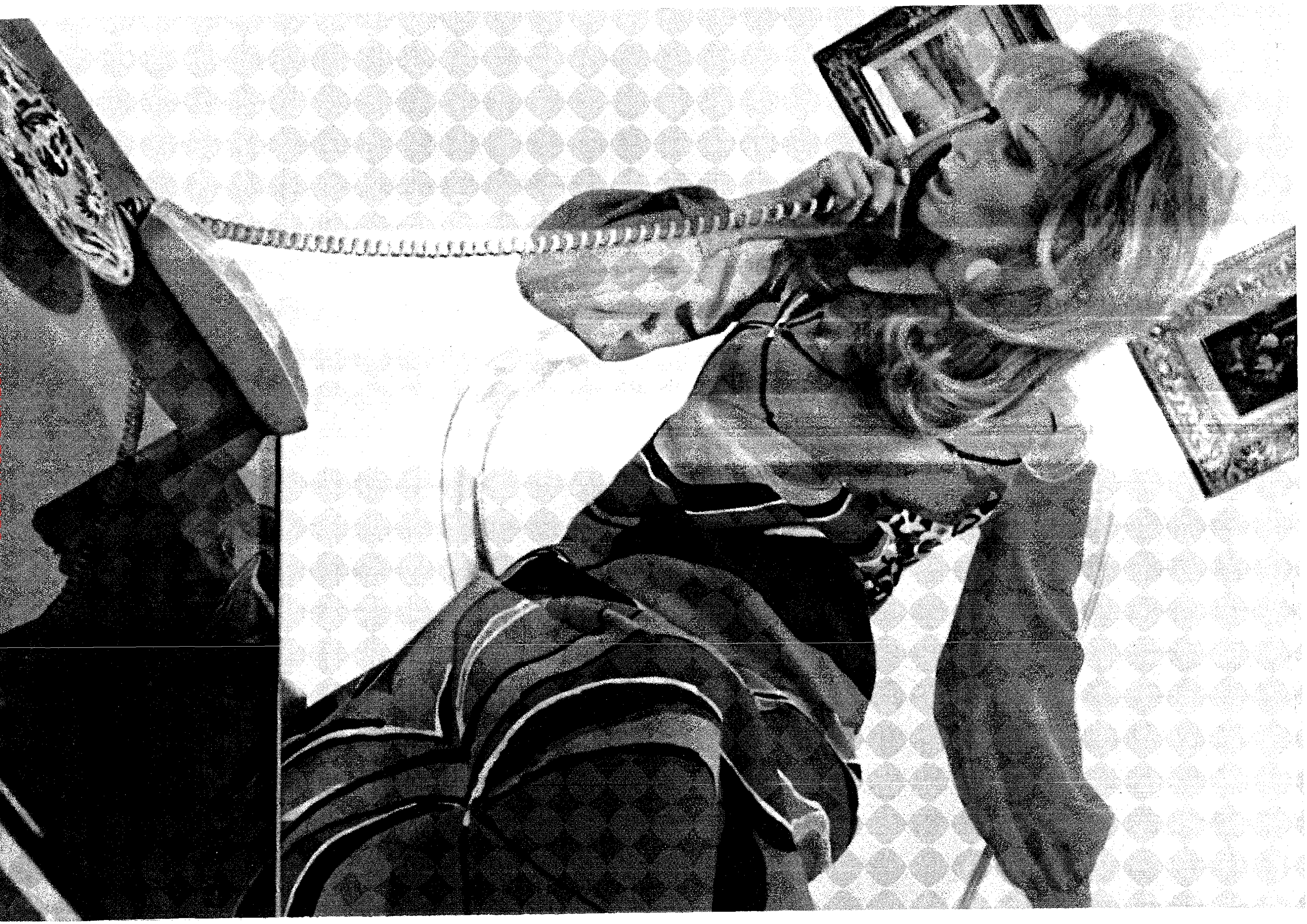
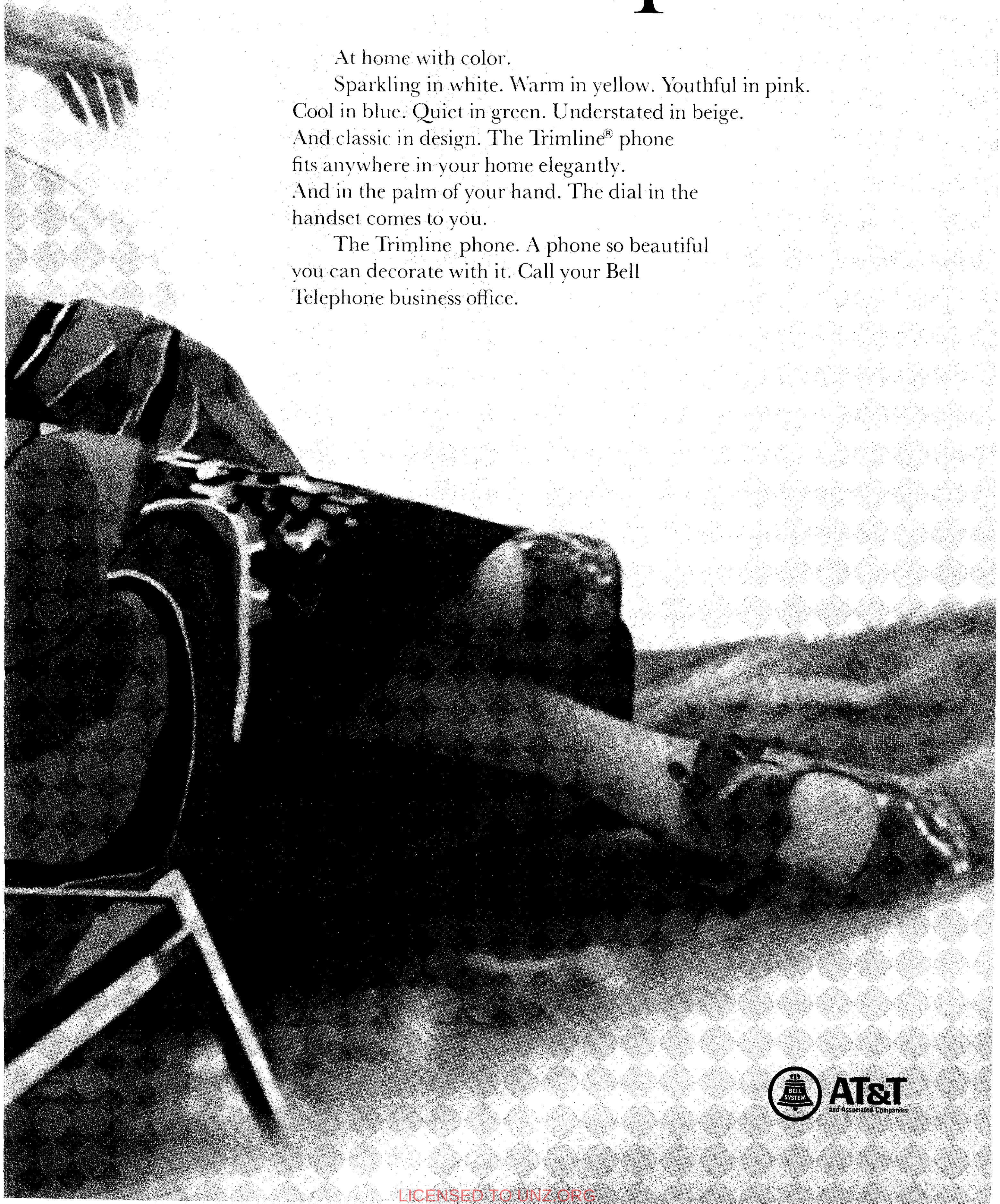
Porsche is an acquired taste





The Trimline phone



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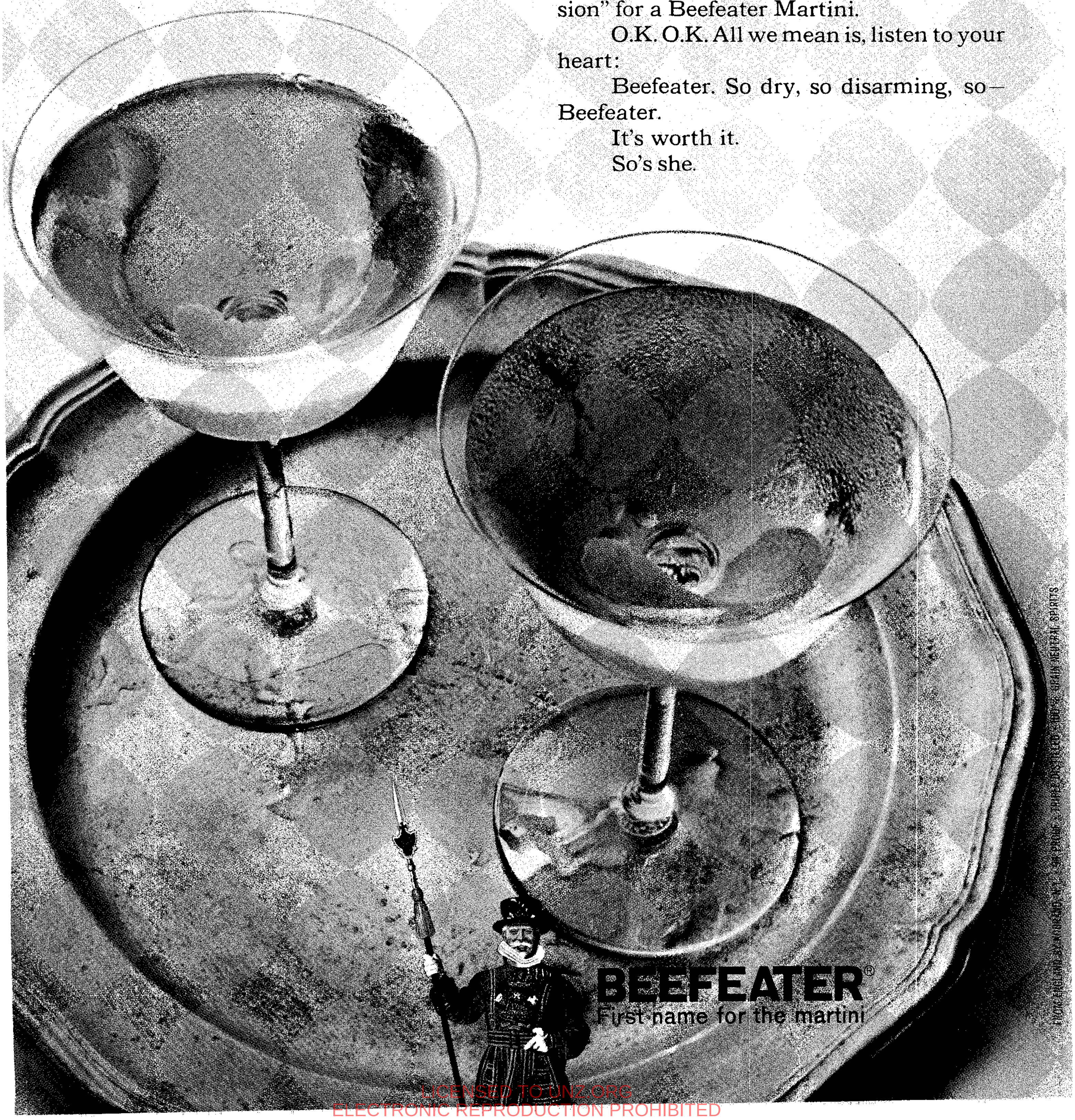

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lessly, and yet she was the opposite of a whore. A whore hires herself out for money and as an expression of contempt and hatred toward men, but Constance did so without heed of monetary gain, out of admiration.

"You needn't dress yet, Eve," she said. "We'll all have breakfast together. Calvin told us we should wait for you."

"He went to the office," I said.

"So he did," she said. "It's the Calvinist in him. Aren't these American names ghastly, really? This one here is a horror, too. He's called Dallas."

I said, "What can't be cured must be endured."

"Oh, Eve, you do come out with the screamingest things!" she cried, and, turning to the Captain, she said, "Look at her, standing there in Calvin's dressing gown, and so serious. Doesn't she look heartbreaking? Like a poor little orphan?" I recalled how she had coaxed me to accept the splendid nightgown, how she had loosened my plaited hair and admired it, how she must have known, and taken a pleasure in knowing, of the Major's wish to lie with me, and I marvelled at her goodness.

"What would you like to have?" she asked. "Bacon and eggs?"

"Oh, Constance," I said, "what a question. You must be joking." It was truly a hardly creditable question at that time, when one got one egg a week and the bacon ration was two ounces.

"I get it and I never ask where it comes from," she said. "Calvin does know his way around. And, you know, I must hand it to the Yanks. They're like Father Christmas."

"Not entirely," I said, "because Father Christmas only brings gifts for good little children, and everyone knows that good little girls never get to wear nylons."

"Oh, Eve, aren't you dreadful," she cried. "I wish I had known you before."

"You are easy to please," I said.

"Promise we must see a lot of each other, now," she said.

"Of course," I said. I never saw her again.

"GOT over it all right?" the Major said to me on the following day.

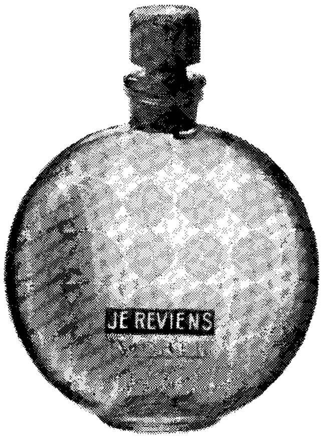
"Yes, thank you," I said. "And I want to thank you for your kindness. Yours and Constance's. Please tell her."

"But you are shocked, aren't you?" he asked.

I did not speak.

"Yes, I can see it in your eyes. Why are you so shocked?"

I said, "It's—to me, it is revolt-



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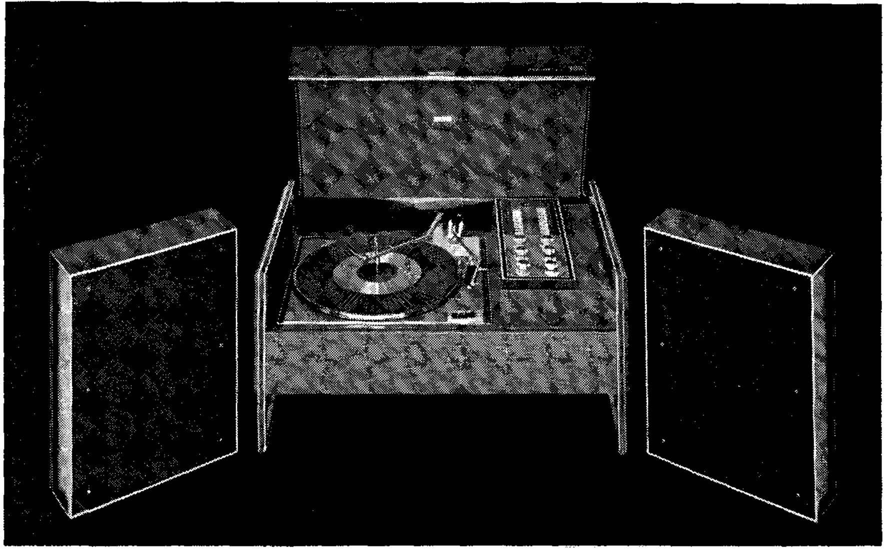

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ing. And unforgivable. How could she?"

"You are looking at it the wrong way," he said. "What the hell, why shouldn't I lend her to a friend? Hospitality." And he laughed loudly.

I said, "I'm not—please don't think that I am judging her. She really is a lovely person. It's just that I can't understand it. And I can't understand you, either."

"I know you can't," he said. "You are like a princess—I've said so before—and like a princess you are intolerant and won't make compromises, and if you can't have everything, you want nothing. To me, it's a matter of convenience, what the hell. And the same with her."

"Convenience, like your calling me Miss P., because you are lazy?"

"Yes," he said. "That's it. I'm kind of lazy."

"Yes," I said, "and it's dreadful."

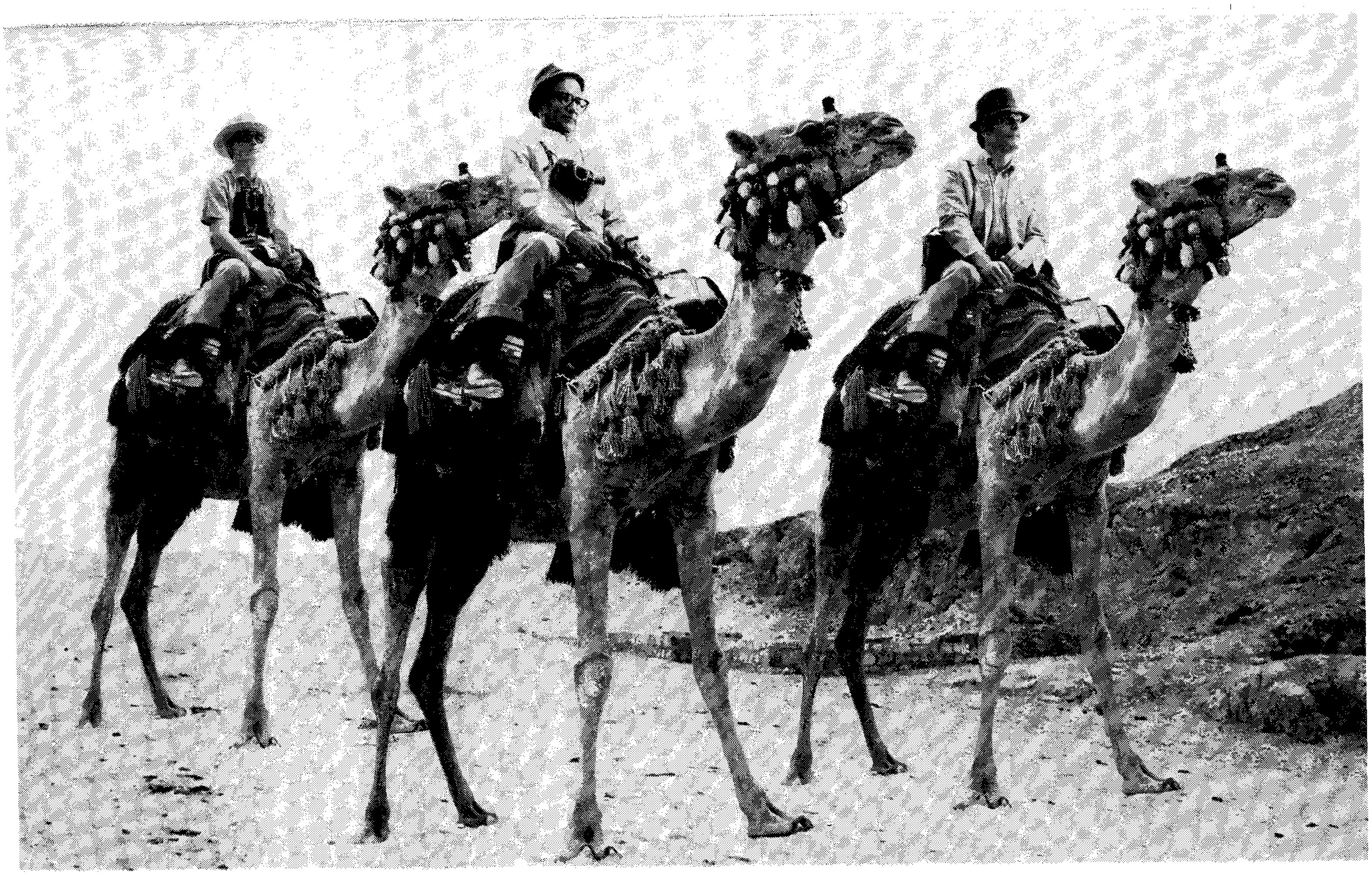
"It isn't dreadful," he said. "It's just not in your nature."

For a while, we were silent. Then he said, "What are you going to do with yourself? Will you go back to your husband?"

I was bewildered. Just as he had never mentioned his marriage before or after that time when he had shown me the photographs, I had never talked about my marital situation. "Sergeant Parsons must have been yapping at you," I said. "He did to me, too. I told him he should go and drown himself in his iodine."

"But I can't drown myself," he said, "because I don't hold with iodine," and I waited till his laughter had ceased.

"Well?" he asked. He bent his head. He was fondling his key ring and caressing his bunch of keys. I watched his massive broad hand with the thick fingers, smoothly pale and showing no bones, and thought how curious it was that his hands were not pink like the rest of his body, and how I had never yet seen a surgeon fulfilling the myth of possessing long, sensitive, tapering fingers. And then I thought of how my husband had asked me every day, "Do you love me? Are you glad you married me?," and how I had always answered yes, though it had not been true, and how, despite these words, my husband in all the years of our married life had never so much as fetched me a glass of water or brought me a cup of tea when I was not feeling well or had a cold, and how this man, this stranger, to whom I meant no more than the value of some amusing talks, had washed me and nursed me and cleaned me, good-humoredly and without disgust, and taught me the meaning of love in the course of one night, which I had not



Three Wise Men

They went on winter tours to Israel.

They came by separate routes, our 3 wise travelers to the East.

They met, judging by the picture, in Beersheba.

Details of our travelers' routes (let's call them tours) will be found in the column to the right.

They make happy detailing for anyone anxious and ready to get away from it all.

And wise enough to do it by tour.

A tour, for those who don't already know it, is the sanest way yet invented for seeing the most (and getting the most out of what you see) with the least amount of travel irritation, aggravation and discomfort.

A tour of Israel this winter is something extra special. The weather is balmy, resort-type weather.

Perfect walking weather in the old city of Jerusalem.

Perfect driving weather along the historic coastal road in the Northern Negev.

Perfect excursion weather down at the lowest point of earth, in the Dead Sea.

Or on the heights of Mt. Tabor, or at nearby Megiddo, where Solomon once held summer court.

Another important thing to remember about tours is that they are economical.

Example: our first wise man spent 9 deluxe days and nights in Israel, with top hotel accommodations (meals not included), transfers, plus sightseeing, for $499* including airfare. Could you do better in Miami?

Example: our second wise man came by the "Israel Freewheeler" Tour. This one includes roundtrip flight, accommodations at a guest house for 9 nights, Ford Escort U-drive sedan for 9 days with 250 kilometers free (extra mileage at 8c per km.) All for a fast $444.*

Our third wise man had more time. And money. He chose a three week tour to Israel, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon and London for $833.* This covers air fare, transfers, hotel accommodation and breakfasts. Also sightseeing in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Haifa, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon and London. Also (are you exhausted?) excursions to the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, Hebron and the Galilee.

Doing it on your own, you simply could not see it all in the same amount of time.

You would waste precious hours on transfers at airports. Arranging sightseeing trips. Wrestling with the baggage as well as the language.

And you certainly could not do it for the same amount of money.

Yet, EL AL tours offer so many variations, with so many departures, you can practically write your own where and when ticket. That's the picture. Except for a closing thought about the picture above.

The wives of our wise travelers stayed in the hotel, playing canasta while it was being shot.

Being infinitely wiser, they wouldn't be caught dead on a camel.

Six more wise ways to go:

1. 14 day Israel Pilgrimage: includes roundtrip flights, transfers, 13 nights at the new Ami Hotel in Tel Aviv, breakfasts and ½ day sightseeing. $525.*

2. 14 day De Luxe Tour: includes roundtrip flight, transfers, 7 days sightseeing, 13 nights at de luxe hotels, full Israeli breakfasts. A fat $629.*

3. 21 day A-la-Carte Economy Tour: includes roundtrip flight, transfers, accommodations at Kfar Macabia (near Tel Aviv) and 7 days of sightseeing by motorcoach. $499.*

4. 3 week Fly and Drive Tour: includes roundtrip flight, Simca 1000 U-drive car with 1000 free kilometers, accommodations for 20 nights at guest house. $560.*

5. 9 day Israel Vacation: includes roundtrip flight, de luxe and first class hotels, breakfasts, transfers, 7 days of sightseeing. $519.*

6. 15 day Israel Tour: includes roundtrip flight, 13 nights at de luxe and first class hotels, Israeli breakfasts throughout, plus dinner in Haifa. Also sightseeing in Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jersualem. Also excursions to Upper and Lower Galilee, the Negev, the Dead Sea, Hebron and Bethlehem. $635.*

*All transatlantic air transportation in Economy Class from New York, based on winter group fares (groups of 15, 25, or 50).

EL AL

For complete information about all EL AL tours, call your travel agent. EL AL Israel Airlines: New York 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y., (212) PL 1-3400, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Houston, Miami Beach, Mexico City, Montreal, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis, Toronto, Washington, D. C.

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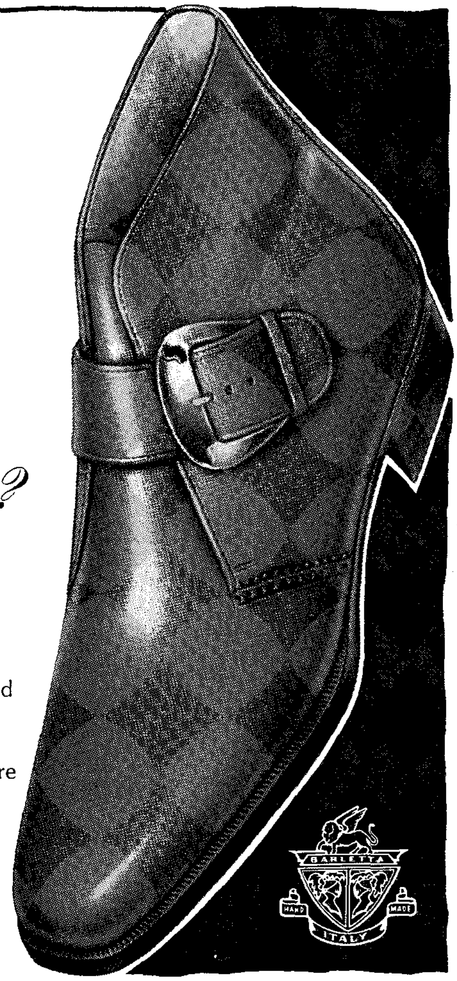

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learned in those four years from my husband. The Japanese picture came swimming before my eyes, in moonlit tints of white and gray and green, and I closed my eyes for an instant and passed my hand over them.

"No," I said, "I'll definitely not go back to my husband."

"And where do I come in?" he asked.

"Nowhere," I said, "because to you I was just someone in your bed one night. And by mere chance, too."

He said, "You are on my mind all day long and all the time."

I forced myself to laugh. "Did you think this up by yourself or did somebody help you?" I asked.

"You know it is true," he said, "and you know it was true from the first minute I saw you."

"Yes, I know," I said.

"And with you, too," he said.

"Yes, with me, too," I said. "And now that I've told you, you can go to hell."

"You are making it very difficult for me," he said, "because yesterday when you told me to go to hell I went to the office. Now I'm here anyhow. So where am I to go?"

I watched him in silence.

He said, "I will go to hell if you will come to hell with me. Will you?"

"I don't know," I said.

"You do know, and you are afraid," he said. "But it's useless being afraid. It's got to be."

He did not come in for the next two days. Upon his return to the office, he called me as usual: "Come here to me."

"Where have you been?" I asked, trying to sound friendly.

"London," he said, "and I've moved back to the hotel. I've given up the flat."

"And Constance?" I asked.

"She's gone and joined a girl friend of hers, in an apartment. High time she did anyway."

"It's all such a pity," I said.

"I didn't turn her out because of you, if that's what's worrying you," he said.

I did not speak.

"You are not talkative today, are you?" he said.

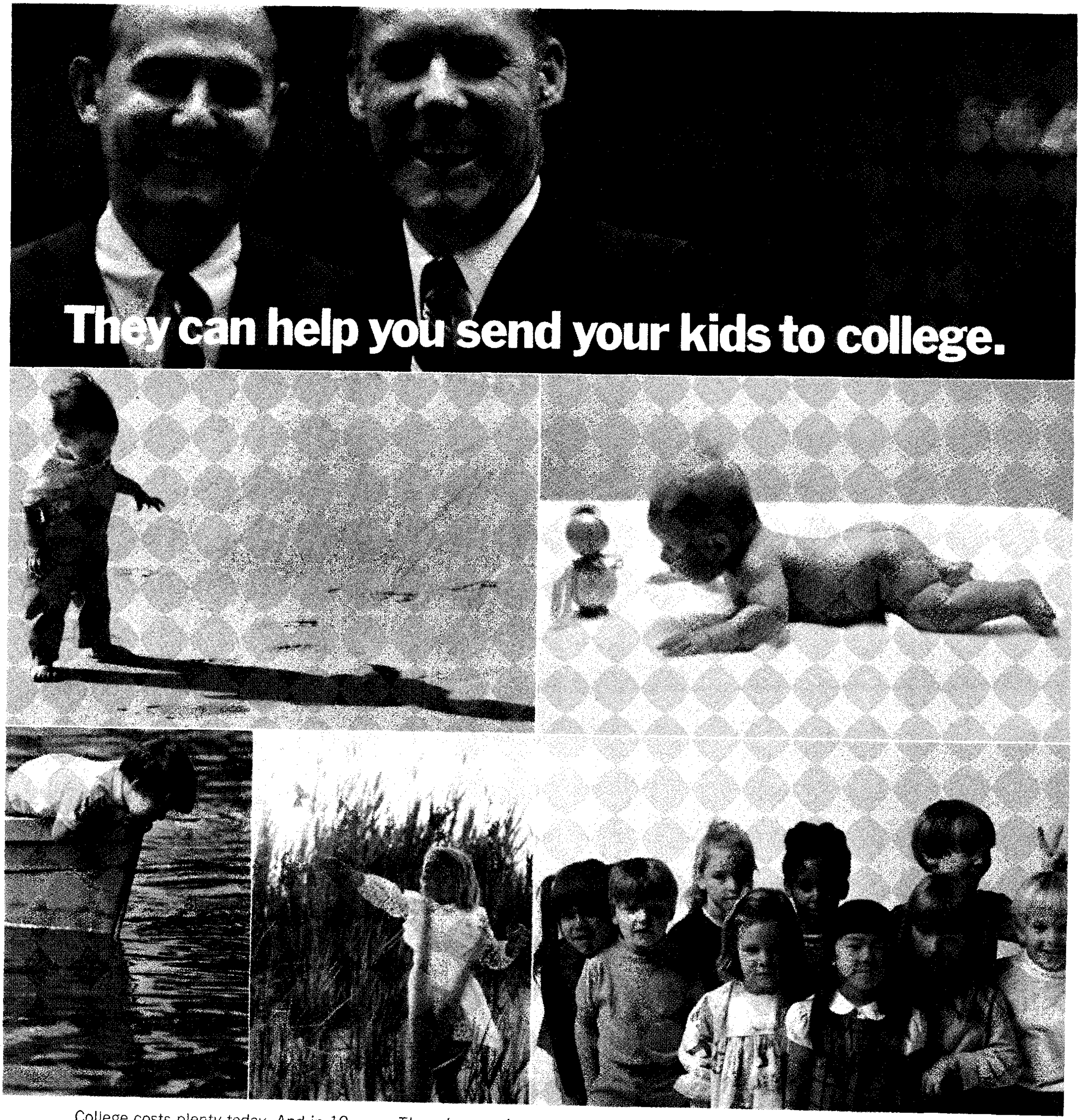
"No," I said.

"That suits me fine," he said, "because I have a lot of work to get through."

"Yes, I know—on the mattress," I said, and watched him laughing.

On the following day, he did not come in till late in the afternoon—half an hour before it was time to

The Protectors.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leave. He put his briefcase on the desk and called Sergeant Parsons, and talked to him for a few minutes, remaining on his feet. Then he came over to me and sat on the corner of my table. He had never done this before.

"Eve," he said.

"Yes?"

"I've got orders to leave," he said. "Overseas, tomorrow morning."

"Yes," I said.

"Look at me," he said. "You are not weeping, are you?"

"Only a little," I said, "because you never called me Eve before."

"I want you to stay the night with me," he said.

"Yes," I said.

"And I won't ask you out and give you dinner," he said. "I can't stand sitting for two hours opposite you at a table."

"Yes," I said.

"Go home now and eat," he said, "and I'll come round and fetch you at eight o'clock. Will that suit?"

"Yes," I said.

"I'll take you to the flat tonight," he said. "I passed it on to a colonel, but I shoved him out for tonight. We'll be on our own."

"Yes," I said.

I did not speak during that night at all, and he only spoke three times. Once, he said, "Human relationships are the most interesting thing in life." Then he said, "Never mind the past and never mind the future. You are warm, you are safe, you are here." The third time, he said, "You are my one and only love. Go to sleep now, my love. I want you to be asleep when I go."

ABOUT a month after the Major had left, Sergeant Parsons stopped by my table and said, "I thought you'd like to know, Ma'am. The Major is in the North of France. And he isn't a Major anymore, because his gold leaf has turned to silver."

"Charmed, I'm sure," I said. "That makes him a half colonel. I've always wondered, you know, why in the American Army silver is above gold."

"Why don't you write and ask him?" he said.

"I may," I said.

Though I did not show it, I was glad of what the Sergeant had told me, because the Major when he had written had only told me of his being "somewhere in Europe," and he had not mentioned his promotion. This was late in 1944, and he was in charge of a hospital for German prisoners of war.

Soon after this, it was decided to

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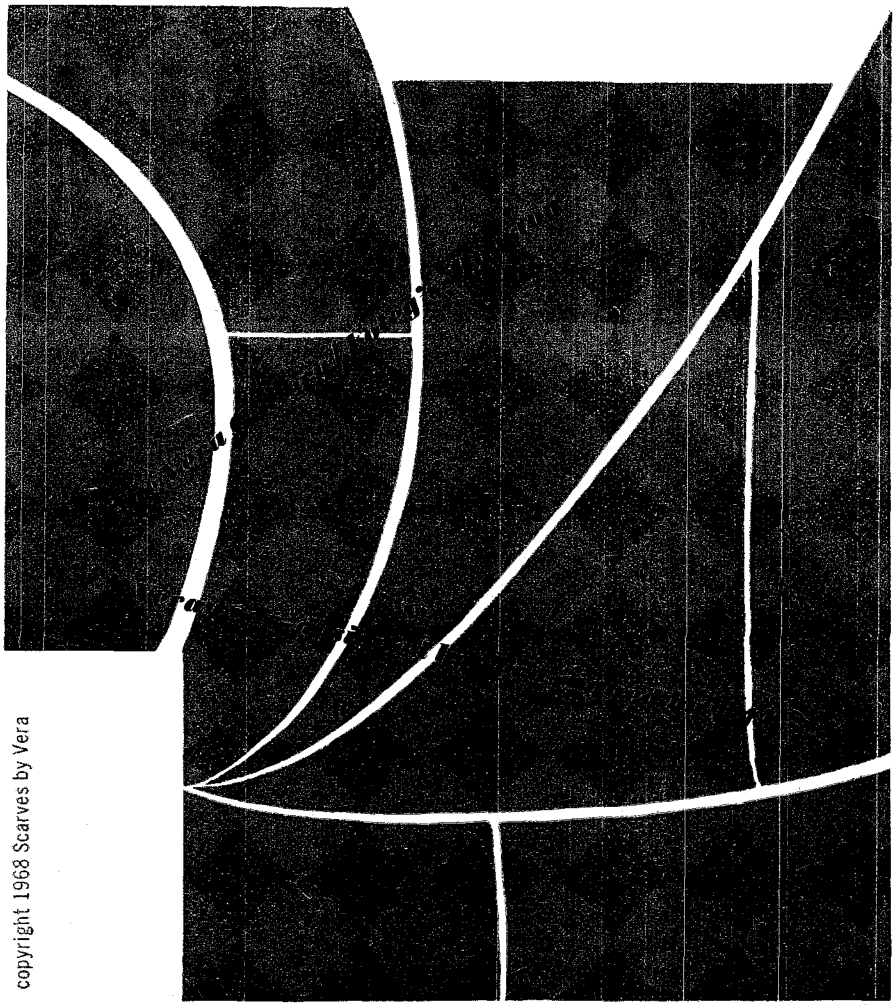
move the Office of the Chief Surgeon to London, together with other branches of the U.S. War Office, and this brought about a split in our crowd. Claudia, June, and Betty were going to London as a matter of course, to be united with their lovers, but Beryl said she was "sick of the Yanks" anyhow, and did not see why she should forsake the safety of Bathdale for the bombing raids of the capital. I was pleased at the chance to get to London; the mild, heavy, wind-still climate of Bathdale, called "relaxing" by the inhabitants, had never suited me. I would have moved, in any case, with our office, because the Major had written he wanted me to do so; thus he would always be able to find me, no matter what might happen. There were many other losses, too—among the most regretted the Merry Widow, who stayed behind, and the Big Bad Wolf Danielevski, who was posted for service overseas.

Thus we restarted the Zone of Interior in London with only four of us, headed, as before, by Sergeant Parsons. I found a room off the Bayswater Road, a district of imposing residences, stretching along one side of the park, fallen into neglect and converted into private hotels and lodging houses. It was the first time that I took up life in a bed-sitting room, where the bed was represented by a narrow couch called a "divan" and the sitting by a tub chair of wicker. It was the first time, too, that I had to obtain heating by dropping a sixpenny piece into the slot of a meter, and that I experienced the fear of missing being called on the telephone if I went to the bathroom. But I could always still my dejection by repeating to myself the phrase with which the Major had closed his last letter to me, which was the same he had used on our first night together: "There is nothing to think about and nothing to worry about."

I had chosen Bayswater for two reasons. It was a cheap district, with a still decent address, and there were three buses coming from Notting Hill Gate down the Bayswater Road and going in a straight line to Marble Arch into Oxford Street, with a stop at Selfridges. Our office was situated nearby. The entrance was a shabby, narrow doorway—an entrance of the type used by cleaners and messengers. Once inside, one descended into a basement and into a still deeper basement down two more flights of stairs, where our office spread into majestic proportions and took up the whole floor of the building. It was safer from air attacks



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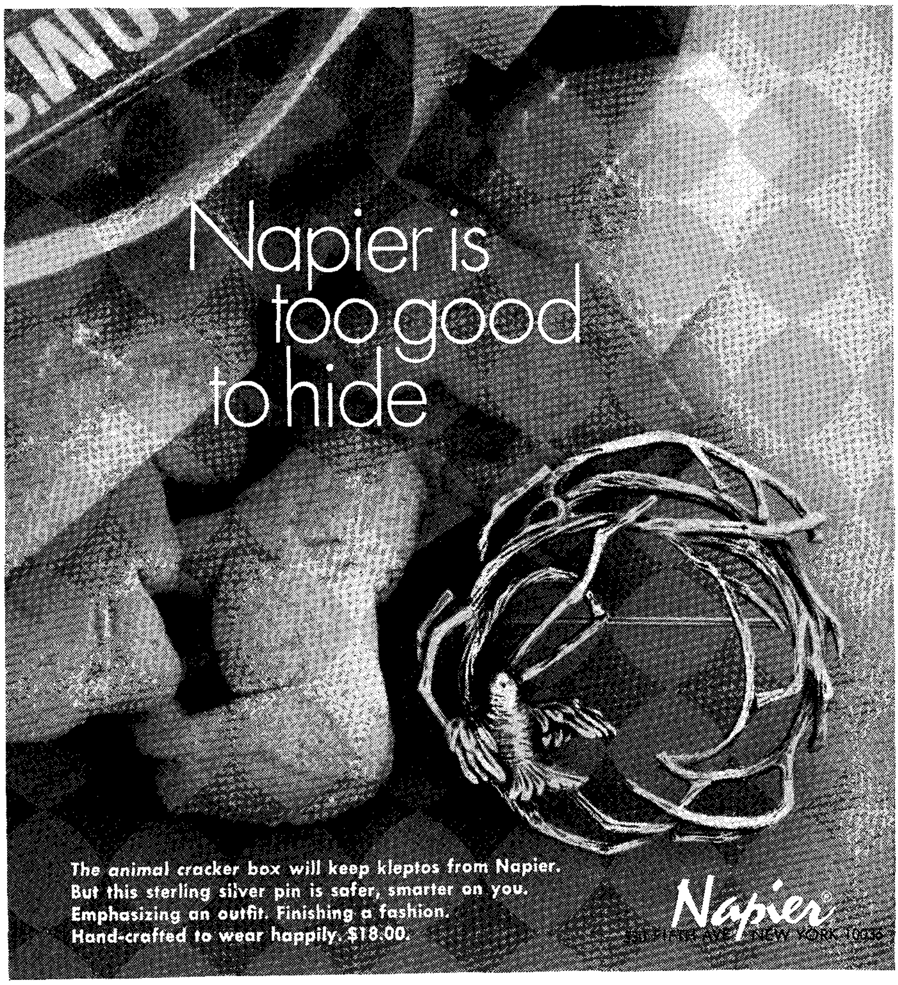

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than any shelter, and the heated, filtered air and the lighting were provided by machines situated in still further depths. Secretive, unsuspected, and sinister, we spent our working hours in artificial light and air—a make-believe existence akin to that of cut flowers, which appear alive though they are dead.

Now that the staff had been replenished with new civilian local labor, we received several male additions—some delightful, like a retired English Army colonel and a humorous admiral with infallibly good manners; some bizarre, like a former lion tamer, and a porter from Claridge's. Among the new women, the most likable was Queenie, an ex-chorus girl, greatly in demand for telling the future out of teacups. Our old crowd of four kept close together in the Zone of Interior and during the luncheon hour, but I rarely saw them at night, when they went out with their lovers, and I did not meet them at parties, because I had stopped mixing with our officers.

About two months after our settling in London, Sergeant Parsons stopped at my table. "I thought you'd like to know, Ma'am," he began.

"Oh, yes," I said listlessly. There was precious little I wanted to know in those days, and the stories concerning a little girl called Eve—"Isn't it strange? Eve, just like you"—had ceased altogether, because my behavior had remained exemplary.

He said, "The General counts on you to come to Paris with us when we move. You are one of our best, and we can't afford to lose people like you. But then, a girl wants to look out for herself, and nothing lasts forever."

I said, "I don't want anything to last forever, but you know I want to go to France, the same as Claudia and June and Betty."

"You are so stupid, you women," he remarked. "Don't you know that when a man is interested in you he'll always have ways and means to find you?"

"Charmed, I'm sure. Much obliged," I said.

"I happened to have a word with Admiral Parker, the old boy," said the Sergeant. "And he'd like to take you along to the British War Office. The English are getting ready to move out, too—the same as our people. And the job would be so much better. You'd have classy work and a much higher salary."

"Will they be going to France?" I asked.

"That I cannot say," said the Sergeant, "but it would be worth your

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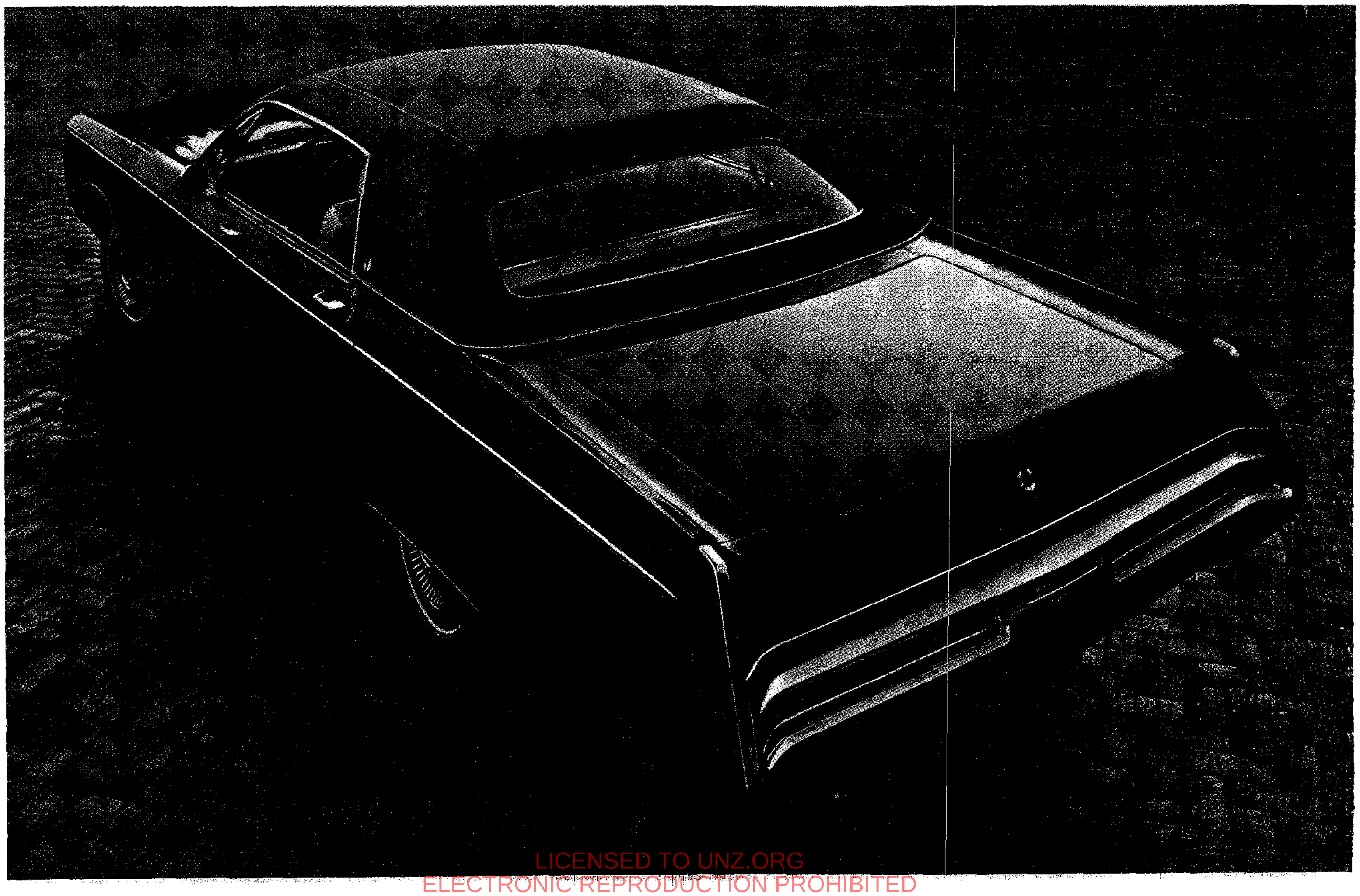


while finding out—it won't be as bad as going to the dentist's, and it's all on the 'old boy' level, what with the Admiral. He has a very soft spot for you—why, I can't think. He wants to do you a favor, and you don't want to hurt him. You run along, and don't forget that a very nice girl wears shoes to match her purse."

I did go with the Admiral to St. James's Square, where I was given two examination papers, and I passed through three interviews unconcernedly, as I had no wish to be found acceptable. When I was dismissed with the phrase "We will let you know in due course," I was certain this meant the same as "I'll give you a tinkle soon, one of these days." But the excursion was enjoyable nevertheless, because the Admiral took me afterward to Shepherd's, where I had never been before and of which I had heard so much from Claudia, June, and Betty. He drank my health with a charming Edwardian gaiety:

"Here's to you and here's to me,
And here's to the girl with the well-
shaped knee.
Here's to the man with his hand on her
garter.
He hasn't got far yet, but he's a damn
good starter."

Six weeks later, they did let me know. I was offered the rank of captain with the British Army of Occupation in Germany, though the war was not yet over, and a salary that was three times as much as the one the Americans paid me.

"What a giggle," said Claudia. "Imagine Prescott-Clark as a captain. Will they salute you in the streets?"

"Don't be silly, Carter," I said. "They can whistle for me. I'm not going."

"Come along, you lasses," said June. "Let's have a bash at Queenie and the tea leaves," and we went in search of the chorus girl who could be relied upon to assure each of us that we would be granted our "heart's desire."

"I'm mighty glad for you, Ma'am," said Sergeant Parsons later.

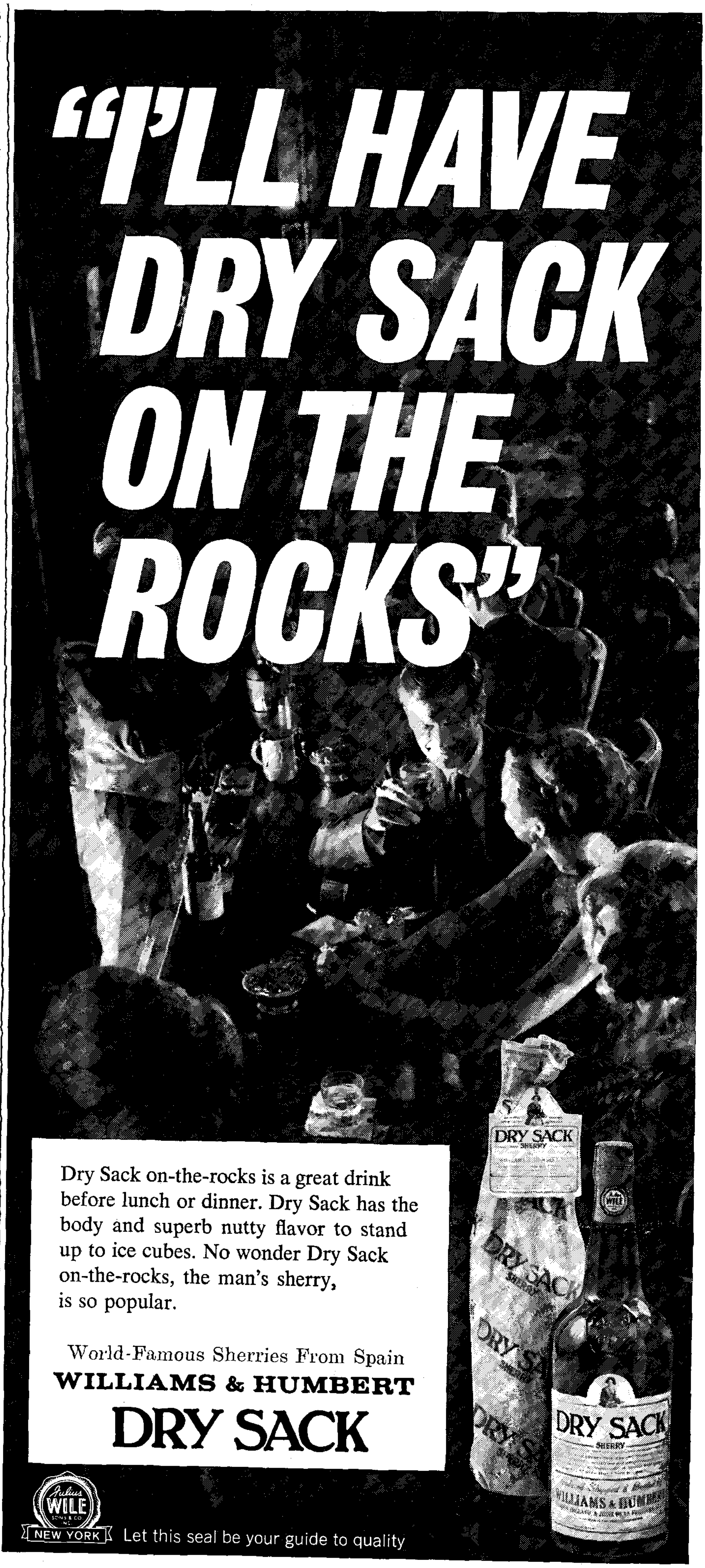
"I'm not," I said. "I mean, it's very nice to know that somebody thinks I'm worth all that money, but I shan't take it, of course."

"I think you are very wrong," he said. "We none of us can see into the future."

"Queenie can," I said, "and I'm all set for France."

"You have turned them down already?" he asked.

"No. They've given me two months' grace to think about it, and I'll take



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my time over it. Let them think I'm brooding day and night. Claudia, June, and Betty all say that I'm quite right, too, we should stick together. We'll sit in Paris in the Ritz and swill champagne. And when the cork hits us in the eye we'll come to you and you'll pull it out."

Two days later, the Sergeant stopped at my desk again. "I thought you'd like to know, Ma'am," he said, "that I heard from the Major—the Colonel, that is."

I felt I was turning pale. "Which one?" I asked. "There are so many of them flitting about these days that I can't keep up with them."

"There is only one for you, Ma'am," he said, "and I just had word he's been shipped to the Zone of Interior."

"They have sent him to the States?" I asked.

"They have."

"Why?" I asked. "Has he been wounded?"

"No," said the Sergeant. "He's gone crazy."

"It's not true," I said. "I've never seen a saner man in my life."

"People always say that at times like this," said the Sergeant, and he pressed his lips together carefully, making them still thinner than they were.

I watched him. It seemed to me he was shutting away some further knowledge, which he was unwilling to impart. "It's not true," I repeated.

"Would you rather have him dead?" he asked pleasantly.

"Are you trying to tell me that he's dead?" I asked.

"I'm not, Ma'am. It might be better if he were, perhaps, from your point of view. But it comes out just the same. You can write him off for dead, as far as you are concerned."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"You are so stupid, you women," he said. "You want to throw everything over for the sake of a man, and you can't understand that a man likes to be comfortable, above all, and once he is home, in his own country and with his family and people he knows around him, he won't break out and destroy his setup."

I said, "You mean, he's too lazy, and he'll stay where he is?" And I added, slowly and carefully, as though speaking in a foreign language, "As a matter of convenience?"

"Yes, Ma'am, and you can't blame him," said the Sergeant.

I had to wait till the lunch hour to seek out Sergeant Kelly. He said, "Buttercup, have you heard the latest definition of a wolf? A wolf is a man who

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Programs like *Heidi*, Jacques Cousteau's study of whales, a visit to Rachel Carson's world of nature will open young eyes and expand young minds this November. And we can suggest a rich assortment of regularly scheduled shows such as *Captain Kangaroo, Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color* and *Discovery*.

For the more mature youngster, and his parents too, it's a month that will provide comprehensive coverage and analysis of our elections. A program about the education and loneliness of *The Scientist*. And Truman Capote's *The Thanksgiving Visitor*.

To help teachers and students make the most of television's educational resources, "Teachers Guides to Television" (published semi-annually) can be subscribed to for one dollar per semester. Order from: Teachers Guides to Television, Inc., P.O. Box 564, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021. Send check for fewer than ten copies.

The listings below will help you be the television guide in your family.

Captain Kangaroo. A daily segment for pre-schoolers produced with the Bank Street College of Education is new: Monday-Friday (8-9 am).

Lamp Unto My Feet. 20th Anniversary: The Smoldering Flame; Visions of a Simple Man; Neighbor for Neighbor; Recap. Sundays, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24 (10 am).

Discovery. The World Beneath The Sea (2 Parts); Discovery Goes to Finland (2 Parts); Sundays, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24 (11:30 am-12 Noon).

Election Night. Television covers the nation as it elects the 37th President. Tuesday, Nov. 5 (7 pm to conclusion).

Campaign '68: What Happened Last Night? Walter Cronkite analyzes the 1968 results. Wednesday, Nov. 6 (10-11 pm).

The Sense of Wonder. Helen Hayes narrates documentary on the life and works of author Rachel Carson. Wednesday, Nov. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Whales. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau: the expedition conducts experiments with whales. Friday, Nov. 15 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Heidi. Children's classic about a little girl's life in the Alps. Sunday, Nov. 17 (7-9 pm).

A Punt, A Pass And A Prayer. Hallmark Hall of Fame: original drama about a football pro, with Hugh O'Brian, Don DeFore, Betsy Palmer. Wednesday, Nov. 20 (7:30-9 pm).

Mouse On The Mayflower. Animated musical of the Pilgrim landing. Tennessee Ernie Ford narrates. Saturday, Nov. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Cowsills. The musical family presents its winning style. Saturday, Nov. 23 (8:30-9 pm).

Peggy Fleming Special. Olympic ice skating champion, guests Gene Kelly, Richard Harris, Bob Paul. Sunday, Nov. 24 (9-10 pm).

Francis Albert Sinatra Does His Thing. New musical special with Diahann Carroll and The Fifth Dimension. Monday, Nov. 25 (9-10 pm).

Thanksgiving Day Parades. Parades in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and other cities. Thursday, Nov. 28 (9:30 am-12 Noon).

Art Linkletter in Viet Nam and the Far East. The entertainer's visit to the U.S. forces. Thursday, Nov. 28 (3-4 pm).

The Thanksgiving Visitor. Geraldine Page and Michael Kearney in Truman Capote's story of a young boy and his aging spinster cousin. Thursday, Nov. 28 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Scientist. Portrait of two leading scientists; their motivations, challenges. Friday, Nov. 29 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour ("60 Minutes"/CBS Reports/Who, What, When, Where, Why, With Harry Reasoner)

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/ABC's Wide World of Sports/G-E College Bowl/Frank McGee Saturday Report

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Animal World/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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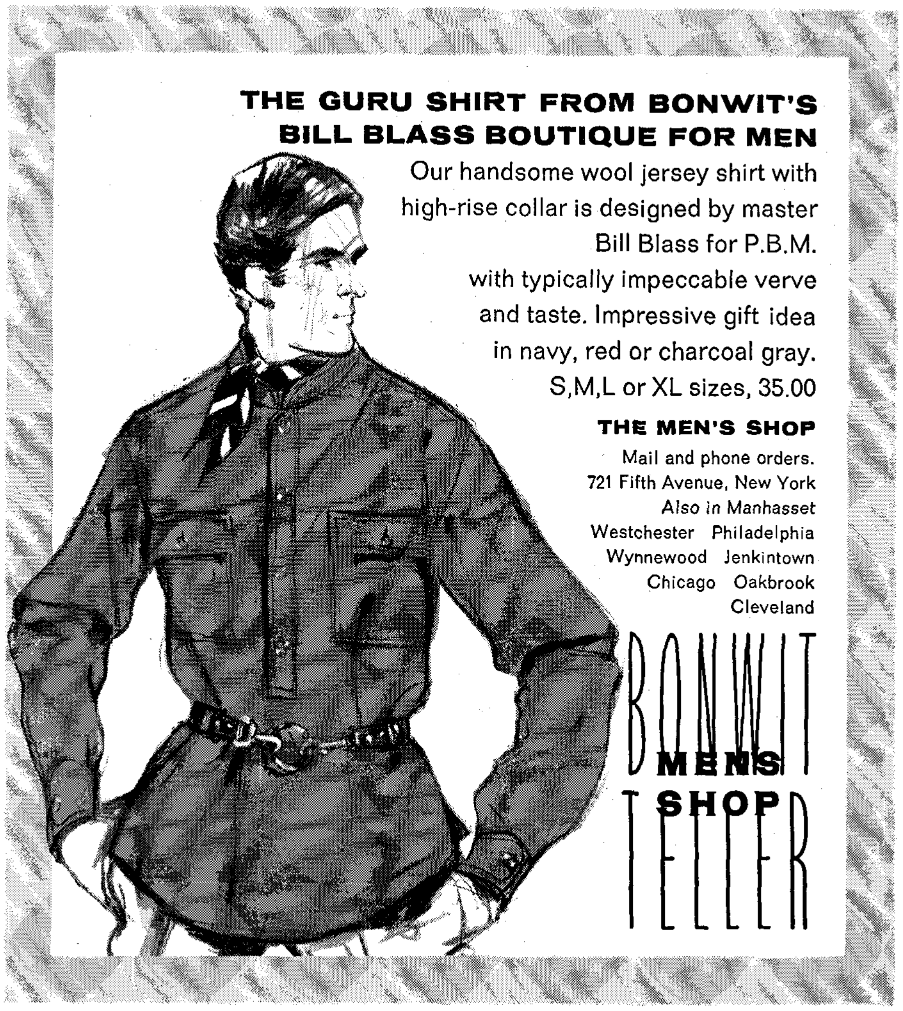
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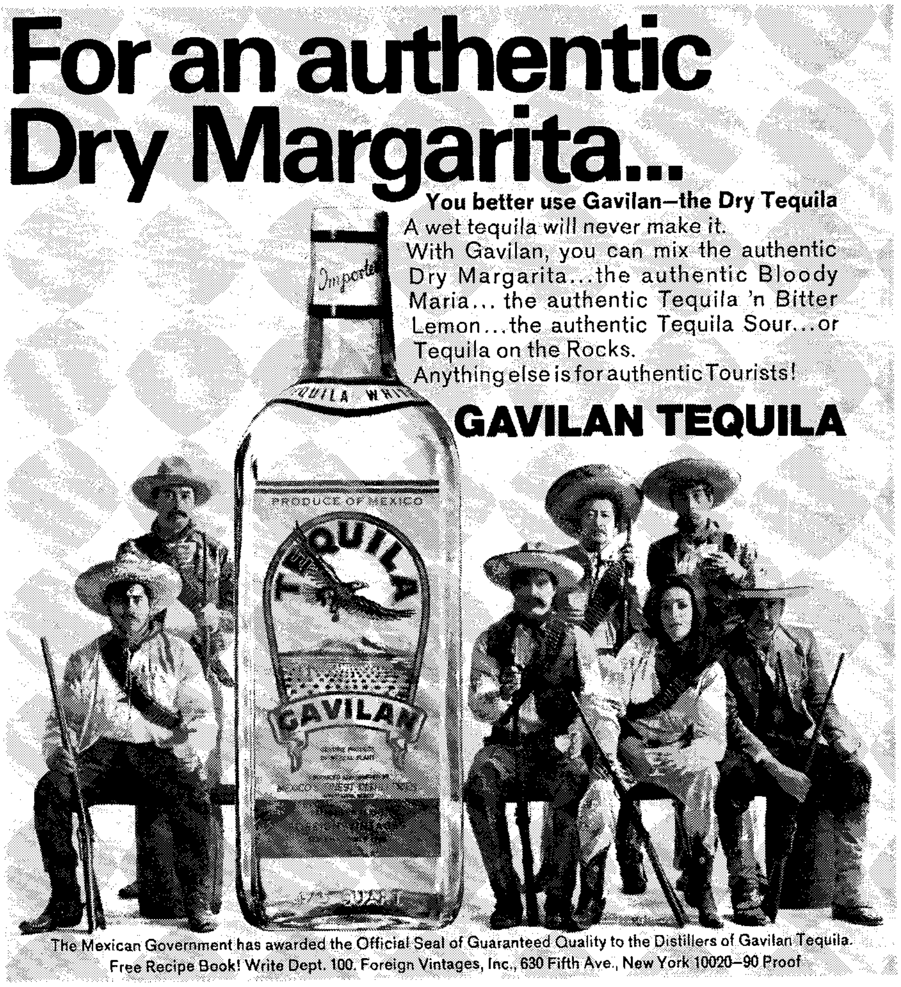
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when he meets a sweater girl tries to pull the wool over her eyes."

I forced myself to laugh, and after thus having paid to gain his attention I made my inquiry.

"Yes, he's gone back to the States," said Kelly.

"And you believe this rot about his madness?" I asked.

"I don't," he said. "That's Parsons' idea. Some of the boys guess he's faked being screwball, now that the war is almost over, so he'd get back home in advance of the others and get himself a swell job."

"You are screwball yourself," I said. "He'd never— The very idea of it— You make me sick."

"I don't believe it myself, either," he said. "I don't know what to think. It kind of beats me."

"What do you think, then, if you don't know what to think?"

"I figure he ran into some kind of trouble," said Kelly, "and they didn't want to court-martial him, so they made him plead screwball to get fired. You don't know half of what's going on there."

I did not consult with Claudia and June and Betty, because to them I had remained no more than "Prescott-Clark who got on with the Major like a house on fire." It was useless, I knew, to go to the General; information of that kind would be withheld from anyone but the next of kin. I knew my only hope was Sergeant Parsons, and I decided to have another try at gleaning information from him.

The next day was my day off, and I spent it tediously, washing, ironing, and going to the hairdresser. On the following morning, as I was riding in the bus toward Oxford Street, I heard as we drove past Marble Arch a whisper going from seat to seat. It was a sibilant sound—"Selfridges, Selfridges." I got out at Selfridges and went round the side of the store. There was rubble lying across the street, and the house where the pub had been, on the corner, was demolished. Three windows of the store's food department were boarded up, with streamers stuck across the front bearing the by now familiar "Business As Usual" sign. I went through the narrow doorway and climbed down the stairs to the office. On the last landing there were many people assembled, civilians and military, all from our office. I got nearer and stepped behind the General, who was just calling in his high, peevish voice, "Parsons, where is Parsons? I want Sergeant Parsons." And I heard Kelly's voice, deferential, answering, "You can't have Sergeant Parsons, sir, because Sergeant Parsons is dead."

My sight and hearing grew blurred. I heard the talk going on around me without taking it in, and I kept staring into our office, which was tidy and empty, bathed in the artificial daylight, and the only unusual sight in it was a bottle of Rose's Lime Juice, with its glossy label and gleaming cap, standing on one of the desks. I think it was Queenie's. Then I recalled that for the past two weeks there had been a large display of Rose's Lime Juice in one of the windows of the food department of Selfridges. I still did not understand.

Sergeant Kelly came and said that we civilians would have two days off and please to report to work on the third morning at nine sharp, as usual. I left with Claudia and June, and we went to the Danish coffee shop in Wigmore Street, round the corner. Betty was not with us; it was her free day. They told me the Sergeant had been killed the night before by a V-2, together with about two hundred other people, and that there had been such a crowd in the street because the bomb fell at eleven o'clock, which was the closing time of the many pubs in the neighborhood.

"But he never touched drink," I said. "You know he didn't."

"He didn't," said Claudia, weeping. Like many hard drinkers, she was easily given to tears. "He stayed behind in the office, straightening up after us. He often worked late hours. And he got out in the street just at that moment."

"Why couldn't it have killed someone else instead?" said June.

"What's going to become of us now?" I asked.

The Sergeant had not been crushed by falling masonry or struck down by flying debris. The same invisible force that had lifted a bottle of Rose's Lime Juice from the display shelf in the window and placed it unbroken and upright on Queenie's desk had caved in his chest. Later on, we knew that this had been the last V-2 to fall on London.

FOR some days, we could not eat or sleep, and we shivered with cold. We could not accept the Sergeant's death, as we accepted, later on, the death of Sergeant Danielevski, who was killed in battle, and the death of Sergeant Kelly, who, during a drunken celebration of V-E Day in London, walked out of a fourth-floor window.

Claudia, June, and Betty all went to America and got married to their lovers. Betty was unhappy and would not admit it, and she was spared from

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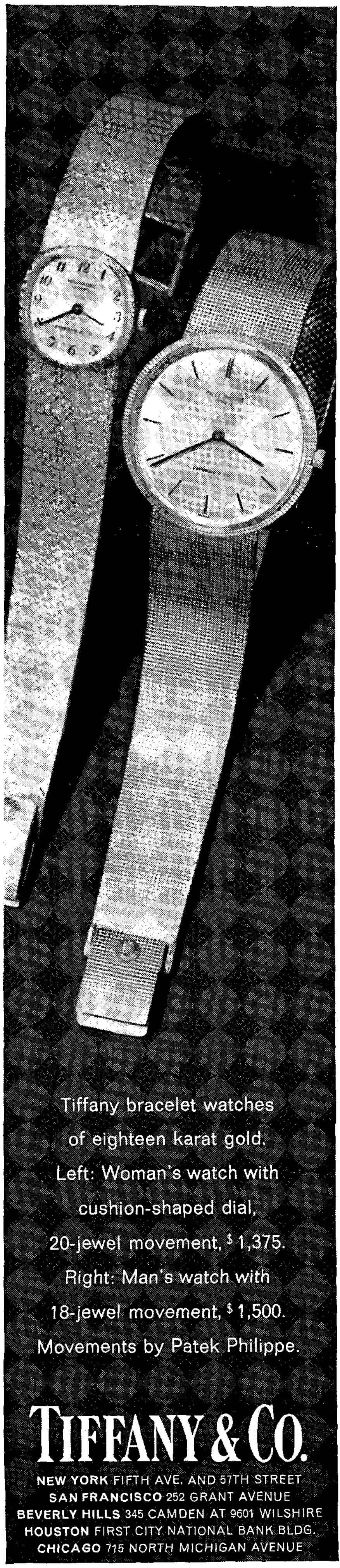

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admitting it forever after when she became a widow suddenly, during her first year of marriage. June and her husband opened a private clinic near Chicago, and they ran it successfully.

I met Claudia three years after the end of the war, one day as I came out of the reading room of the British Museum at lunchtime. I saw her walking across the street. "I'm back for good, Prescott-Clark," she said. "I am going back to Bathdale. I'm here because of my lawyer—I'm getting a divorce."

We went to a pub on the corner. She had on a coat and skirt of soft thick camel's hair and carried a long coat of the same stuff over her arm. I was impressed to see that her shoes and handbag were of brown crocodile.

"You look rich in a nice way, Carter," I said. "Are you rich?"

"He is, Prescott-Clark," she said. "He turned out to be even richer than I thought he was. When I got to New York, he met the boat with a mink coat and an emerald ring. Then we went to Mexico. I'll tell you what's wrong with Mexico, Prescott-Clark."

"You tell me, Carter."

"It's got low air pressure," she said, "because it's so high up in the mountains. Too utterly awkward, because you take a drink and you fall flat on your face. You can't devote yourself to the booze there, Prescott-Clark."

I had on my old gray Glen-plaid suit and a red-and-white cotton blouse, and I wore scarlet kid pumps and carried a scarlet handbag. "Rich or poor," I said, "we are still nice girls. A nice girl presses her skirt every night, and when she is a very nice girl she has matching shoes and purse. I thought you'd like to know, Ma'am. You women are so stupid. Is that what's been bothering you? I used to know a little girl called Claudia—strange, isn't it? Claudia, just like you."

"Stop it, Prescott-Clark," she said, "or I'll weep and ruin my makeup."

"So be it, Carter," I said, "but tell me why you're back."

"He bored me, Prescott-Clark," she said. "I admit he was good in bed, but you can't be in bed all the time."

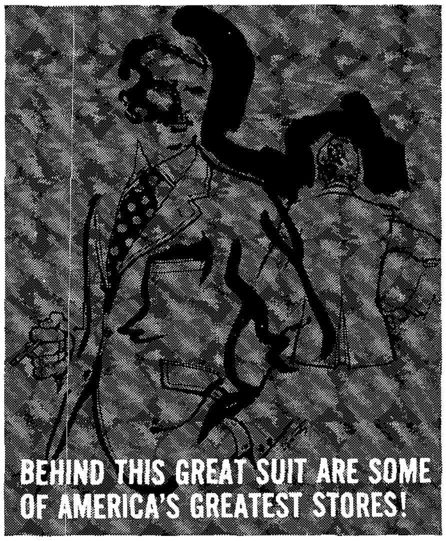
"It's a pity one can't be, though," I said. "But anyway, you had your fill. So what the hell are you talking about?"

—EDITH TEMPLETON

◆

12:15 p.m. "Phantom of the Rue Morgan" Channel 2. (1954) Good mystery.
—*Gainesville (Ga.) Times.*

Let's see, Rue Morgan must be East Thirty-sixth Street.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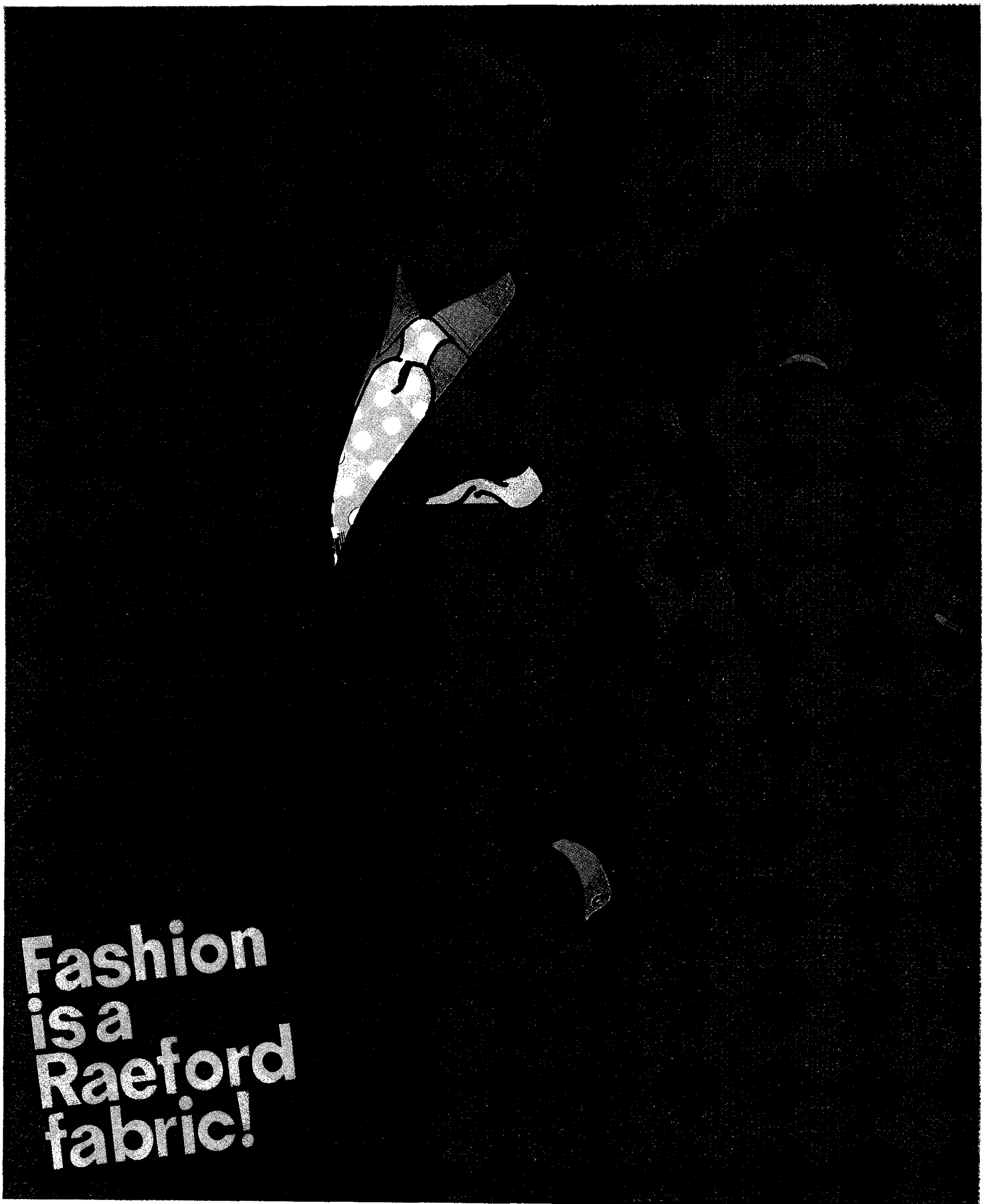

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THE THEATRE

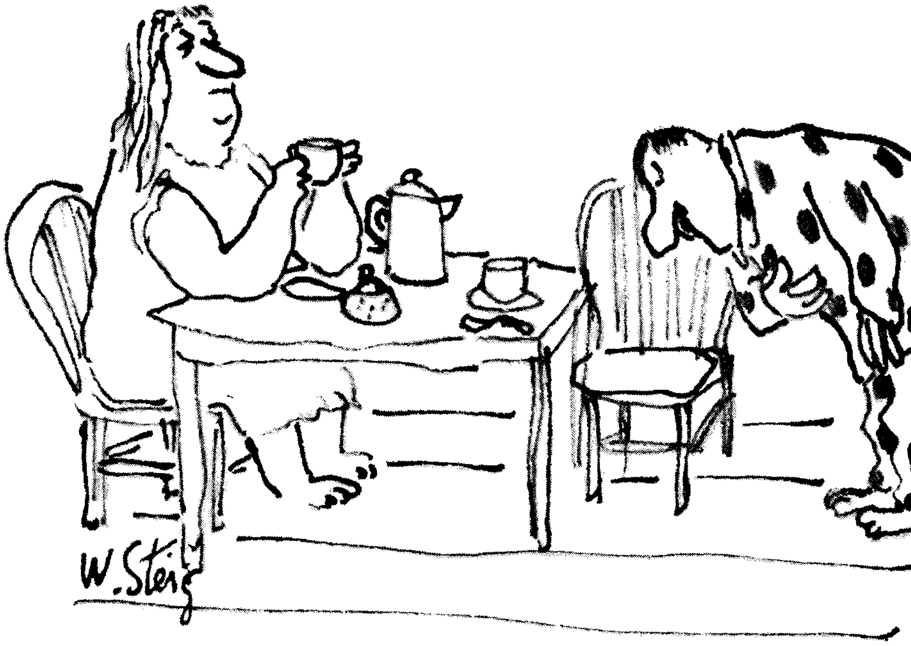
OUT OF THE ATTIC

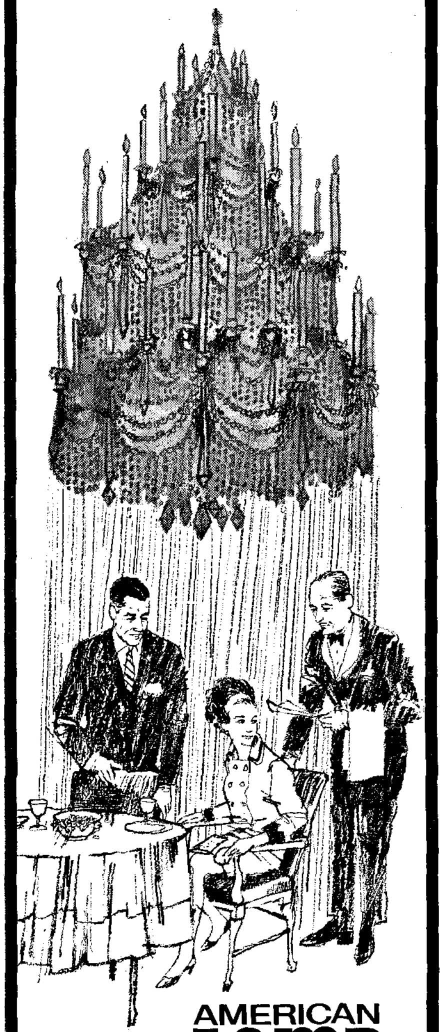
I AM willing to call “Maggie Flynn,” at the ANTA Theatre, a new musical on condition that “new” be taken to mean only that it is making its first appearance here; in every other respect it is as intolerably superannuated as some withered pippin of an ancestor perversely clinging to life high up in the branches of the family tree. There is, I admit, a certain freakish—and unintentional—appropriateness to its centenarian airs. The story is concerned with the Civil War draft riots that took place here in 1863, and it might almost as easily have been written then as now. The only proof of its *not* having been written in 1863 amounts to a rebuke of its three authors, Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore, and George David Weiss, who have allowed their unhandiwork to bristle with innumerable anachronisms. Through ignorance, or, what is worse, slovenliness, they have failed to expunge from their text such phrases of a later time as “sell his country short,” such inaccuracies as “musket” for “rifle,” and such always-good-for-a-laugh words as “salami,” which I doubt if Honest Abe and his contemporaries ever heard uttered.

But stay—my indignation as an amateur of American history mustn’t lead me to dignify “Maggie Flynn” with an inventory of its vulgar errors. It is an expensive but unimportant failure, the most interesting thing about it being that anyone supposed it would succeed. The initial notion appears to have been that something significant could be said about racial justice in 1968 by telling how, over a century ago, a home for black orphans was burned down by a band of loutish Irish immigrants. Onto this ambiguous tale has been grafted a romance between the keeper of the orphanage, Maggie Flynn, and a handsome young Union colonel. The smooth course of their courtship is ruffled only by the fact that Maggie already possesses a husband—a lovable wastrel of an actor who abandoned her in order to go off and play Hamlet and who, having got bad notices, has sunk to playing a painted clown in a circus. As if these two plots were not sodden glop enough, a third has been added: Confederate spies are using the basement of Maggie’s orphanage as their secret headquarters and arsenal. What about the songs in “Maggie Flynn”? Are they as silly and unmemorable as its book? With one exception—a Newley-like lament entitled “Why Can’t I Walk Away?”—the answer is yes; they arrive and depart at tiresomely predictable intervals, leaving not a trace of tune or humor behind. Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy are the stars of “Maggie Flynn,” and when I consider the crushing weight of the burden they bear, I wish I had something more substantial to offer them than my sympathy, which I extend also to Morton DaCosta, the director, and to William and Jean Eckart, who designed sets that dart ingeniously up and down even when the show itself is standing still.

“ROCKEFELLER AND THE RED INDIANS,” which opened and closed at the Ethel Barrymore, was an extremely free English adaptation of a French play burlesquing an old American Western. The concept is funny enough to sustain a ten- or fifteen-minute skit, but the authors, Ray Galton and Alan Simpson, unwisely attempted to stretch it over three acts. The English cast, headed by Frankie Howerd, acted with characteristic music-hall abandon, and their skill and high spirits tempted us to ignore the fact that the play contained remarkably few witty lines. (“She is a very sick tart” was just about the wittiest of them, which will give you some idea.) The English are notorious for making jokes about jakes, and most of them do not travel very well, at least in this direction; I would have preferred more sex in “Rockefeller and the Red Indians” and less scatology. Mr. Howerd is a droll man, but for me the show, such as it was, was stolen by Peter Bayliss as an alcoholic doctor and Joyce Grant as an invincibly amiable wife. Also worthy of praise were Simon Oates as a bodily conflation of John Wayne and Tom Mix, and John Golightly as, first, a red Indian named Partridge Eye and, second, an identical red Indian named Lynx Eye. The set—a ruinous log house, through which poisoned arrows sped with astonishing ease—was designed by Hayden Griffin, who also designed the costumes. The play was directed in a suitably knockabout fashion by Burt Shevelove. By way of a historical footnote, it may be mentioned that the Rockefeller of the title was a rancher who obviously owed his name to the authors’ calculation that it would be good for an automatic laugh or two. I regret to say they were right. The original title of the play was “The Wind in the Sassafras Trees,” and I suspect that it was discovered in the previews that it was much harder to milk “sassafras” for yocks than it was to milk “Rockefeller.” I suspect further that the Rockefeller family is not sorry the show folded after four performances.

—BRENDAN GILL





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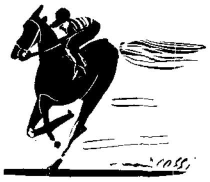


THE brightest and at the same time the grimmest event of last week was the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park on Saturday. Louis Rowan's Quicken Tree, a runner from California, won it by a length and a quarter in a driving finish from the Wheatley Stable's Funny Fellow. Thirty-five lengths or so behind them, Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft's Damascus shambled in last, dead lame. A flexor tendon in his left foreleg had bowed—as dread a disability as can attack a horse—and it's unlikely that he will ever race again.

The Jockey Club Gold Cup, at two miles, is the last of the season's major races on Long Island, and it brought out six starters for its golden-jubilee running. There was no delay at the post, and Mr. Right, who had beaten Damascus in the Woodward Stakes a month before, led past the stand, with Chompion closest behind and Damascus in third place, slightly ahead of Quicken Tree. In the backstretch, Quicken Tree sprinted up to Mr. Right, and the two went head and head until they were well around the far turn, where Quicken Tree began to draw away. Two furlongs out, he appeared to have an unassailable lead, but Funny Fellow came up so fast in the stretch that Hartack, who rode Quicken Tree, had to put in extra licks to keep his mount in front. Baeza, who rode Funny Fellow, said the colt, who is blind in one eye, was hit by a clod—in the good eye, of course—as he was making his run. For the record, Chompion was third and Mr. Right fourth, and the time was 3:22⅘, which is not bad.

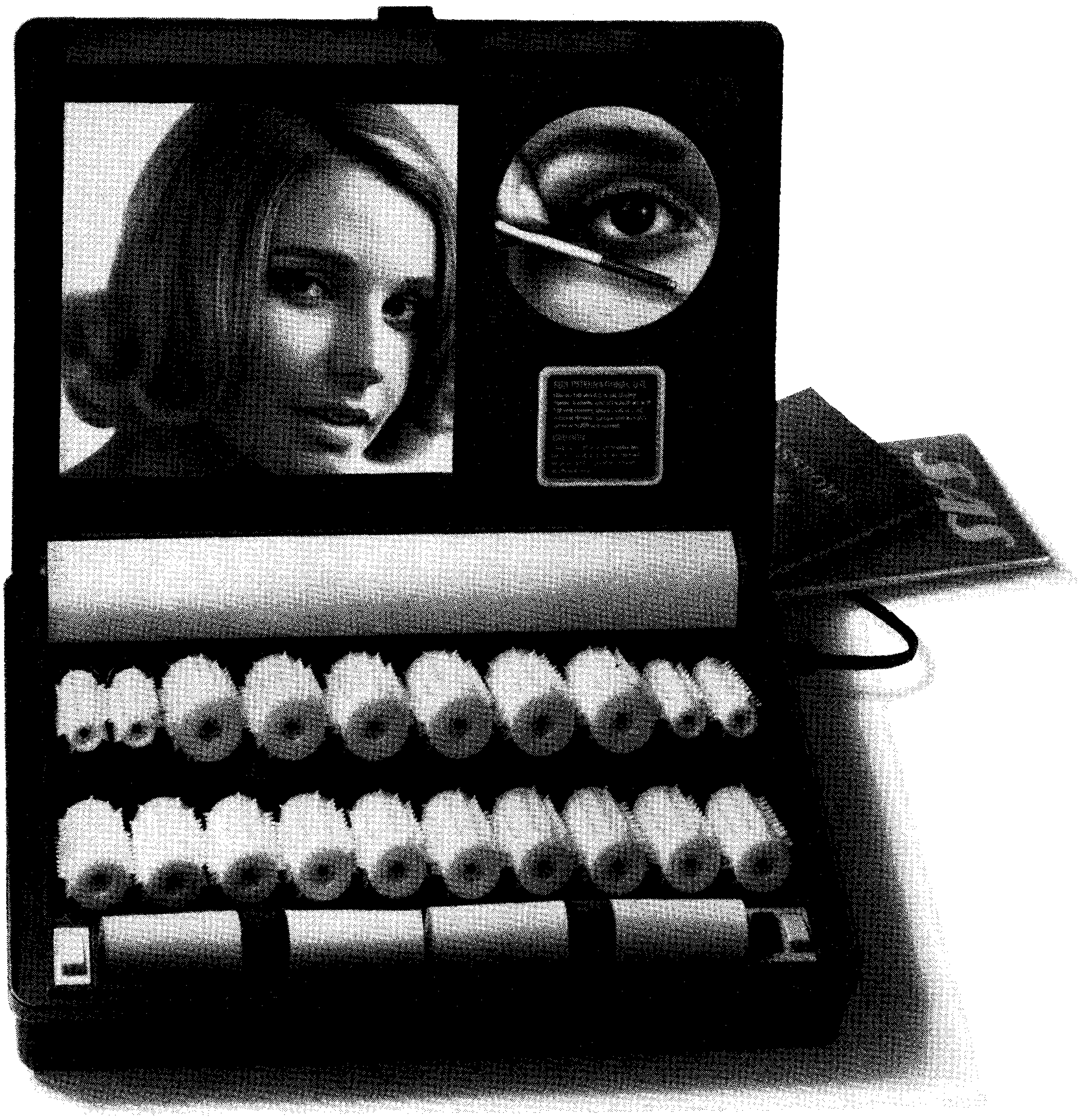
Damascus made a move in the backstretch to challenge the leaders, and the crowd roared approval. I doubt, though, that he took more than twenty strides before it ended, and as he began to fall back it was plain that he was likely to finish last. Ever since the Woodward, there has been a spate of rumors—none of them good—about him. Indeed, I, for one, was surprised when his name appeared in the overnight entries for the Jockey Club Gold Cup. Well, when he walked in the paddock at saddling time for the Cup, he wore the tightest tendon bandages I've ever seen, on both forelegs. What's more, his coat didn't have the sheen I like. Altogether, he didn't look to me—or to other observers—as fit as he was earlier in the season. It's hard to believe that a stable would deliberately run as good a horse as Damascus was in 1967 knowing—if it really knew—that he wasn't at his best.

BIG-TIME steeplechasing ended for 1968 with the Temple Gwathmey Handicap at Belmont Park last week, and, all in all, the race was something for the book. China Run, who took the lead at the eleventh fence to win comfortably from Appollon, with Gentle Boy third, had been bought four days before by F. Eugene Dixon, Jr., who is president of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, at a horses-in-training sale, for $35,000. Since the winner's share of the purse was $35,950, Mr. Dixon not only got an addition to his stable for free, you might say, but enough oats money to see him through the winter. A three-horse entry that started at odds-on in the Gwathmey failed to finish; Bon Nouvel went lame and was pulled up, and Bampton Castle and Mako lost their riders.

The running of the New York Turf Writers' Cup, over hurdles, the day before the Gwathmey, will be remembered longer for the defeat of Quick Pitch than for the fact that it was won by Le Cerisier. The latter, an Argentine-bred who is owned and trained by Frankie Merrill, a Canadian, wore Bold Beggar down in the stretch to win by slightly more than a length. As always, Quick Pitch was away running, and although he was giving big weight to everything, he led for a turn of the field, but he never seemed to be going as smoothly as he'd gone in the past. He tired and finished sixth, but he'll be back next year.

THIS department reports with regret the death last week of Marshall Cassidy, who had been closely identified with racing for more than half a century in many capacities, among them starter, steward, director of racing, and executive secretary of the Jockey Club. As Francis Dunne, steward of the Racing Commission and a long-time associate, said, "It will be many a day before we see another like him."

—AUDAX MINOR



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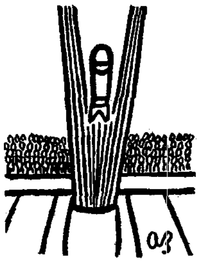

WATCHING the Giants, a sizable lot, let the opposition overrun Fran Tarkenton, their only reliable quarterback, one can scarcely be astonished that he is throwing with a sore arm; one can, though, be astonished at the quality of football that is presented as professional in the big leagues. Earl Morrall, who departed the Giants to lead a more charmed life with the Baltimore Colts, may be permitted a sardonic smile not just on that count but on another, too—Johnny Unitas, whom he so skillfully seconded during a string of five wins, came back to action a while ago, *his* sore arm still on the mend, and in one afternoon disimproved not only the arm but the Colts' record. Not to fault Unitas, a great man, but simply to point out that a cracked pitcher can be sent to the well too often. Get-the-quarterback, upon whom T football over-depends, is the pro game, and it works—Tarkenton and Unitas, Green Bay's Bart Starr, Denver's Steve Tensi, to toss in a few names. The Chicago Bears, the Atlanta Falcons, and the Cincinnati Bengals have likewise been compelled to experiment with newcomers. By contrast, in the Ivy League, Bernie Zbrzeznj, who runs Pennsylvania, goes nearly unmolested about his business as the new Foreign Menace who is transforming the League's season. Not very many years ago, the first of the Foreign Menaces—the Brothers Gogolak, from Hungary—transformed the League with their shambling, offhand (so to speak), and accurate style of kicking innumerable field goals and points after touchdown for Cornell and Princeton; when the running and passing attack faltered, you sent in a Gogolak for a sure-shot field goal, and soon *other* reformed soccer kickers—from Hawaii, South America, anywhere—began arriving on Ivy League squads. Zbrzeznj has, in five weeks, converted the Ivy League into an association that now must, for the first time in a dozen years, rank Pennsylvania a power. It's again an interesting team to watch—for its odd offensive formation (the forwards line up in a sawtooth layout), for the speed with which it runs back punts, for the prescience with which it cuts off enemy passes, for its handy way of accomplishing field goals, and for the way Zbrzeznj gets the most out of a remarkably small lot of excelling players as he hands off, rolls out, scrambles, and pitches out. Princeton, prodigal son, deeper in offensive strength than any other group except Yale in the Ivy League, nailed him just twice (and he played the whole match) as it unnecessarily lost, 19–14, last Saturday, discarding opportunities as though they were bottom cards, and thus awarded Pennsylvania its fifth, and well-earned, win in a row. Someone will soon be saying that Pennsylvania has charisma, but that isn't it; Pennsylvania has infrastructure—what Dartmouth, up until last year, had season after season. Pennsylvania looks like that Dartmouth, and Zbrzeznj already looks like a sure pro, slight and short though he is.

The other good news of the moment is Army, another crew with infrastructure. Duke, which plays a wide-open, hard-running, hard-throwing, pro sort of game, can run like fury and like Princeton, which runs better than three hundred yards in an afternoon. Duke ran up five hundred and five yards against Clemson a fortnight ago, and lost, 39–22; it ran up four hundred and eighty yards against Army last Saturday, and lost, 57–25. (Princeton has won but two out of five.) Moore, of Army, knocked off three touchdowns on his first three runs, and just two minutes and nine seconds elapsed between the first and third. Hunter, of Army, ran back a punt eighty-seven yards, though he lost a shoe en route (Army runners lose shoes as if they were autumn leaves—seven in its match with Citadel this fall); Duke's ten-man line, which it uses in punt formation, wasn't cohesive enough to stop him, and the punter had to do that himself. Tom Cahill, the Army ruler, has been a coach for twenty-two years; it was the biggest score he's ever been handed. "What the hell did you do that for?" he asked Lindell, his first-string quarterback, who had countermanded an order after Army's seventh touchdown and thrown a pass for two points instead of kicking. "We wanted to give you fifty points today," said Lindell, who, naturally, couldn't have been sure that, minutes later, Army would be running up its eighth touchdown of the match.

—J. W. L.

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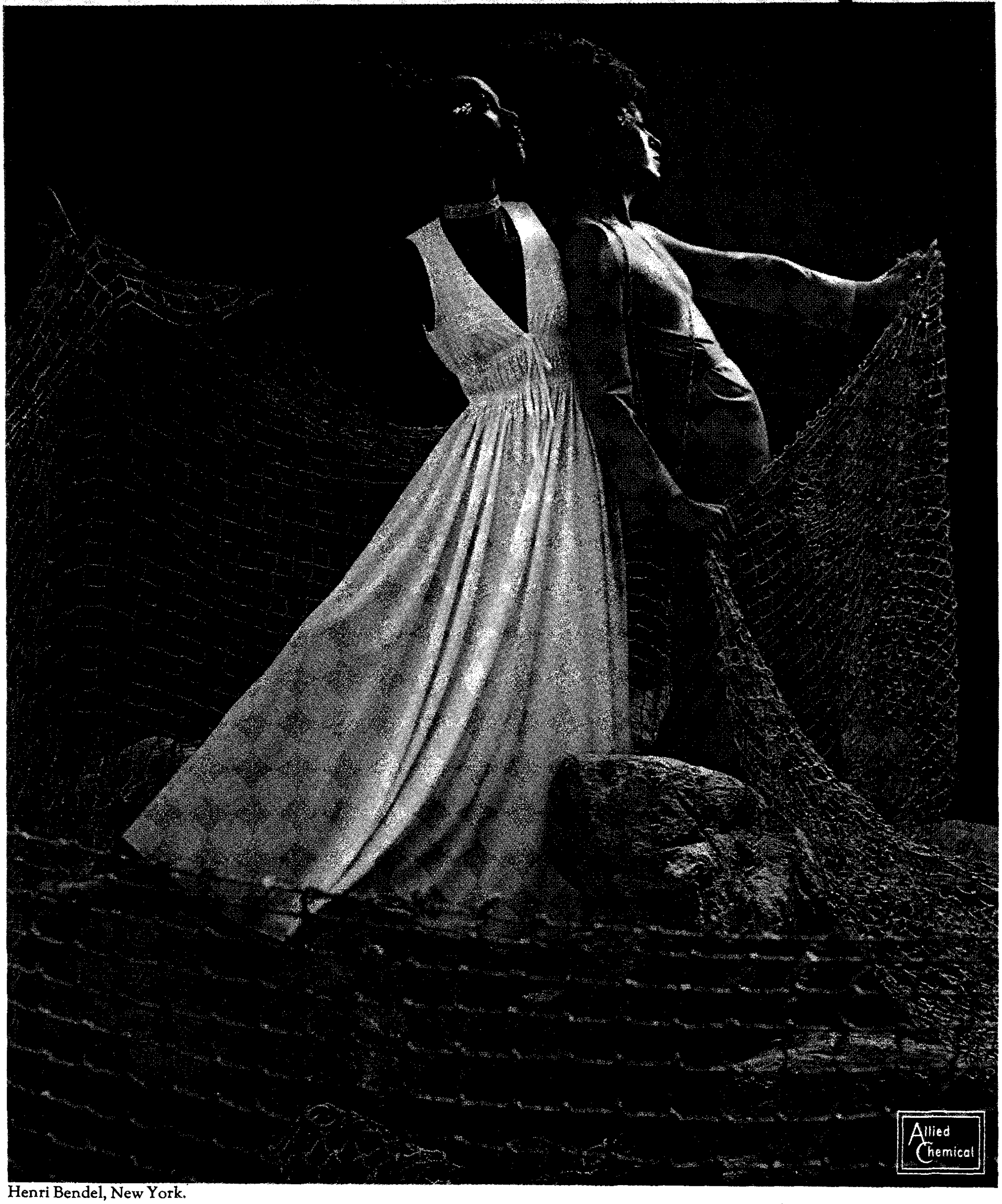

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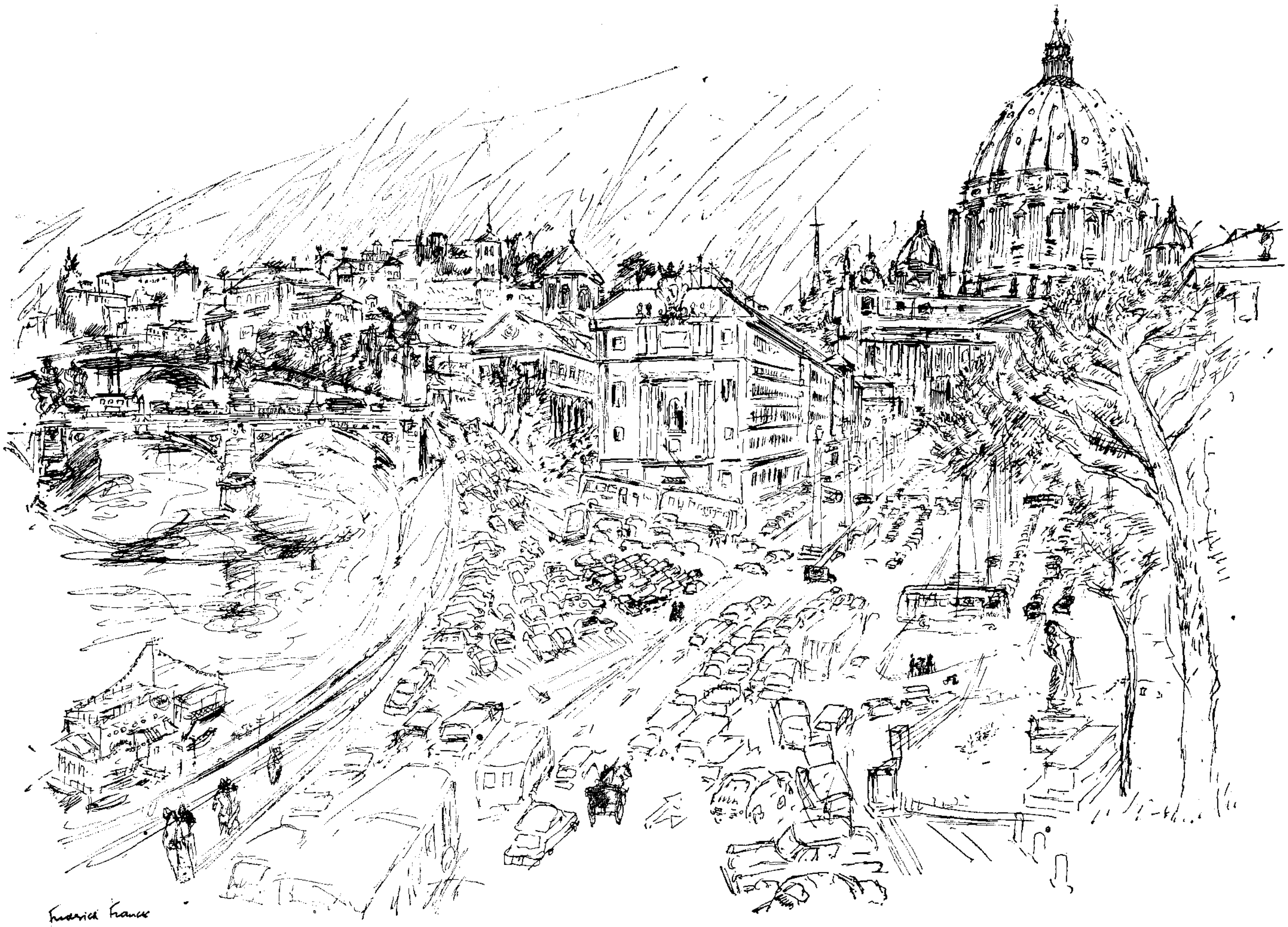

OCTOBER 21

WHEN Pope Paul retired in mid-July to Castel Gandolfo, in the Alban Hills, where he goes every summer to escape the Roman heat, it was thought that, as in former years, no important business would take place. Things were different this year; suddenly, on July 29th, when it was least expected, the Pope issued his long-awaited encyclical on birth control. Entitled "Humanae Vitae," it starts out rather hopefully with a series of statements about new problems, such as the population explosion, that have arisen in our day as a result of the sexual relations between husband and wife. Most readers expected the Pope to go on and say—as Pope John XXIII and the recent Vatican Council II said—that the Church must reassess and restate its doctrine in the light of changed conditions and new scientific knowledge. Yet, except for a brief admission that modern problems require "new and deeper reflection" on the message of Christianity, the encyclical does not contain a single phrase indicating that there has been any reassessment of *the* moral problem that is troubling so many Roman Catholics today. The whole import of the pronouncement is that the Church's condemnation of artificial contraception has always been sufficiently well known, and that it was merely necessary to reaffirm it more solemnly.

The encyclical was written—in "anguish," according to the Pope—in answer to the many questions that were raised by Vatican Council II beginning in October, 1963, when Cardinal Émile Léger, of Montreal, and Patriarch Maximos IV Saigh, of Antioch, brought up the subject on the floor of St. Peter's before the whole Church in council. Their statements, along with others by bishops from many different countries, resulted in the Pope's appointment, in June, 1964, of a Commission for the Study of the Problems Relating to Population, Family, and Birth, consisting of bishops, moral theologians, canonists, doctors, and qualified laymen, who would study all aspects of the matter and report to him. (Actually, the commission was merely an enlargement of one appointed the previous year by Pope John.) Almost exactly two years later, the commission submitted a majority report to Pope Paul. This was shortly followed by a minority report from Cardinal Alfredo Ottaviani, the arch-conservative ex-prefect of the Curia's Doctrinal Congregation (formerly the Holy Office) and the chairman of the birth-control commission. This report was presented directly to the Pope by the Cardinal, bypassing the members of the commission. It adhered to the old-line position that no change is possible, reflecting what Ottaviani himself had said in 1964 at the Council—"I issue a warning to you bishops, you who have proclaimed the infallibility of the Pope and of the bishops with the Pope: a doubt has been raised with regard to the Church's teaching on marriage. Can the Church possibly have erred for so many centuries?" The striking parallels in thought and language between the minority report and Pope Paul's encyclical lead to only one conclusion: The basis of the encyclical was the minority report.

Probably not since the days of Pope Pius IX's ill-fated "Syllabus of Errors"—a mid-nineteenth-century omnibus of papal condemnations—has any pronouncement of a modern pope created a storm like this. Far from being "well received," as Pope Paul asserted in one of his audiences a few weeks later, the document started a serious crisis within the Church, the proportions of which are only beginning to be revealed. This is the opinion not only of progressives. According to

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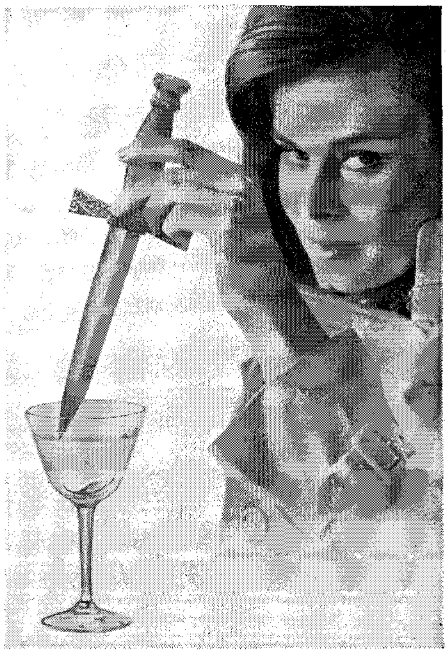

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Sebastian Tromp, S.J., consultor of the Doctrinal Congregation and leading theological spokesman for the conservative Curial position, "The crisis through which the Church is now passing is more serious than the Reformation." No modern encyclical has ever been so severely criticized. It has been called "ill-conceived," "inadequately expressed," "regressive in its ideas," and even, flatly, "wrong." Its defects are all the more glaring in view of the mountain of evidence amassed—by papal decree—and discussed throughout the Catholic world in the last five years. Even a group of Italian theologians (not usually considered the most progressive in the Church), meeting in Bologna soon after the encyclical was issued, pointed out that every footnote in the document referred to a source that was at least twenty years old. "Humanae Vitae" can scarcely be called pastoral in tone, nor is its main thesis supported by references to scripture—an omission considered extraordinary under the circumstances. In essence, the encyclical is a document of condemnation and reproof, thus representing a return to the thinking of the days before John XXIII. As far as the encyclical is concerned, Vatican Council II might just as well never have occurred. As a result, there is a growing realization that the Pope has done more than issue an encyclical on birth control; the conviction has now begun to crystallize that he has taken a first important step toward repudiation of the Council.

A key passage of the encyclical asserts, "Each and every marriage act must remain open to the transmission of life." Yet it holds that the rhythm method (that is, reliance on the so-called "safe" period) is acceptable. This is a distinction that modern theology finds incomprehensible. For example, a distinguished group of theologians from France, Belgium, Germany, Ireland, Switzerland, Holland, and Czechoslovakia met in Amsterdam in September and issued a respectful critique pointing out that while the document on marriage issued by the Council, "Gaudium et Spes," opened up new perspectives in the theology of marriage, the encyclical represented a retreat from, and rejection of, the Council's position. The theologians stated that they could not understand the distinction that the encyclical tried to establish between reliance on the safe period and use of other contraceptive methods. "Each of these methods, it seems to us, can be used for good or for evil," they said. "Their moral value depends not on

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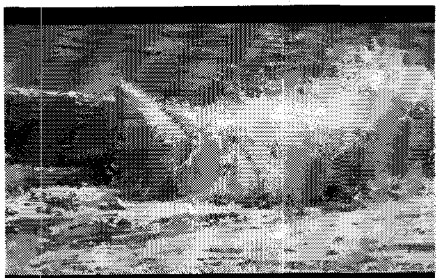

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whether they represent an interference in the biological process but, rather, on whether they serve to promote true conjugal love and responsible parenthood by ensuring the essential purpose of marriage and of the family." The encyclical, unable to point to any scriptural texts either supporting its distinction between the two methods or proving the immorality of contraceptives, falls back on a strong appeal to "the natural law" and the constant teaching of the Catholic Church. (The concept of natural law is an idea borrowed from the Stoics by early Christian thinkers. In the fourth century, St. Augustine completed the alliance between Stoic and Christian ideas about marriage; as he tells us in his "Confessions," he was a reformed roué who in his later years looked on the sensual pleasure of the sexual act as evil.) Four years ago, after issuing his warning to the bishops at Vatican II, Cardinal Ottaviani said in an interview that the Church's doctrine on marriage could never change, because it was based on "the natural law and several scriptural texts." After the appearance of the encyclical, a statement originating in the Catholic University of America, and eventually signed by over six hundred theologians, canonists, and clerics, pointed out that some of the ethical conclusions contained in it "are based on an inadequate concept of the natural law," adding, "The multiple forms of natural-law theory are ignored, and the fact that competent philosophers come to different conclusions on this very question is disregarded. Even the minority report of the papal commission noted grave difficulty in attempting to present conclusive proof of the immorality of artificial contraception based on the natural law." Last August, in the London *Times*, Dr. John Marshall, the prominent English physician who was a member of the Pope's birth-control commission, expressed shock at finding that the encyclical contained "no theological argument to support the view that contraception is contrary to the natural law." Dr. Marshall recalled that in April, 1965, a crisis arose in the commission when the four theologians supporting the minority view could not demonstrate the intrinsic evil of contraception on the basis of the natural law; he said that they "rested their case on authority and on the fear of possible consequences that any change might have on both authority and sexual morality." He had been startled by their admission, he said, because he had taken it for granted that theologians could buttress their stand with telling

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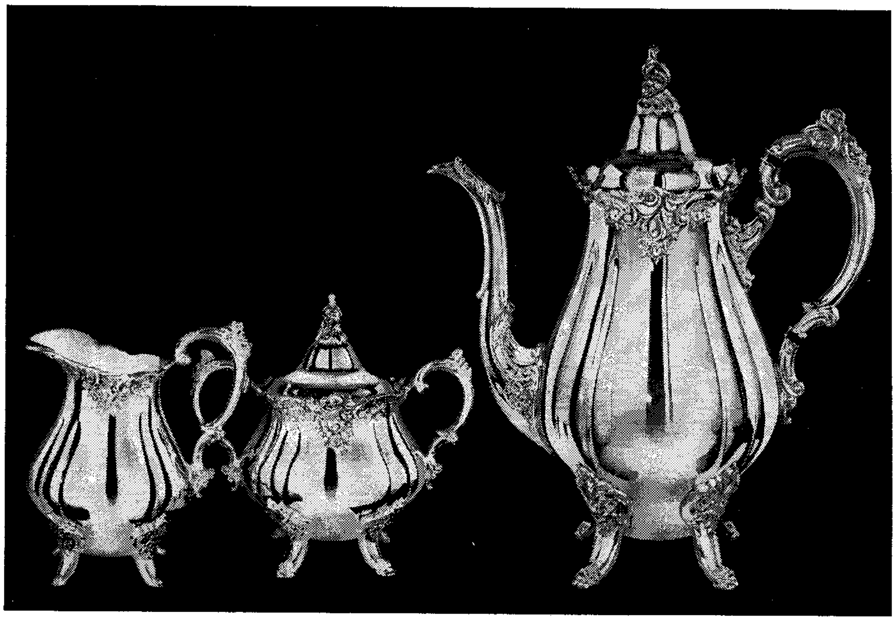

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arguments from natural law or from scripture. No scriptural texts have been forthcoming from Cardinal Ottaviani, or from the minority report, or from the encyclical itself. According to Dr. Marshall, the encyclical's assertion that it is not given to man to separate the procreative and the unitive aspects of the act of intercourse is "simply made without any proof being offered." He was also shocked by the statement that the use of contraceptives leads to "conjugal infidelity." "There is no scientific evidence to support this sociological assertion," he observed. "The assertion, moreover, casts a gratuitous slur—which I greatly regret—on the countless responsible married people who practice contraception and whose family life is an example to all."

Even in the Pope's official newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Carmelite Father Gino Concetti stated that "it is not possible to prove with conclusiveness" that contraception is forbidden by the natural law. The encyclical's reaffirmation of the Church's bleak attitude toward sex, which has plagued Catholic theology for some fifteen hundred years, is one of the most regressive aspects of the document. On this point, the *Tablet*, a London Catholic weekly, commented, "For centuries, the Church taught that married people necessarily sinned, if only venially, whenever they had intercourse—even though intercourse is part of the sacramentality of marriage. We have done away with this monstrous piece of Manichaean rubbish." Except that, unfortunately, the encyclical reaffirms it. As for the rhythm method, the encyclical ignores the strong medical and scientific doubts about it expressed in the majority report of the papal commission. Dr. André Hellegers, a French member of the commission who had submitted to it medical evidence that rhythm babies are apt to be born with defects, ruefully observed, "I cannot believe that salvation is based on the thermometer [a necessary tool of the rhythm method], or that damnation is based on rubber."

Professor John T. Noonan, Jr., of the University of California at Berkeley, another member of the commission and the author of an immense scholarly work, "Contraception," published three years ago by the Harvard University Press, voiced in an interview his disappointment that the Pope did not consult with the commission while it was meeting, and added, "The new document is not an infallible statement. It is a fallible document written by a fallible man in the fallible

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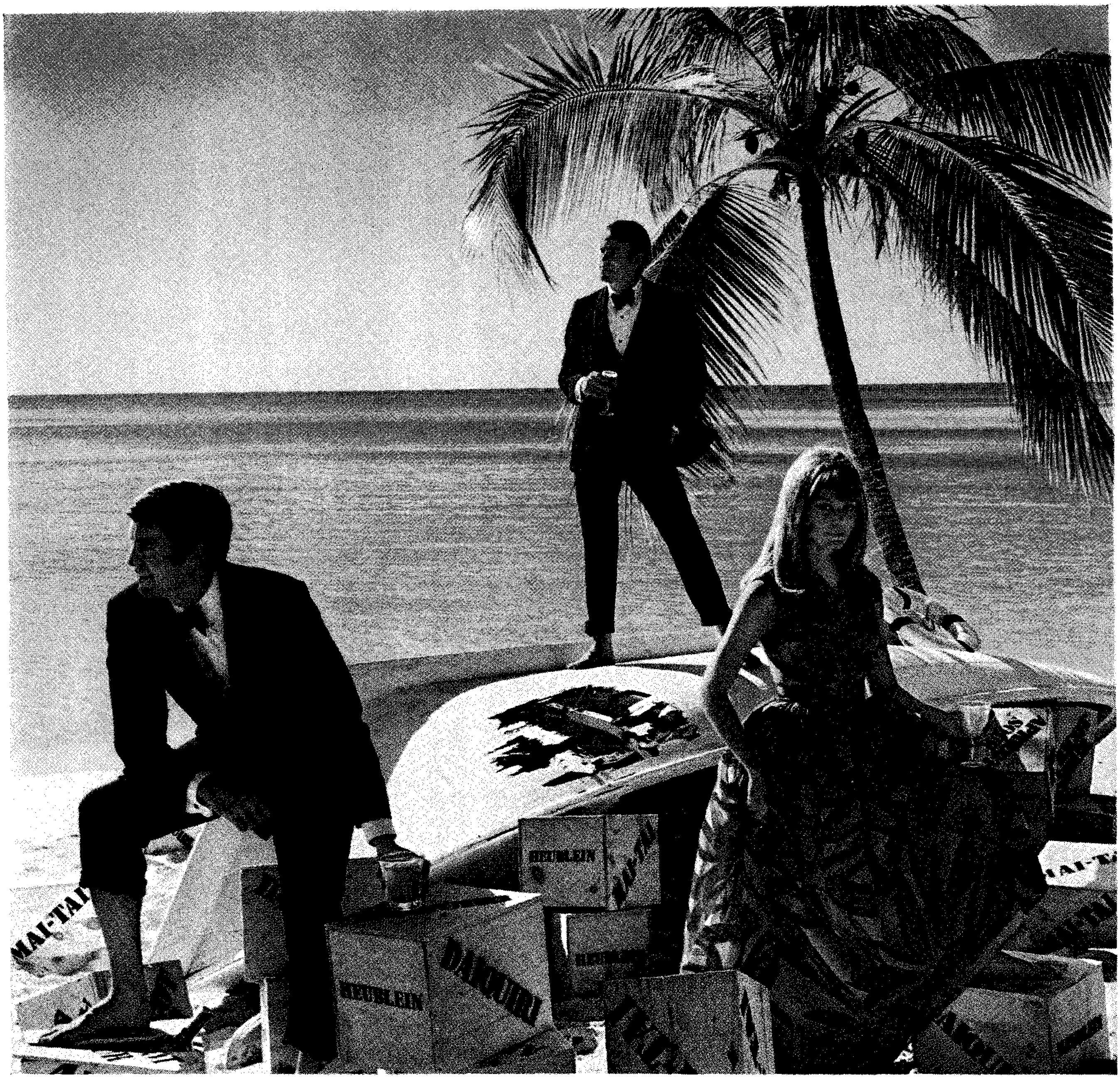
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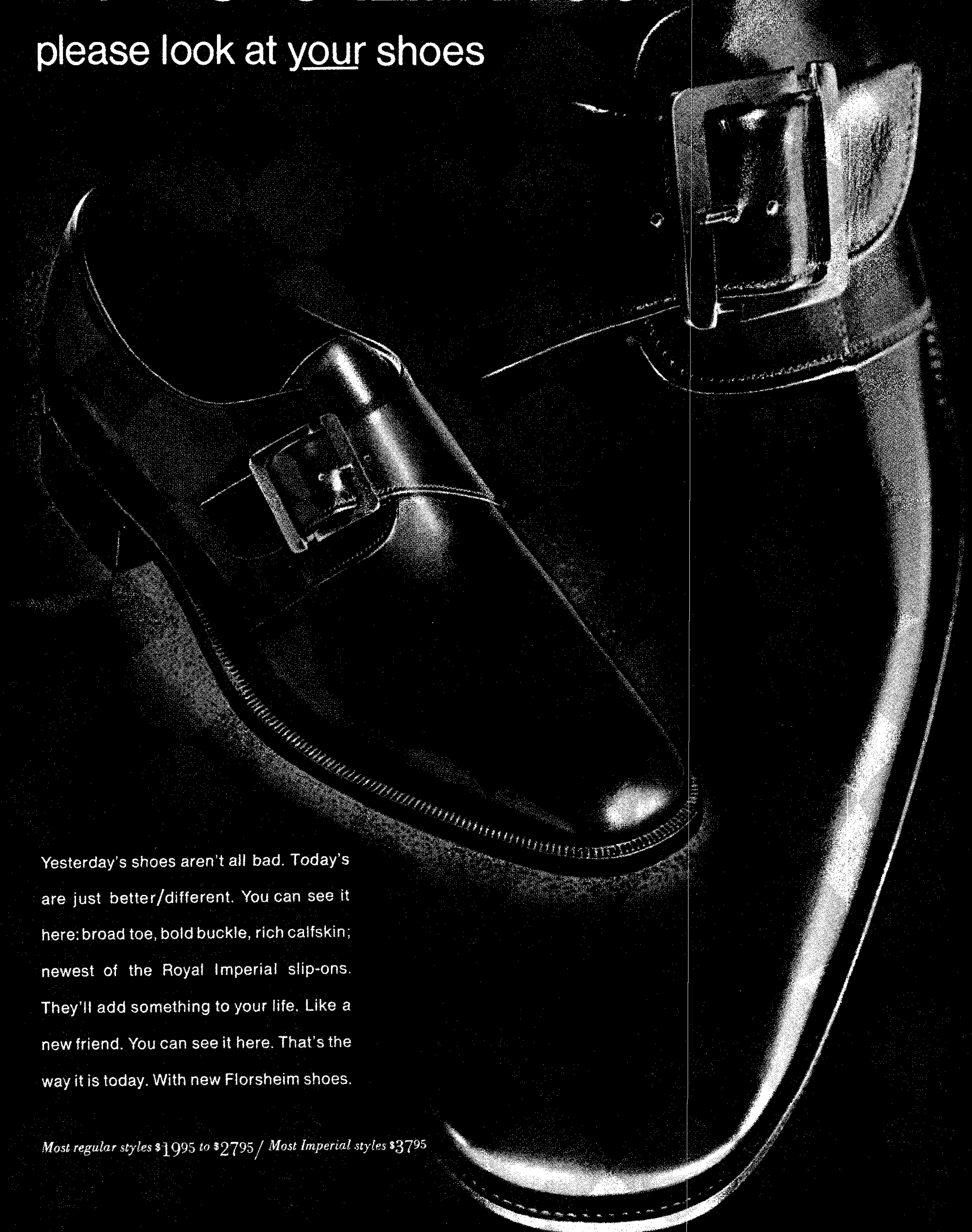

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exercise of his office." The peremptory nature of the encyclical also seems to have come as something of a shock to Cardinal John Heenan, of Westminster, a vice-chairman of the papal commission, who had indicated in a speech over a year ago that some change in present teaching was contemplated. Last spring, Cardinal Heenan spoke with irony about the minority report. "Although I presided at many meetings of the pontifical commission, I did not see [the minority report] before it appeared in the newspapers," he said. "This does not constitute what in England we would call an official minority report."

Death has silenced one of the most eloquent voices raised at the Council on the subject of marriage and birth control—that of the aged Patriarch Maximos IV Saigh. His strong and forthright words were one of the memorable events of the Council: "Frankly, can the official position of the Church in this matter not be reviewed in the light of modern theological, medical, psychological, and sociological science? In marriage, the development of personality and its integration into the creative plan of God are all one. Thus, the end of marriage should not be divided into 'primary' [procreation] and 'secondary' [conjugal love]. . . . And are we not entitled to ask if certain attitudes are not the product of outmoded ideas and, perhaps, a bachelor psychosis on the part of those unacquainted with this sector of life? Are we not, perhaps unwittingly, setting up a Manichaean conception of man and the world, in which the work of the flesh, vitiated in itself, is tolerated only in view of children? How relieved the Christian conscience felt when Pope Paul announced to the world that the problem of birth control and family morality 'is under study—a study as extensive and deep as possible; that is, as serious and honest as the great importance of this problem requires.' "

The dramatic retirement of Cardinal Léger from the Archdiocese of Montreal last year to devote himself to working as a missionary among the poor and leprous in Africa has caused speculation here that he may have been motivated by advance word of what was coming. The Cardinal was a leading spokesman at the Council for a reassessment of the doctrine on marriage and family life. Speaking on the floor of St. Peter's, he said, "A certain pessimistic and negative attitude regarding human love, attributable nei-

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ther to scripture nor to tradition but to philosophies of past centuries, has prevailed [in the Church], and this has veiled the importance and legitimacy of conjugal love in marriage. . . . Conjugal love is good and holy in itself, and it should be accepted by Christians without fear. In marriage, the spouses consider each other not as mere procreators but as persons loved for their own sakes. The intimate union of the spouses finds a purpose in love. And this end is truly the end of the act itself, even when it is not ordained to procreation."

IT is interesting to note that a key phrase used by Pope John in his speech at the opening of the Council—"without fear"—occurs in Cardinal Léger's statement. After studying the text of "Humanae Vitae," many have reached the sad conclusion that it is to a considerable extent a product of the psychology of fear. If the encyclical aimed at proclaiming the authority of the papacy and improving public morality, it seems to have served its purpose badly. In fact, it can be said to have substantially damaged papal authority. And in raising so many questions of conscience among the clergy and the laity it has created more problems than it has solved.

The encyclical is not an infallible statement by the Pope. It deals not with divine revelation but with a question that involves human wisdom. Monsignor Ferdinando Lambruschini, the Curia official who presented the encyclical at a press conference in Rome, acknowledged that the document was not infallible, and that the possibility of revision—if new data appeared—was not excluded by Pope Paul. He added, however, that while the encyclical "is not infallible," loyal and full assent was owed it "in proportion to the level of authority from which it emanates." A prominent English Catholic layman, T. F. Burns, the editor of the *Tablet*, who was for many years director of the old and distinguished Catholic publishing house of Burns & Oates, expressed in his newspaper what many Catholics feel about the encyclical when he defined the difference between "divine revelation of truth inaccessible to reason" and natural ethics: "If he [the Pope] speaks about the natural law—precisely the subject within the scope of reason—his decision is worth only the facts and arguments produced in its support. . . . As St. Thomas [Aquinas] observed . . . in the field of reason, the argument from authority is the feeblest." During September, twenty thousand laymen held a traditional annual meeting, called the Katholikentag, in Essen, Germany. Pope Paul sent them a special message, asserting that "the great majority of Catholics throughout the world have given both assent and obedience" to his encyclical. The laymen, however, voted a resolution stating that parents "cannot follow the demand of obedience" by the Pope in this matter and asked him to withdraw the encyclical. The subtly worded resolution continued, "We share with Pope Paul VI his concern for a right understanding of the nature of marriage, but in conscience we reject the governess-like attitude of *L'Osservatore Romano*, which tries to regiment faithful and adult Christians into the role of mute receivers of orders."

A rundown of public statements made in immediate response to the encyclical reveals a surprising range of highly individual interpretations and reactions. Cardinal Richard Cushing, of Boston: "Rome has spoken." Cardinal James Francis McIntyre, of Los Angeles: "Refreshing." Archbishop Terence Cooke, of New York: " 'Thou art Peter. Where Peter is, there is the Church.' . . . Be assured of our prayerful pastoral efforts in fulfilling this urgent responsibility." Archbishop John Krol, of Philadelphia: "The Church is not a mere echo of the religious consciousness of the community, nor an expression of the opinion of the faithful." Cardinal Heenan, of Westminster: "The Pope has given his promised guidance on the morality of artificial contraception. He realized that his words would be a disappointment to many. He foresaw that they would create bitterness in those who had expected a different solution to this delicate problem. . . . While accepting it, we look forward to further pastoral guidance on the whole question of Christian family life." Archbishop John Murphy, of Cardiff: "It will be hailed as the Magna Carta not merely of all women but of all men and all children." Cardinal Bernard Alfrink, of Utrecht: "Encyclicals are statements of papal authority that one cannot ignore. Catholics must think this over in forming their consciences." Patrick Casey, Auxiliary Bishop and Vicar-General of Westminster: "We are rational beings; we are not animals; this is not the farmyard." Dom Sebastian Moore, of Downside Abbey: "A piece of reasoning that is odd in the extreme. . . . This extraordinary

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conclusion follows from a fallacious understanding of the concept of the natural law, which sees the will of God inscribed not just in man and his life taken as a whole but in the detail of physical process. This fallacy has been exposed and rejected by every Catholic thinker of any standing. . . . Who will not be struck by the difference in attitude between this encyclical and the decrees of the recent Council, the latter concerned with human life in all its complexity, the former content, at its crucial point, with a facile and exploded theory?" Father Anton Meinrad Meier, the Swiss moral theologian: "It subordinates common sense to biological laws and the magisterium [teaching authority] of the Church, and therefore contradicts itself." Monsignor George Schlichte, of the Seminary for Delayed Vocations, in Boston: "Neither Biblical, theological, nor truly historical." Cardinal Patrick O'Boyle, of Washington: "Follow the encyclical without equivocation, ambiguity, or dissimulation." Cardinal Julius Döpfner, of Munich: "The German bishops will study the text of the encyclical to see what help can be given to the faithful of Germany. But it will not be easy for priests to explain why the ban was renewed." Archbishop Thomas Roberts, S.J., formerly of Bombay, now resident in England: "In my long experience of life, I have found that the truth always comes out best by an overstatement by the other side. This is what has happened now. A storm has broken out, and it will grow." Archbishop Denis Hurley, of Durban (unlike most bishops, he is a theologian in his own right): "Acceptance [of the encyclical] is one of the most painful experiences of my life as a bishop." Father Hans Küng, of Tübingen University, in Germany: "The encyclical is not only not infallible, it is wrong."

The right of freedom of conscience, for both priests and laymen, has now become the chief issue arising out of the promulgation of the encyclical. Vatican II's statement on the subject could not be more clear-cut: "The Vatican Council professes its belief that it is upon the human conscience that these obligations [to seek the truth] fall and exert their binding force. . . . No one is to be forced to act in a manner contrary to his own beliefs, whether privately or publicly. . . . Man perceives and acknowledges the imperatives of divine law through the mediation of conscience. In all his activity a man is bound to follow his conscience in order that he may come

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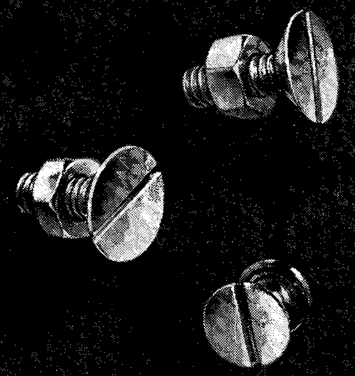

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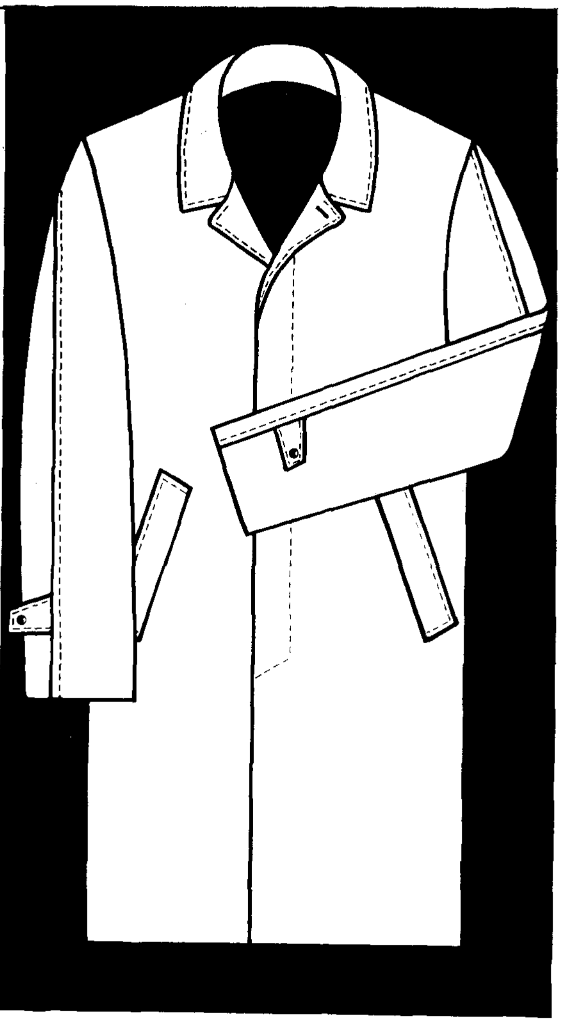
to God, the end and purpose of life. It follows that he is not to be forced to act in a manner contrary to his conscience." In their statements made as national hierarchies, the Canadian, Belgian, and German bishops showed the greatest consideration for the faithful's rights of conscience. The English hierarchy left it to be inferred that there are circumstances under which Catholics may allowably dissent from particular articles of the teaching of the encyclical. The most sophisticated declaration was that of the Italian bishops, who stressed the pastoral aspects of the encyclical, thus avoiding the need to discuss its doctrinal status. It is the American hierarchy that has taken the hardest line. In its statement, from which many individual bishops may have privately demurred, it endorsed the encyclical in full and directed that it must be obeyed to the letter. Four American prelates—McIntyre of Los Angeles, Krol of Philadelphia, Cody of Chicago, and O'Boyle of Washington—even undertook to journey here to profess their loyalty to the Pope, as if there might be some doubt about it. Pope Paul did not see them. The word is that they came to ask permission for the wholesale excommunication of dissenters, and were told to calm down. Since their return home, the most vociferous exponent of the hard line has been Cardinal O'Boyle, in whose diocese the Catholic University of America is situated. The style of his approach to dissenters has been likened to that of Mayor Daley at the Democratic National Convention. When Cardinal O'Boyle addressed the congregation in his cathedral to ask for support of the encyclical—as if it were the old days, when the faithful stood up to take a pledge for the Legion of Decency—many members of the congregation walked out. Admittedly, the burden is heavier for priests and teachers, who are subject to administrative pressures in their jobs, than it is for most of the laity, and if the Cardinal goes on at the present rate he may succeed in getting his clergy to walk out, too.

THERE is now little doubt among observers here that the issuance of "Humanae Vitae" is part of a campaign by Pope Paul against what he regards as the threat of neo-modernism in the Church today. On several occasions recently, he has been heard to say, "I am ready to face unpopularity, just as Pius X did when he suppressed modernism." Historians are generally agreed that the witch-hunting that



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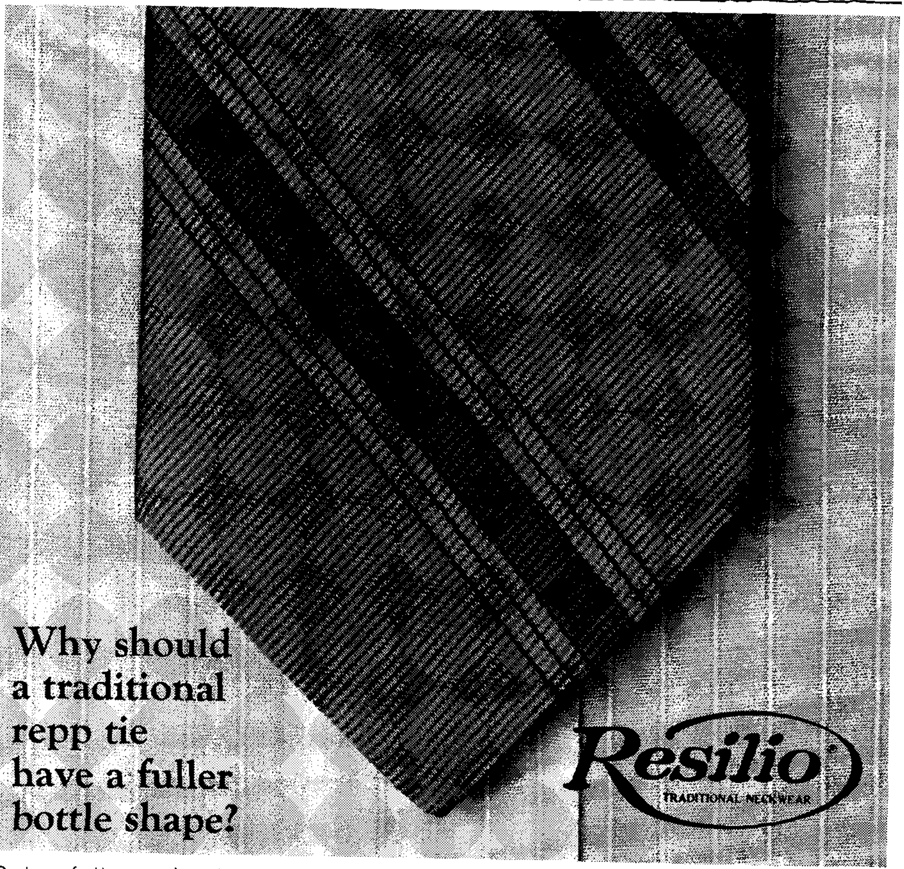

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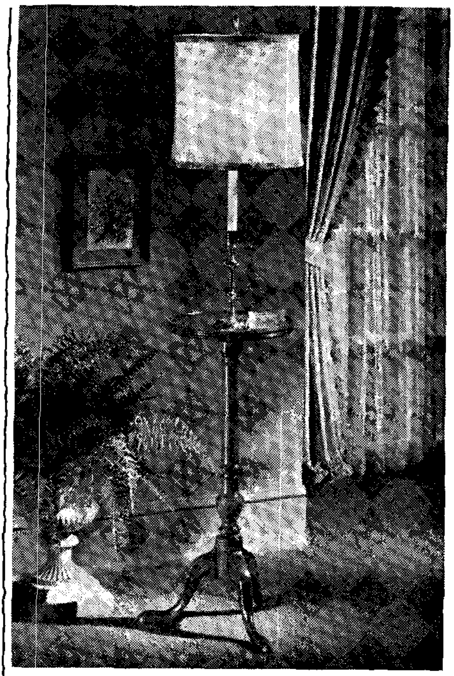
followed that operation, beginning in 1907, was a discredit to the Church. Besides the birth-control encyclical, there are other indications of Pope Paul's hardened attitude. In June, he issued a platitudinous doctrinal statement, which he called his Credo, in reply to a catechism published by the Dutch bishops. (He may publicly condemn the catechism unless revisions insisted on by Roman theologians are incorporated into the next edition.) Then he made a fear-laden speech at the Eucharistic Congress in Bogotá, backing away from the stand he had taken in his 1967 encyclical, "Populorum Progressio," in which he approved of recourse to revolutionary means in extreme situations of injustice. In the speech he also said, "The pastors of the Church [i.e., the bishops] . . . feel the instability that threatens us all," and "We share in your distress, brothers, and in your fear." Moreover, his remarks at recent general audiences have tended to be condemnatory. He has condemned modern films, modern music, the press, ecumenical "extremists," and theological avant-gardism. Despite Vatican II's promise of a more liberal era, the Doctrinal Congregation, with the Pope's approval, has been stepping up its condemnations of the writings of theologians.

The Pope is said to have on his desk drafts of a variety of encyclicals soon to be issued—on the magisterium of the Church, on the crisis of authority, on defections from the priesthood. He is known to be particularly upset by the freedom with which certain national hierarchies have interpreted his birth-control encyclical, and intends to issue a "Motu Proprio," or papal decree, limiting this sort of expression. In a speech here on October 14th he said, "Even some episcopal conferences themselves, on their own account, go beyond the proper limits." It is also known that he feels a sense of urgency because in four years he will be seventy-five. According to one report, Pope Paul, before his prostate surgery last year, wrote out in his own hand a letter of resignation, in which he said that if the operation were unsuccessful or resulted in a prolonged or incapacitating illness, he would "hand on" his powers to a cardinal to be designated by the Sacred College. He also stated his intention of resigning, regardless of the state of his health, when he reached seventy-five. Pope Paul's penchant for the symbolic gesture is well known, and rumors about his resignation first arose two years ago when he visited the castle at Fumone where St. Ce-



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lestine V—the only Pope in history to resign the office—ended his days in 1296. Those who have met Pope Paul recently report that he appears remarkably relaxed—he has a knack of putting people at their ease and of being warm in conversation. However, if the subject of his authority arises, his face and his mood change. The late Father Giulio Bevilacqua, an old friend who died shortly after the Pope made him a cardinal, wrote that whenever they were talking at table and he happened to mention the subject of the Pope's authority, Paul would not answer but would merely smile wanly. The Pope's notion of his own office, and of ecclesiastical authority in general, is even more rigorous than that of Pius XII. His sensitivity about his prerogatives as successor to St. Peter is repeatedly revealed. "Whom have you come to Rome to see?" he asks the pilgrims who flock here. "The Vicar of Christ! The successor of the Prince of the Apostles!" In speaking to the Latin-American prelates assembled at Bogotá, he referred to his authority as that of "him who by divine right possesses such a protected and awesome charism"—a phrase impossible to imagine on the lips of John XXIII. It is sometimes said that the difference between Pope John's attitude and Pope Paul's is this: John believed so firmly in the divine nature of the Church that he was anxious for everybody to embrace it and share in it; Paul is so deeply aware of its divine nature that he is afraid it may be contaminated.

It may well be that obsessive concern over the primacy of Peter and a desire to strengthen the authority of the papacy were what prompted Pope Paul to make an overhasty announcement that the bones of St. Peter had at last been identified. The announcement was received here with mixed feelings, in view of the conflicting opinions of archeologists. The Pope admitted that the evidence was not incontrovertible, and the circumstances surrounding the discovery of the bones unfortunately bear this out. Excavations beneath St. Peter's that were begun in 1940 turned up a vast Roman cemetery, over which the Emperor Constantine had built his original basilica—the predecessor of the present Renaissance building. Below the site of the main altar was found a gravelike hole marked by a funerary monument dating from the second century. This is in all probability the site of the actual tomb of Peter, according to the archeologists. However, the few human bones (not a complete skeleton)

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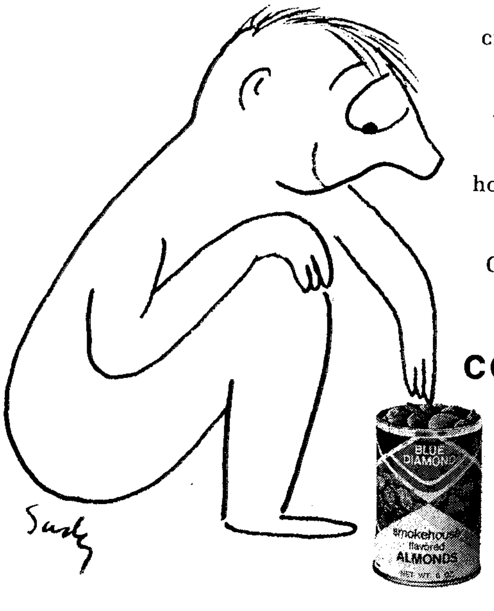

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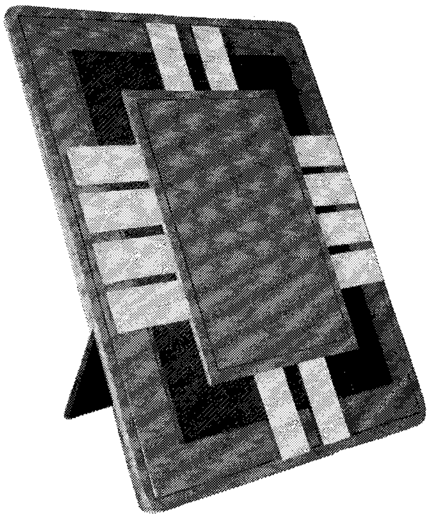

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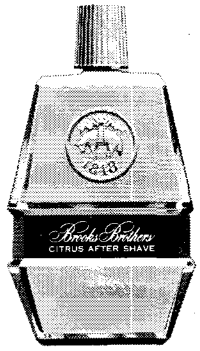
uncovered in the course of the diggings were mixed with the bones of fowl. (The early Christians were given to picnicking at burial sites.) The unprofessional handling of these skeletal remains by the late Monsignor Ludwig Kaas, one of the Vatican officials in charge, caused the archeologists on the job to conclude that it would be impossible to decide which bones belonged to whom. Since history has preserved no authentic details of St. Peter's stature or physical peculiarities, there is very little basis for determining which particular bones, if any, were actually part of his skeleton. Last June, despite the objections of experts within the Vatican itself, Pope Paul accepted the identification put forward by Professoressa Margherita Guarducci, who has worked at the site. Unfortunately, her work is that of an epigraphist, and her area of competence is largely limited to the inscriptions on tombs. It is she who decided that a particular set of bones were definitely those of Peter. Paul's acceptance of this evidence is as disturbing to ordinary Catholics as it is to the archeological experts. Since the primacy of Peter is well established, they wonder whether this announcement serves to bolster it. Pope Pius XII, in 1950, was far more prudent; he claimed that the tomb of the first Apostle had been found, but he admitted that the problem of identifying the actual bones was close to insoluble.

OBSERVERS here are coming to believe that "theologian" and "theology" are dangerous words. For example, it is known that heresy charges are being compiled by the Doctrinal Congregation, with the Pope's approval, against Fathers Edward Schillebeeckx, Dominique Chenu, and Hans Küng because of the theological opinions expressed in their recent writings. Father Schillebeeckx, the well-known Dutch theologian and author of many books, was approached by the papal pro-nuncio to Holland before the encyclical was issued, reportedly to get his approval of the text in advance. It was hinted that in return the heresy charges against him would be dropped. Schillebeeckx replied that he could give no answer without first reading the encyclical. When he did read it, he said no. The Doctrinal Congregation is now holding a "preliminary hearing," which may lead to a trial, and has appointed Karl Rahner, the noted German theologian, to defend Father Schillebeeckx. His bishop, Cardinal Alfrink, of Utrecht, when asked



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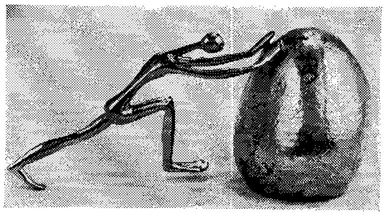

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if he knew anything about the charges against Father Schillebeeckx, said that he did not but that he was sure the theologian could successfully defend himself against the Doctrinal Congregation. Father Chenu, the French Dominican authority on Thomas Aquinas, has been forbidden by the Dominican Master General, in Rome, to give a lecture at a theological congress to be held next spring in Waltersberg, Germany. (Father Schillebeeckx, also a Dominican, has likewise been barred from addressing the congress.) Father Chenu is believed to be one of those whom the Pope condemned, without naming names, in his audience on September 18th, for taking part in intercommunion activity "not in accord with ecumenical principles." Father Chenu had done in Paris what Senator Robert Kennedy did in Washington when he received communion in a Baptist church as an act of solidarity with Negroes following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Father Küng, the outspoken young Swiss who is dean of the Catholic theological faculty at Tübingen University, recently compared the birth-control encyclical to the Galileo case. This imputation was indignantly rejected by *L'Osservatore Romano* as absurd. Pope Paul is worried about Küng's latest book on the theology of the Church. Entitled simply "The Church," it has three hundred and eighty-seven pages on the New Testament theology of the Church as a community, a hundred pages on the ministry of the Church, and only thirty-six pages on the papacy, which is disposed of almost as a footnote. Pope Paul ordered the Doctrinal Congregation to summon Father Küng to Rome for a talk about his book. To the astonishment of old Curial hands, Küng replied that he did not have time to visit Rome at the moment. He promised, however, to come later if a number of conditions were met—one being that he be shown in advance the dossier on him compiled by Cardinal Ottaviani. The Curia cannot silence the doughty young theologian, because his university is state-run. Moreover, he would be welcome at any number of Protestant universities if he ever ran out of Catholic schools at which to lecture—an unlikely eventuality.

THE substance of the Church's deposit of faith is one thing, Pope John said, "but the way it is expressed is another." This distinction between the truth and its formulation is anath-

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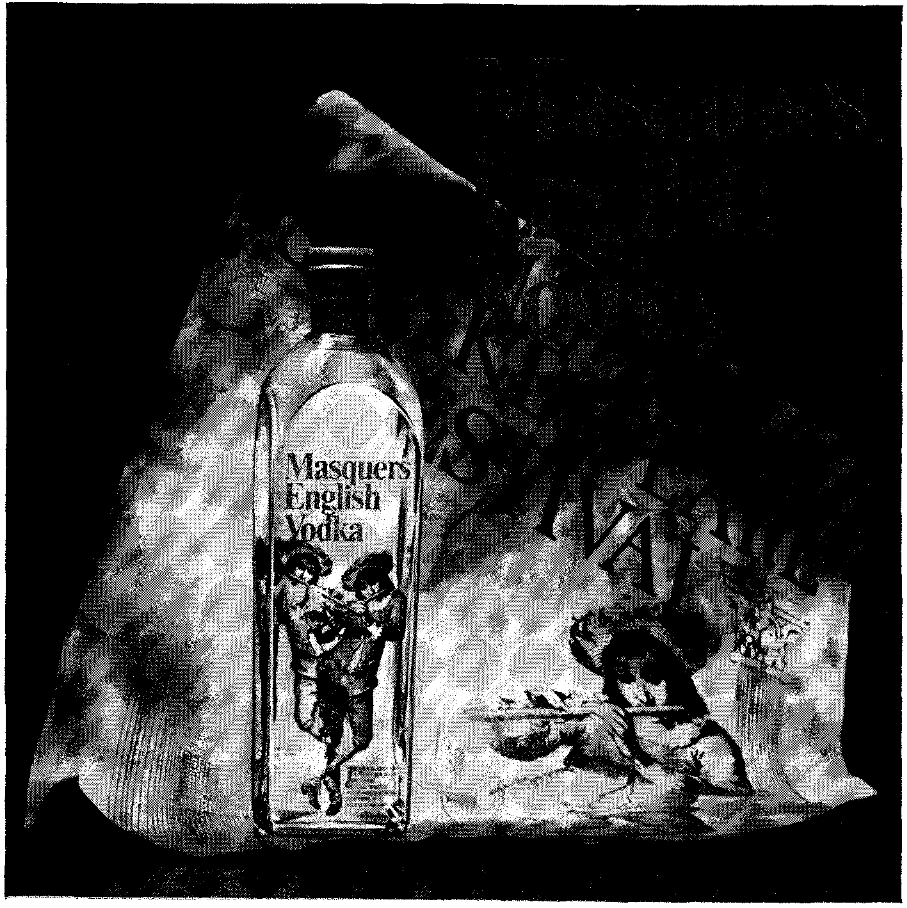

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ema to the Roman theologians with whom Pope Paul has now surrounded himself. They have rejected Pope John's call for the Church to understand the modern world as an attempt to "humanize" the Church and the Catholic faith, and to make them "worldly." Cardinal Michele Pellegrino, of Turin, one of the most progressive Italian prelates, in a recent article here entitled "What the Church Means and Does Not Mean by Change," defined the true nature of *aggiornamento* and criticized, without mentioning the Pope, what is now recognized as Paul's fear-ridden and backward-looking attitude. Another Italian progressive, Cardinal Giacomo Lercaro, speaking in the cathedral of Bologna as ex-archbishop of that city, scornfully referred to "those worried Christians" who "do not notice, or have not noticed, that if there is a crisis of faith in the Church today, it is a crisis of growth." Meanwhile, one can hardly overstate the seriousness of the theological crisis that the encyclical has stirred up. The unprecedented nature of the criticisms of Pope Paul, who up to now was considered progressive for carrying Vatican Council II to its conclusion after Pope John's death, is in itself sufficient to indicate this. A leading dogmatic theologian, Father George Tavard, whose books include the well-known "Holy Writ or Holy Church," has written an outspoken and penetrating critique of what he calls "the non-encyclical on birth control" for the *National Catholic Reporter*. In it he says, "It is within its own basic methodical assumptions that 'Humanae Vitae' does not make sense. I say this with all the greater sorrow, as I have until now considered Pope Paul as one of the most effective instruments of the needed reform of the Church. . . . This *non*-encyclical has plunged the Catholic world into unprecedented crises. . . . For the careful judgment of moral theologians cannot be disregarded, even by a Pope, without damage to the entire theological enterprise. . . . The days of pronouncements to which all the Church submits because they come from the Pope's office are over. The credibility of the Pope's ordinary magisterium has been immeasurably damaged."

Father Bernard Häring, of Rome, who has taught at Yale and Union Theological Seminary and is widely regarded as the leading moral theologian today, said in his article "The Encyclical Crisis," in *Commonweal*, "No papal teaching document has ever caused such an earthquake in the

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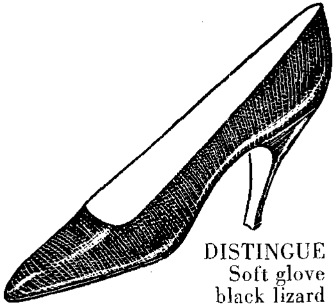

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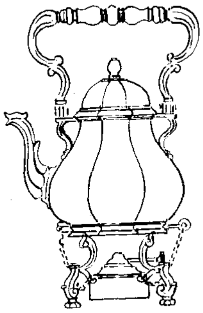

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Church as the encyclical 'Humanae Vitae.' . . . The document is regarded as a great victory by those groups who opposed the Council from beginning to end. . . . The day after the encyclical appeared . . . a priest came with the question whether he should not in honesty to his conscience give up his priestly ministry; he could not act in accordance with the encyclical." Father Häring then remarked, "If the Pope deserves admiration for the courage to follow his conscience and to do the most unpopular thing, all responsible men and women must show forth similar honesty and courage of conscience."

One of the most depressing aspects of the Pope's new hard-line policy is that it has been inspired and supported by the same group of Church officials who tried unsuccessfully to thwart the majority of the bishops at the Council. At their center, now as before, is Cardinal Ottaviani, seventy-eight, who is at his desk in the old Holy Office building every day, even though he resigned in January as head of the Doctrinal Congregation. Working closely with him are Cardinal Amleto Cicognani, eighty-five, Secretary of State, who has daily meetings with the Pope; Cardinal Ildebrando Antoniutti, seventy, head of the Congregation for Religious Orders; and two new cardinals, the Curia-trained Dino Staffa, sixty-two, and Pericle Felici, fifty-seven, who were rewarded with red hats for their services at the Council. In a recent interview in *De Tijd*, the Dutch national Catholic daily, Father Schillebeeckx said of this group, "In my opinion, Pope Paul has become a prisoner of five or six cardinals. Because of their one-sided information, he became convinced of the necessity of a hard line. Everybody knows who these cardinals are. They are really blind. They are the ones who are destroying the Church."

Earlier this summer, at the Liturgical Biblical Institute, in Canon City, Colorado, Father Häring made a fiery appeal to faithful Catholics to break through the small circle of Curial diehards who, he said, are destroying the Church by refusing to accept the changes wrought by the extraordinary magisterium of the Church—that is, the Pope and the bishops together at Vatican Council II. "The Pope must not let the Church fall into the hands of a small minority!" Father Häring cried. "It is for love of him that we have to cry now to the whole Church, *'Rescue the Pope!'* "

—XAVIER RYNNE

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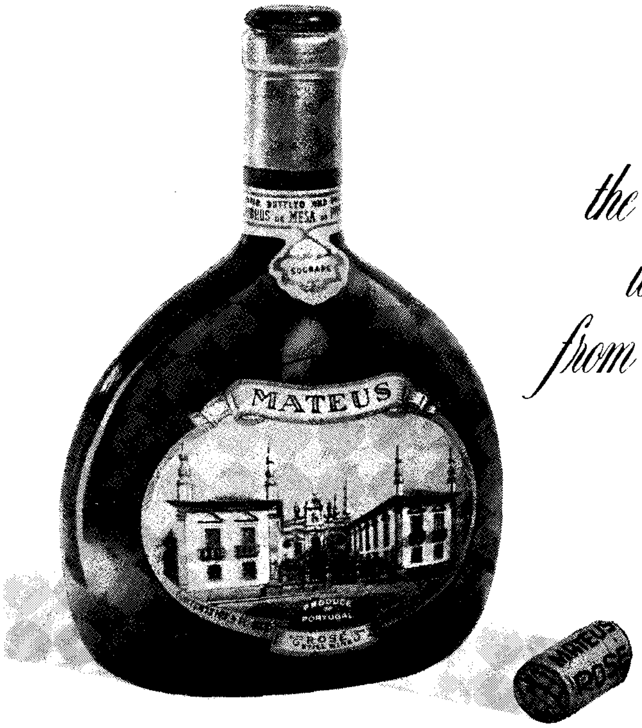

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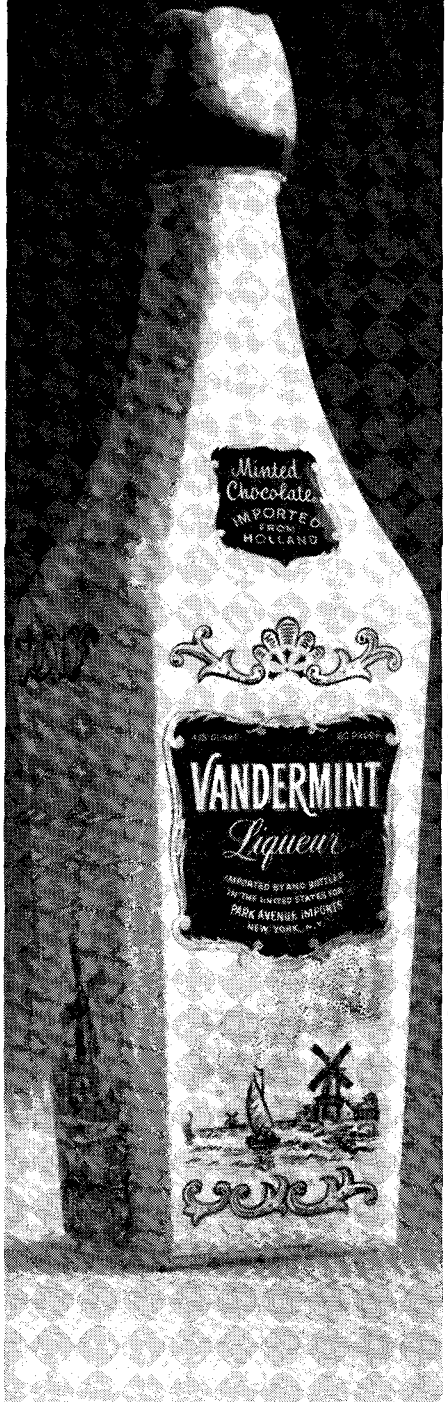
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Judith Shahn

T. JONES has edged into 697 Fifth Avenue, at 55th Street, because his shop at 15 West 57th will eventually be demolished (march of progress, or what passes for it). The one at 1050 Third Avenue, near 62nd, expects to survive. In these places we find double-breasted coats going over dresses whose above-the-waist bodices are cut on the bias and whose skirts are cut on the straight; mellow plaid worsted is the basis. The $255 total includes matching sashes *and* buckled belts. Stark but mannerly coat dresses of brown-and-white tweed are fitted with fence collars and full-moon hip pockets; just plain dresses of heavy wool crêpe in lilac look like Nehru jackets (there is to be no end of *that*) even though the buttons run across one shoulder. These last are $100—a figure more representative of T. Jones. Cocktails may be drunk in ensembles whose navy wool (into which high-relief daisies are woven), jacquard wool streaked with pink-mauve-and-red lightning (for a *real* Walpurgisnacht?), and Shocking-pink silk dotted with dusty-pink lozenges are made in Europe. The jackets are slightly fitted, with very thin half belts in back, and the dresses are sheath or princesse.

THE Portmanteau Shop, just a few months old, has settled in at 43 East 80th Street, and once again those D. D. & Leslie Tillett prints are in service. Nothing like them! Carp, strawberries, Queen Anne's lace, bees, butterflies, walnuts, and on and on. Sheer shantung is the stuff, and it makes shirts, shirtdresses, and shifts; $36 for a shirt, and only up to $90 for the longest dress. . . . I. Miller's Galleria, at 734 Fifth Avenue (57th Street), is importing, from the Republic of California, separates planned by the Beverly Hills General Store, which is still nineteenth-century country—a military slack suit, vests way down over the hips, frontier trousers, long, pleated culottes (the dance-hall influence), all of them handsome and expensive. (That slack suit is $215.) Gabardine, flannel, lightweight tweed, and heavy wool crêpe are the goods. . . . Latinas, at 769 Madison Avenue (66th Street), is a fountain of eternal youth—youth sizes 5 to 12, that is. The most expensive arrangement is a midi coachman's coat, at $200—heavy taupe gabardine engulfed by cuffs, lapels, and a collar all of beaver. Still, a midi ditto of gray flannel, outlined by thin red stitches at the Empire waist, is a slight $58. England, which invented rain, has sent over coats of beige rubberized cotton with Tattersall bodices, to say nothing of rain suits that concern below-the-waist capes of brown poplin lined with pile and flipping out over the skirts. Poplin in a beige-black-and-mustard check does the skirts. There are rain-defying kid boots from Italy, too; eighteen choices of hue, and $38 for any of them. . . . "Halston U. S. A. Boutique" is the legend over a corner in Bloomingdale's where Halston, now engaged in ready-to-wear hats, has moved in with shakos of brown or black curly

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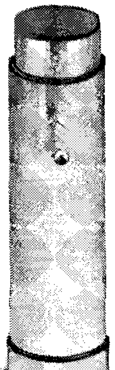
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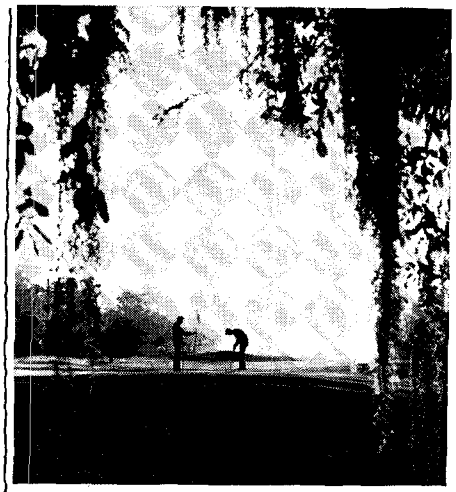
lamb and pixie hoods of red fox and caps of ranch mink, these last looking like hoods when they are tied under the chin and like toques when they are tied in back. If it *must* be a Nehru hat, try the ones of curly white lamb with black Dalmatian spots; no husband will borrow any of these to wear to the office. Prices begin at $20 for lamb and go to $140 for mink, and there are barrel and pillow muffs dripping tails (a rare sight these days) to travel with many of the hats. . . . Millinery is likewise the concern of Bonwit Teller's sixth-floor salon, and here are more Halstons—reproductions of the Tatar toque he did for Nureyev. Russian sable is the appropriate material, and the dangling tails and feet thereof keep the ears warm. Karenina hoods and Halston's becoming floppy berets are of the sable without the appendages. Busbies, too, are here, in black, brown, or white Persian lamb, and sailors' watch caps of white mink, these accompanied by slender boas, which do double duty when they are looped through the cuffed brims of the caps and thus converted into turbans. The range here: $200 to $750. . . . If it's not only head but toe that must be clad, a visit to Bendel's or Delman's, or both, can help. Bendel's Bottier has been rechristened Shoe Biz and staffed with ingénue types rather above the "Coffee, tea, or milk?" cut. The shoes may be ingénue types, too, at that—chunky gear, frequently from southern Europe or even Greece; i.e., high oxfords in natural cobraskin and fastening with buckles and straps of black calf; walking shoes, not far away from sabots, in black or brown calf with (at the vamps) fold-over tabs latched down by gold-metal garter clasps or with two giant discs of make-believe amber joined by gold-metal rings; slender pumps in black, brown, or ruby velvet with detachable Maltese crosses (you get your own Maltese falcon for your wrist); step-in shoes in burgundy calf with pointed tongues that rise well up on the insteps; boots in brown or black snakeskin with chains of ersatz amber to nip them in at the ankles. Delman's party pumps wear well-rounded toes and fairly thick heels two or three inches high. (Some were made by Christian Dior, the George Plimpton of the fashion world.) Such as velvet pumps in any of half a dozen hues, with nine vertical rows of infinitesimal baguette rhinestones glistening over the satin tongues or huge round buckles of rhinestones with a barely legible C. D. monogram inside on the toes, plus D'Orsay pumps, a Delman specialization, of pressed lustre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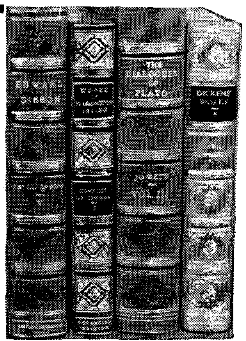
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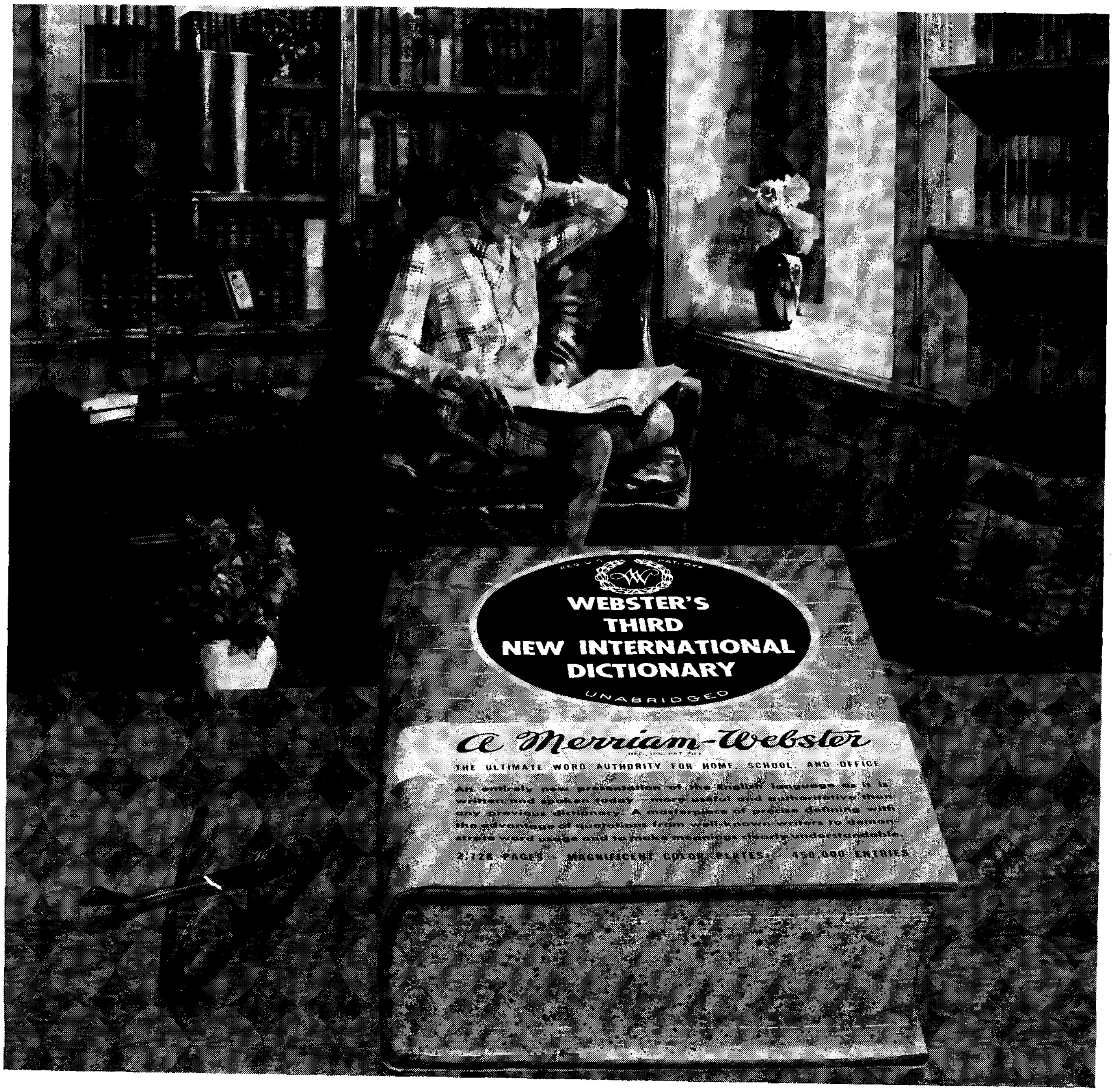
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calf (looks like ponyskin) with sprawling satin bows at the throat. . . . On Bonwit's ninth floor is Cardin Kids, a boutique full of clothes for boys of up to eight and girls of up to ten. Many of them have a family resemblance to the wardrobes of Papa and Mama. The girls get coats of elephant-gray suède lined with shearling, and they had best be good girls at the price—$190. The boys get jackets of black calf with a bordering of burgundy calf and green suède at the openings. Long trousers of the calf are part and parcel. Boys' suits of tweed in a brown-black-and-white Glen plaid look remarkably grown-up, and the sleeveless A-line dresses of teal suède and the dresses of black velvet (special-occasion dresses, these) make the girls look the same. —M. M.

•

Section 1. The act of June 24, 1939 (P. L. 872), known as "The Penal Code," is amended by adding after section 1109 a new section to read:

Section 1109.1. Lack of Notice to Victim.—It shall be unlawful for any person who intends to commit a crime under the penal laws of this State against the person or property of another to commit such crime without first notifying such other person of his intent to commit such crime. Such notice may be oral or in writing, must state the nature of the crime to be committed, the time and place such crime is to be committed and must further state and advise the intended victim of his rights under the Constitution of the United States and of this State to obtain protection or to protect himself against such contemplated violation of his constitutional rights and of his rights in his person and property as he is about to violate. Such notice shall be given timely and shall not be considered timely unless given a sufficient length of time in advance of the contemplated act so as to allow the intended victim to fully apprise himself of his constitutional rights. Any person who violates the provisions of this section, in addition to being subject to the fines and penalties provided for the crime actually committed, shall also be guilty of a separate and distinct crime under this section, the punishment for which shall be the highest fine and punishment provided by this act for the crime actually committed.

Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately.—*Senate Bill No. 1402, General Assembly of Pennsylvania, 1968 session.*

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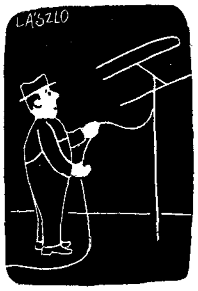
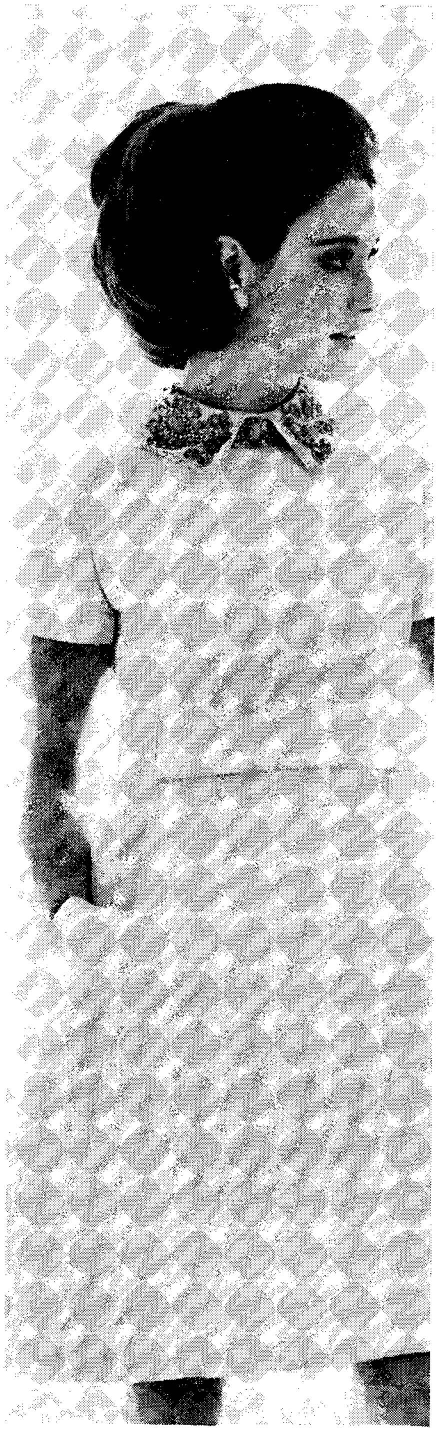
THE AIR

The Networks Sit This One Out. The Band Plays On Anyway. Guess Who Gets Stuck.

POOR Desmond is having a hard time of it this fall, being so let down, and all, by the American political process. Desmond is normally so cheery and serious about politics. That great, marvellous pink face, those fine, stern, Protestant eyes beaming out at eleven-thirty at night from some nice soft circle of warm little Pucci bodies. "Well, as I see it, Kennedy's only option is . . ." Or "Granted the Oregon primary is important, but the key test is . . ." Or "Where Rockefeller made his big mistake was . . ." Desmond was always so beautiful about politics. "I mean, it's the only serious thing," he used to say, looking very stern and sexy. "I mean, it's what it's all about, isn't it?" Desmond once hauled me halfway down East Fifty-seventh Street because he thought he saw Ted Sorensen going into an art gallery. Desmond once spent seven consecutive hours eyeball to eyeball with the most glorious Swedish girl in Nantucket telling her what Governor Rhodes was about or not about to do. Or say. Or something. And now poor Desmond— Well, I saw him just the other day sort of sneaking out of a little Italian gentlemen's froufrou shop off Park Avenue, Desmond taking a very long lunch hour in order to pick up a couple of those pinky-pink shirts he is allowed by his firm to wear in the evening, Desmond looking really quite like himself until he saw me. "Isn't it so awful?" he said, staring sternly and sexily over my right shoulder. "Isn't this election the absolute end? I mean, isn't it the most depressing thing that has ever happened? Sometimes I think of just moving to Canada." And so forth. Desmond told me he had just seen Humphrey on television. "It was embarrassing," said Desmond. "Just plain embarrassing. I mean, this interviewer asked him what he thought he might do if he wasn't elected, and the Humph pondered the question for a few thoughtful moments and then said he had been giving a lot of thought to the teaching profession. The teaching profession! I ask you! Our next President?" Desmond was standing there on the corner of Fifty-eighth Street and Park Avenue with a little bundle of pinky-pink shirts under his arm, and he was falling all to pieces. "I can't vote for Nixon," said Desmond wanly. "I mean, how can I vote for Nixon, although Lem Braddock made what I think is a very interesting point about how the positive thing if Nixon gets in *will* be the rebuilding of the Republican Party as a—you know—really viable political force." Saying "viable political force" clearly made Desmond feel better, and he smiled for a moment. "But I can't vote for Nixon. And Humphrey— Well, Jesus, I mean, he was this swell mayor of Minneapolis back in 1776, but he's headed in the wrong direction. And he talks so much. He's the old politics anyway. How can you vote for the old politics after everything that's happened in—um—Chicago? The only positive thing I can see happening is if you just let Nixon take it, then the Democratic Party will have to rebuild itself into a truly viable political force." That thought seemed to please Desmond—at least, for a second or two—but then he looked very glum again and shook his head and walked away, carrying his pinky-pink shirts back to the Estates & Trusts Division.



Poor Desmond. Poor everybody. Ah, me. I have never known so many intelligent-thoughtful-sensitive persons to be so freaked out by an election. A little stir about Wallace. But never mind, really, about Wallace. Never mind about anybody. All the happy boys and girls of yesteryear are now sad boys and girls and are freaked out by the election and what will become of us all anyway, and, by the way, did you see the finals of the sixteen-hundred-metre relay the other evening on TV? The way Lee Evans took the baton on the last pass and just stomped his way around the track? None of this graceful gliding—just stomped around a quarter mile of track as if it were a sixty-yard dash. And big, smiley Dick Fosbury flip-flopping back up and up and up over the high-jump bar. And all those damned swimmers churning about in the pool—although it is hard, I guess, to get terribly lathered up about swimming. It is nice in New York this time of year. Things hum. The air is cool, seems clean. Galleries open. The Rauschenberg thing is at the Modern. Some movies. "The Great White Hope." Some parties. Journalists argu-



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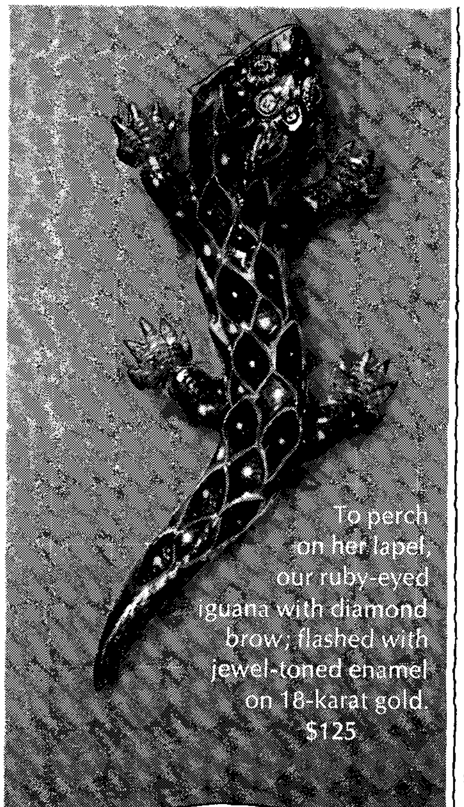
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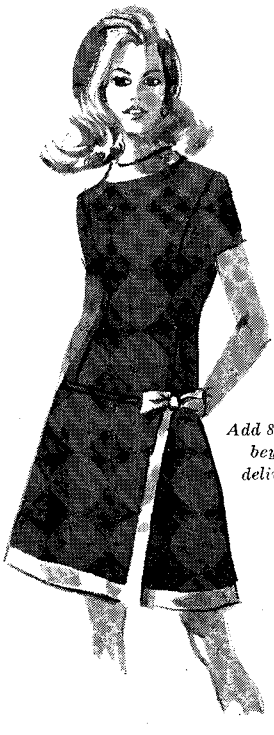
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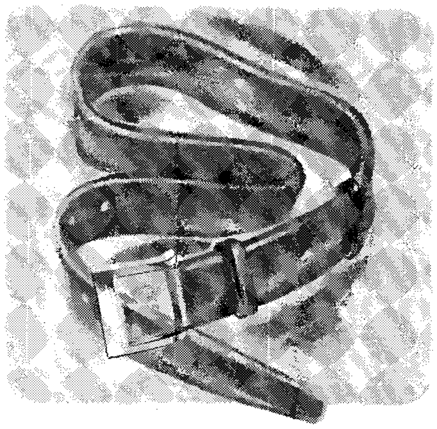
ing beneath crystal chandeliers. Booze. This gorgeous girl in a silver-lamé Girl Scout uniform. The other evening, home, back home, slippers and pipe and Rover by the fire, the Bill Blass thing hung safely up, the dear old telly humming along—the news. The Humph in Texas, or somewhere. About a minute. He says a few words about training policemen. Dick Nixon in Ohio—oh, he looks very happy, does a lot of waving, says something about the peace talks. He says the Humph is messing around with the peace talks. There are a few minutes on Vietnam, wherever that is. The New York teachers' strike. Five minutes on the teachers' strike. Something in St. Louis. In Chicago—an art-exhibition opening. Sports. All those damned swimmers again. Mark Spitz gets beaten. You know, it is not a very original thought I write out here, or one that it does much good to say aloud, or even to oneself, but there is something just very dumb happening in this country these days (something that results, anyway, in an awful lot of erstwhile serious people finding themselves in the position of being "let down" and "disappointed" by circumstances and events), and television, I think, does us—has done us, but especially *does* us—an immense disservice by refusing to come to grips with it. By refusing to come to grips with the life of the nation as it is right now. By refusing to come to grips with the elements of this Presidential campaign. I grant you there have been appearances by Spiro Agnew and Edmund Muskie and General LeMay on those Sunday-interview things such as "Meet the Press." I grant you that there have been one or two special things, such as C.B.S.'s new once-a-week magazine-of-the-air business called "60 Minutes," devoting fifteen minutes or so to interviews of Wallace and Humphrey. That's O.K. There have been some things that were O.K. But, for God's sake, the principal "information" about political candidates beamed out over the public airwaves this fall has been in the form of those miserable little political ads. The great, mighty commercial networks, in their august respectability, don't seem to have any trouble deciding whether or not to allow some idiot comic to use the word "damn," or deciding whether or not we should be protected from truss ads or the sight of naked bodies on the home screen, but when it comes to accepting the fact of their own willy-nilly participation in the "elective process" of a campaign, to accepting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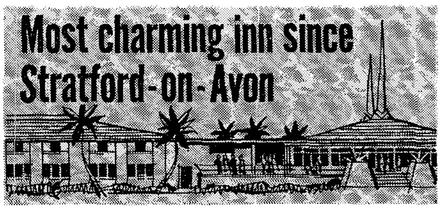
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the fact that what people primarily know of their candidates now is through paid political advertising, to accepting the fact that people think they know something of a candidate because of what they see on an eighty-second news clip, because of *anything* they see on an eighty-second news clip—when it comes to accepting responsibility for this sort of participation, they seem to pull the damn covers up over their heads and pretend they are doing the best they can in an imperfect world, and, anyway, it is not their business.

The whole matter of a debate between Humphrey and Nixon is a case in point. What is this thing about debate and equal time anyway? The Kennedy-Nixon debates of 1960, the great debates, the classic TV debates, weren't debates at all. The two candidates were dragged together and then they mostly answered questions posed by newsmen. The notion that Section 315 of the Communications Act prevents a side-by-side treatment of, or interview of, or discussion with, the two major candidates is a lot of nonsense. It does, in its present form, prevent a true debate in the manner of, say, the Dewey-Stassen debate in 1948. But it sure as hell doesn't prevent a more useful treatment of the two candidates than has so far been provided. Granted, Nixon hasn't wanted to debate—and has been agreeable (through the Republican leaders in Congress) to overriding the public's "right to information" in this matter while at the same time being pleased to use the public airwaves (currently leased to business corporations) for the purpose of advertising himself in commercials that are frequently couched as "news" or "information." Granted, maybe Humphrey (who also advertises) wants too much to debate. But the fact is, it makes a difference who is President of this country. It may be a banal thing to say, but it makes a difference who is President of this country in these years and that we have some true knowledge of why we choose him. And it seems bloody awful to have a bland, numbed, unknowing nation now electing a leader in the face of a sort of silent, helpless shrug from the people who are in a position to give us knowledge about such things—in a position to make even dispiriting situations real, and thereby meaningful. It seems nearly criminal that television should be so silent about this election. Admittedly, it is a boring campaign. Admittedly, the two main candidates are neither of them resplendent Caesars. But it is

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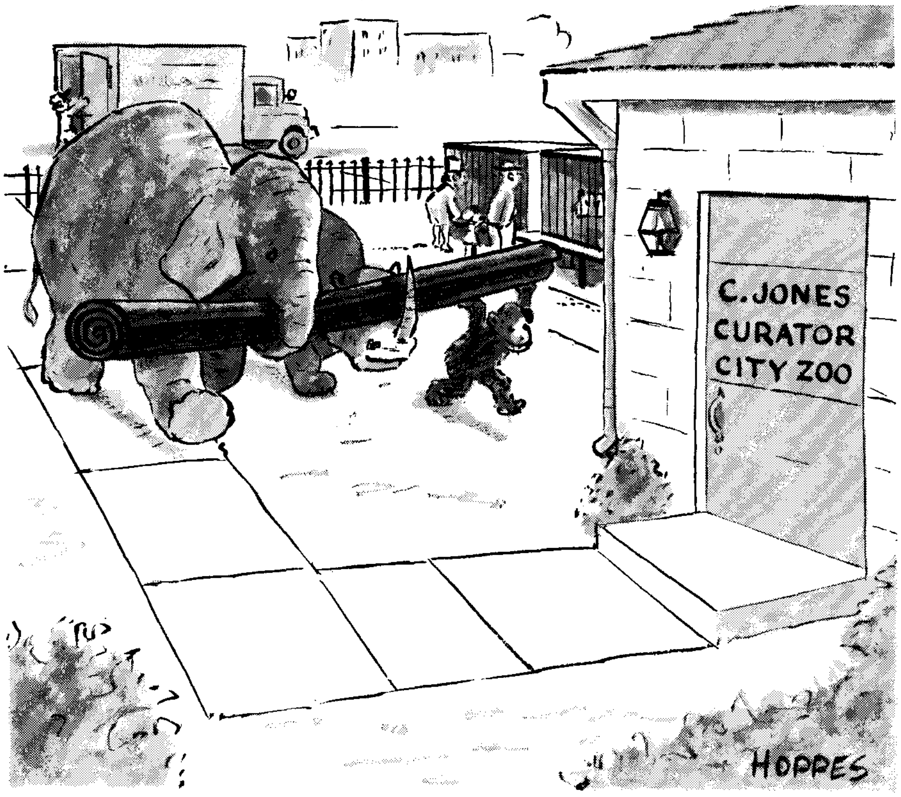

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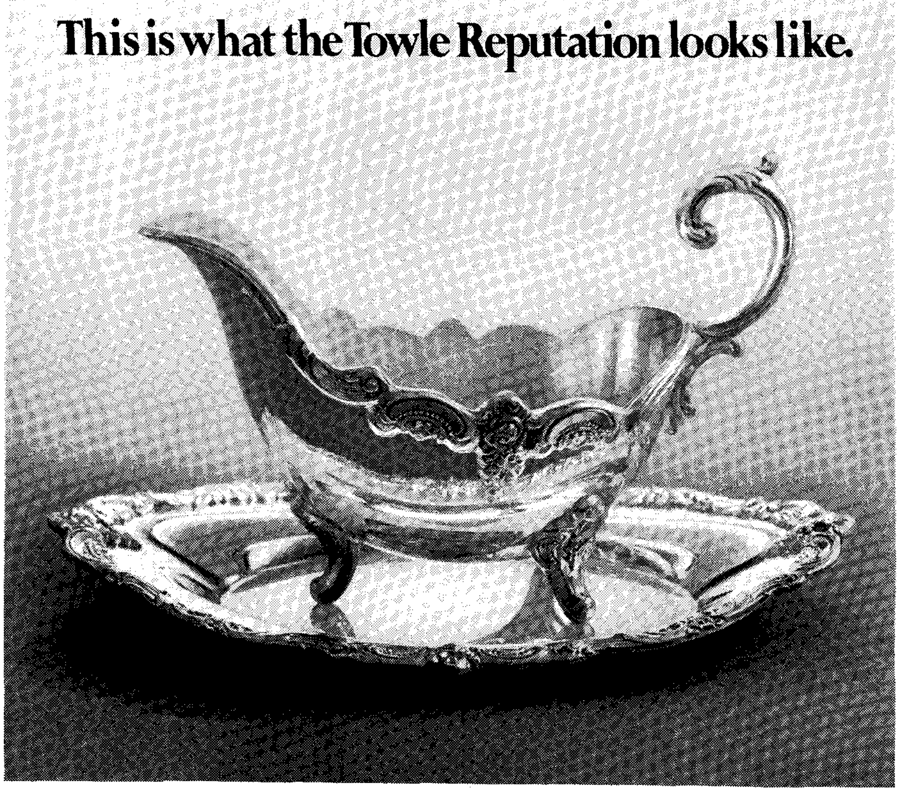

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one thing, it seems to me, for the likes of poor Desmond to be moaning along about how awful and boring everything is, and how he won't vote, or will go to Canada, or will register a protest vote for Eldridge Cleaver, or whatever it is he is moaning along about, and it is quite another thing for C.B.S. and N.B.C. and A.B.C. to be doing the same thing. They damned well haven't the right to duck out of this one just because it isn't great and classic and exciting and sexy. There are these several men running for President, President of this superpower—the hand on the button, the finger on the defense contracts, the thumb on the ghettos, the fist on the cities, all that stuff. Three men—two men, really—and we know damn near nothing about them except the clichés, except what they give us. It's absolutely crazy, in a way. We know next to nothing about them from television except what they have told us themselves, by means of these ads that they have paid the communications corporations to run, and except for the one- and two-minute film clips on the evening news shows, which tell us that Humphrey was in Texas and Nixon in Ohio, and present such brief, simplistic passages of speeches (already simplistic in intent) as to be virtually useless. If this is communications, if this is communicating with a regard for the public interest, it's just been nowhere near good enough. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

THE MYSTERIOUS NORTH

[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

Dr. Morton Shulman (NDP, High Park) told of having a meal with a friend from the United States who was served a drink and then told the waitress he did not want any food. The waitress said if he did not have dinner, she would have to call the police.

Dr. Shulman said a policeman was called but took no action because he could not think of a charge to lay. (Some licenses require food to be served only with meals.)

•

> Although there were scattered demands in the Senate that Fortas resign from the bench, he said in his letter to Mr. Johnson that he will be on hand to participate in the court's work when it opens its new term on Monday.
>
> Senators began immediate speculation whether Mr. Johnson would submit another via the tunnel from New Jersey.
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> —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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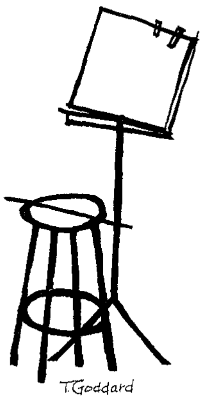
MUSICAL EVENTS

To Paint the Lily

LAST Tuesday night's performance of "The Barber of Seville" by the New York City Opera at the State Theatre was seriously afflicted with a case of embellishmentitis. The reason was respectable—a desire to present the opera more or less as it was done in Rossini's day, or shortly thereafter. Despite the fact that embellishments come and go (singers use them to excess in order to demonstrate their vocal powers, and then comes a period of reaction, in which composers denounce the practice as an insult to their music), the experiment might have been an interesting one. It all started, apparently, when Patricia Brooks, the Rosina of the evening, came in contact with a scholar named Randolph Mickelson, who suggested the idea, and added that he knew exactly what embellishments were used by such singers as Jenny Lind, Maria Malibran, Nellie Melba, and Manuel Garcia—on what evidence is slightly unclear. Mr. Mickelson thought that it would be just fine if Miss Brooks used the soprano embellishments and thus taught us a lesson in vocal history. Now, it is true that the era of *bel canto*, to which Rossini belonged, was one that gloried in embellishments. But they were something that each singer invented for himself to show off his own particular vocal powers. One singer's *fioritura* was never used by another. Some singers specialized in rapid scale passages, others in roulades, trills, and added high notes, and most, of course, tried combinations of these ornaments that were specially suited to their voices. Even if Mr. Mickelson's data about how Lind, Malibran, Melba, and Garcia sang are absolutely exact, it would be preposterous for Miss Brooks to sing precisely as *they* did. She should have invented her own *fioritura* to suit *her* particular voice.



Considering the conditions of the performance, Miss Brooks sang all the other people's *fioritura* with a remarkable display of agility and accuracy. And Enrico DiGiuseppe can hardly be blamed if the *fioritura* he sang as Count Almaviva—presumably based on Garcia's—was sometimes a little off the mark. Certainly, the performance afforded an interesting restoration of the styles of various historical figures. But embellishments—as Gluck, Wagner, and others have pointed out—can go too far. They were so intricate the other night that I began to miss the clean lines of Rossini's melodies altogether, and though my admiration for Miss Brooks' acrobatics was profound, I was not really enjoying the evening as I should have enjoyed it. Music was being replaced by athletics. I am told that after the performance Julius Rudel, the director of the company, took a rather unenthusiastic view of these goings on and decided that in future performances most of this historical *fioritura* will be eliminated. In other respects, it was a pleasant evening, though the direction of David Bamberger seemed to me at times a bit coy. Spiro Malas proved to be a good though much too youthful-looking Dr. Bartolo; Robert Hale was the Basilio, Beverly Evans the Berta, Roberto Banuelas the Fiorello, and Don Yule the Police Officer. Miss Brooks and Mr. Banuelas were appearing in their roles for the first time here. The Figaro was Dominic Cossa, who can always be counted on for beautiful vocal tone and who acted acceptably within the frame of Mr. Bamberger's staging. Samuel Krachmalnick conducted with authority and provided a generally steadying influence.

LAST Wednesday night, the admirable pianist Beveridge Webster opened a series of three recitals in Town Hall, during which he is to play all the piano music of Claude Debussy. This is apparently the first time such a series has ever been projected in New York, and there is reason to believe that most musicians consider Debussy too specialized a composer for such treatment. Mr. Webster set himself squarely against this prevailing belief, and his first program tended to demonstrate that there is plenty of contrast in Debussy's music and that this contrast can be emphasized. In general, Mr. Webster's performances were robust and masculine rather than precious, and his program, like the other ones promised for the series, offered a cross-section of the composer's style comprehending nearly his whole period of creative activity. Mr. Webster is a scrupulous and intelligent artist, and

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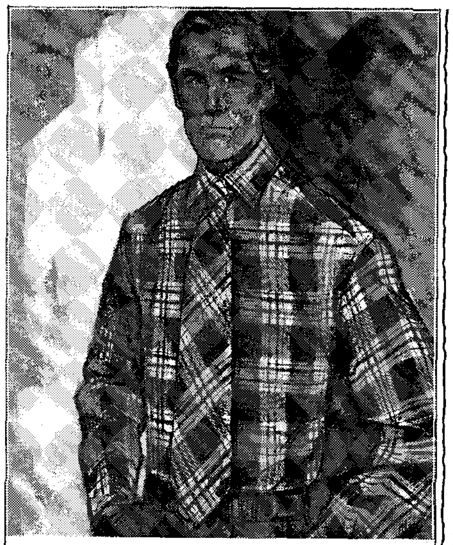

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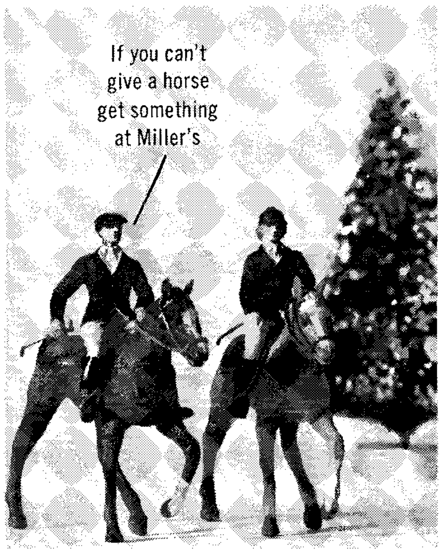
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his readings almost convinced me that Debussy is a fit subject for the wholesale treatment the series entails. Not quite. For by the end of the evening I found myself surfeited with the Debussy style. On the other hand, it was interesting to note the variety of the composer's musical language and the relatively rare appearance of the whole-tone scale and whole-tone harmonic combinations with which his name has been so frequently associated. For example, in the "Suite Bergamasque," an early work, there are no whole-tone constructions at all, and in the celebrated "Claire de Lune" there is a use of chromatic chords and melodic idioms that curiously recall the Puccini of "La Bohème," an opera that was written at approximately the same time. The "Bruyères" Prélude from the Douze Préludes (Book II) likewise has the flavor of Puccini, who had by this time (1910-13) also written "Tosca" and "Madame Butterfly." No doubt Debussy was unconscious of the resemblance, but the impression remains that whenever he chose to write pure diatonic melody, it was apt to come out very much in the Puccini idiom. Elsewhere in the second book of Préludes, Debussy flirts with atonality—or with tonal ambiguity, which amounts to the same thing—and depends on the splashing, tinkling, and gushing effects the piano keyboard makes possible. The later Six Études (Book I, 1915-) are more austere and inexpressive, perhaps because they were literally intended as study pieces. The program ended with a Nocturne written in 1890, "Masques" (1904), "Berceuse Héroïque" (1914), and "L'Isle Joyeuse" (1904). Altogether, it was an instructive evening as well as one of first-rate pianism. The succeeding programs can be looked forward to with great interest.

LAST Saturday night, I made my way to the Whitman Auditorium, on the Brooklyn College campus, to hear a new opera, based on a play by Ferenc Molnár called "The Scarlet Mill." The opera, which has the same title, is by Eugene Zádor, a Hungarian-American composer long resident in Hollywood, and it was being presented by the Brooklyn College Opera Theatre. Its libretto has been put together by George Jellinek. It is a sort of morality play. The action takes place in Hell, where a "Professor," Hell's resident genius, has created a contraption that is said to be capable of corrupting the most virtuous of men in a mere hour of processing. The Devil is naturally de-

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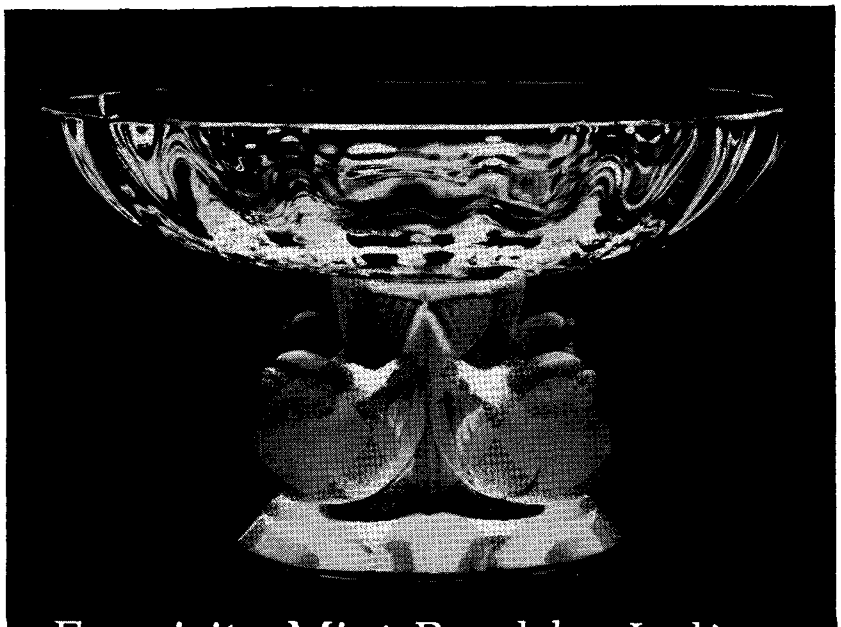
lighted, and is eager to see the machine in action. How to find a virtuous man? Well, there is considerable trouble. A virtuous schoolteacher is tested (here some laughter broke out in the audience, inspired, no doubt, by the school strike) and found wanting. A politician is observed but quickly discarded, and a postal worker who is a slave to his bureaucratic duties and a devotee of "law and order" is likewise thrown out. Finally, Hell's periscope focusses on a young peasant named Janos. Janos loves his wife and his friends, he is pious, and he writes letters to his poor old mother. Obviously, he is the ideal subject. So they bring him to Hell and put him in the machine. At first it works. Janos is seduced by one of the Professor's puppets, a cabaret-singer type named Mara; he is tempted with jewels and takes up gambling in order to buy them for her ("SIN," an electric sign flashes above the stage). Then Mara's husband turns up and not only agrees to Janos's affair with his wife in a quite debonair manner but offers to invest Janos's money in the stock market ("SIN," the sign barks again—usury this time, doubtless). After that, Janos is tempted by power—political office—and accepts. He renounces his wife and marries Mara; his wife comes to plead with him, but he refuses to accept her (more "SIN"). He takes to drink, and as he is recovering from a drunken sleep he hears Mara and her husband plotting to get rid of him. He first decides to shoot Mara, then forgives her. This causes vast consternation in Hell, and Janos is shipped upstairs again, where he finds his real wife and thinks that it was all a dream. Mr. Zádor's music is idiomatically Hungarian, well orchestrated (with zimbalon, vibraphone, and keyed theremin, in addition to the standard orchestra), and quite singable. The student production was earnest but scarcely adequate. With



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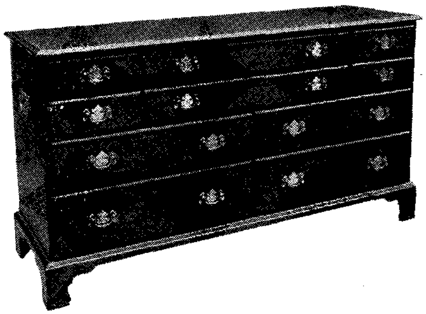

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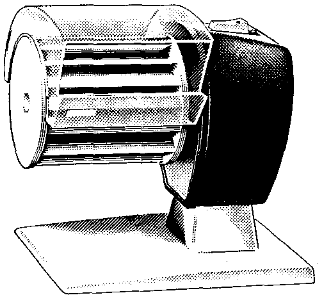

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superior resources, "The Scarlet Mill" might easily take a respectable place among contemporary operas. It made, at any rate, an agreeable evening's entertainment. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERTS: ROCK, ETC.

The Scene, 1968

SAN FRANCISCO

I HAD been in San Francisco a week, was preparing to visit the new Fillmore West for the third time, and asked a friend from East Bay to come along. He wasn't really in the mood, but he had a hard time saying no. "I feel as if I ought to go," he said. "As if it's *culture*." I'd been experiencing a similar sense of obligation but dismissing it as a rather banal occupational disease. Yet, after all, it's just a matter of degree: I'm *not* an art critic, but if I went to Florence I'd feel duty-bound to see a lot of paintings. Rock and roll was the lazy man's music. Who worked at liking Little Richard? You dug him or you didn't. I hadn't quite realized how much things had changed until I found myself going to concerts here and in Berkeley (a) to pay my respects to the cultural capital of white pop music, (b) to gain insight into what the new groups were doing, and (c) to see Steve Miller live, because I was afraid I had misjudged his first album (he turned out to be as bad as I thought—third-rate honky-tonk with a fuzztone—but then the night I was there he had to cope with a bum sound system and was without his rhythm guitarist). The only group I went to see for its own beautiful sake was the Grateful Dead.

Even now there is more and better music going on here than anywhere else in the country. The Bay Area has long been an amazing reservoir of musicians. In 1964, they were sitting around the Berkeley campus playing for fun. Now, apparently, they've all joined rock groups. In the past week or so, at least fifteen local bands, most of them completely unknown elsewhere, have performed at the Fillmore West, the Avalon, the Oakland Coliseum, the Berkeley Community Theatre, and various clubs; of those I've seen, the worst are well above the level of the average third-billed act at the Fillmore East, and the best need only practice, good advice, and luck to be really great. But, for all this talent, the cultural capital is not what it was when the earliest groups were defining a new consciousness. Such intensity is always difficult to sustain, and the circumstances have not been favor-

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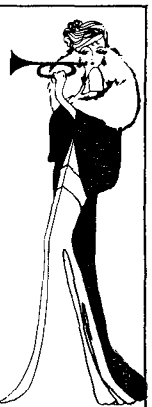

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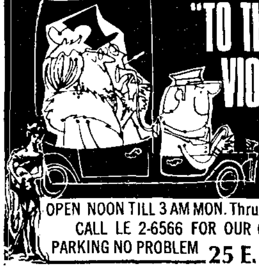

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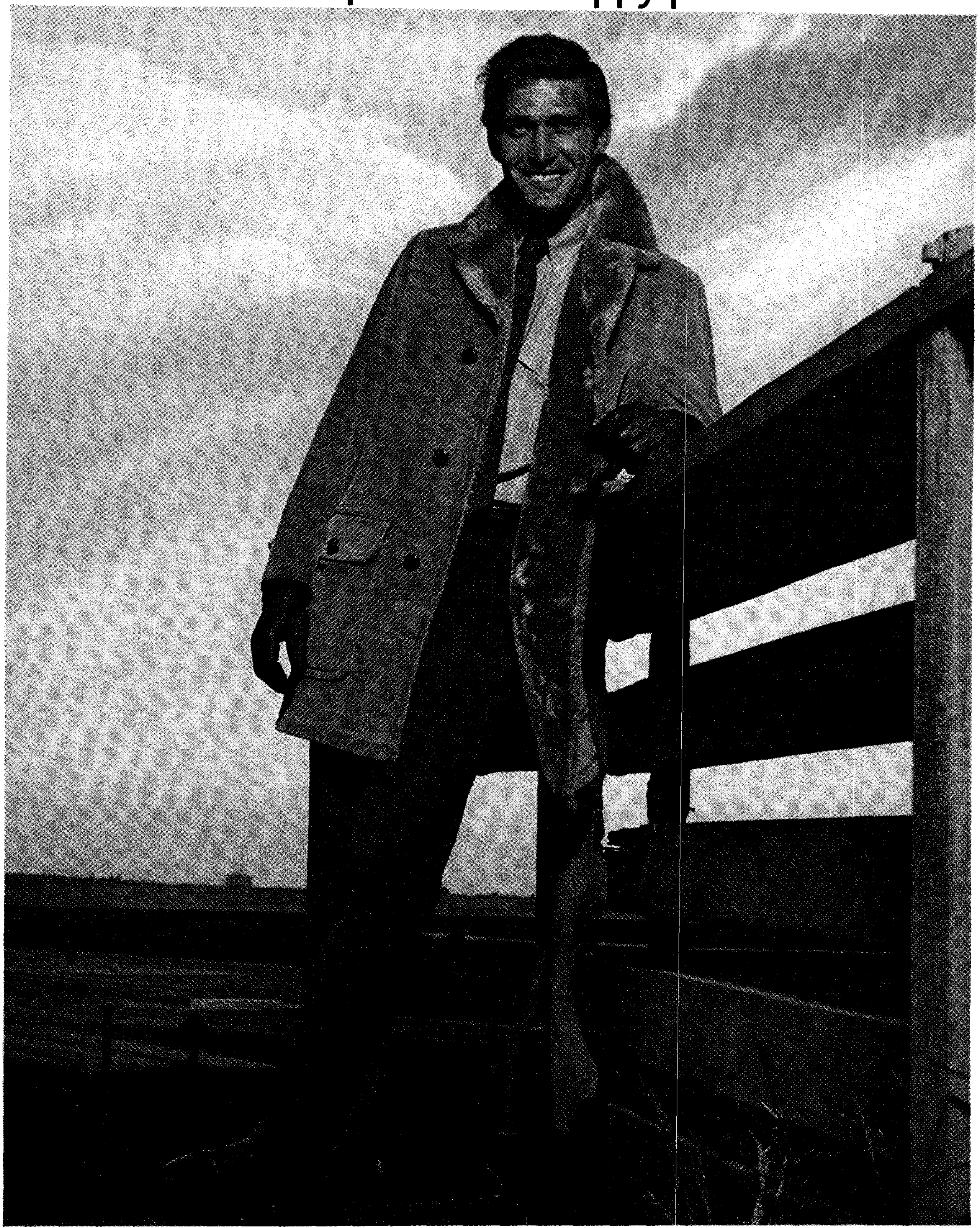

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able. Haight-Ashbury has passed to the hoodlums and the meth addicts, the growing political urgency has made music seem less important, and the media, after publicizing the scene to death, have lost interest in it, which is even worse. It may be that the mystique of community that characterized San Francisco rock was based at least partly on wishful thinking; Grace Slick was never exactly the hippie next door. Yet for me and a great many other people, in and out of San Francisco, it was very exciting, and I am not happy to see it replaced by what amounts to a mystique of musicianship—a reverence of the sort that makes entertainment "culture." This attitude has its roots in the increasing conversion of white rock from a vocal into a primarily instrumental music—a trend that originated in San Francisco, though it is by no means confined here. (Eric Clapton has said that Cream uses a voice as just another instrument; Ten Years After, the best of the English blues bands, appears to have the same philosophy.) The most striking casualty of this development has been the eclectic sensory experience that dance floors and light shows were set up to provide. At the Fillmore West, almost everyone sits on the floor and watches—one scarcely visible corner is reserved for dancing, as if on principle, just as so many of the groups offer token vocals on principle—and the light show has become an unobtrusive backdrop. The audience wants to concentrate on what the performers are doing with their instruments.

The best and most polished group I've seen here, It's a Beautiful Day, is totally involved with instrumentation. Not one of its six members—four men and two girls—can sing rock. They lack the basic prerequisites of volume and enthusiasm—especially the lead singer, who also plays the violin. But they are excellent musicians (except for one of the girls, whose function is obscure; she shakes a tambourine now and then, but that's about it). Their sound is built on intricate, shifting rhythmic patterns that reminded me of the Kaleidoscope (a band that isn't very well known but should be), and it is so varied and unfailingly interesting that the vocal vacuum doesn't matter. At the other extreme is a group of five girls called the Ace of Cups. Everyone sings, and each singer is better than the last, ending with the bass player, Mary Gannon, who has a perfect rock voice, strong, mellow, and idiosyncratic. She and three of the others are essentially belters, but the fifth voice (the piano

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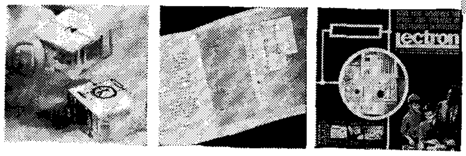

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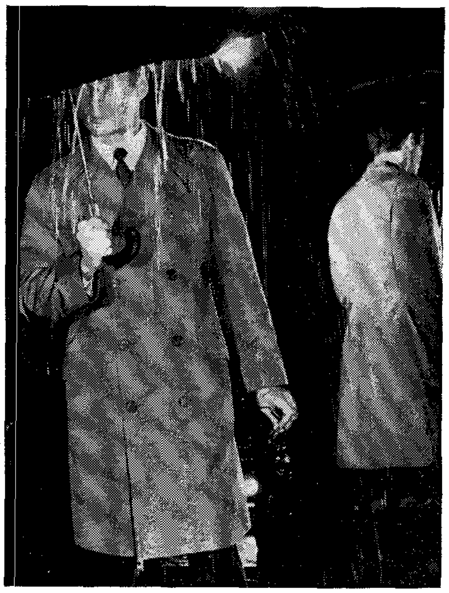
player's) is soft and torchy—an effective contrast. Their melodies and arrangements are excellent. But they can't play at all. (This is not surprising. There are plenty of female rock singers but, for some reason, virtually no girls who play instruments seriously.) They pick at their instruments as if at unwanted food on a plate—especially the drummer, who provides almost no beat. The lack of virtuosity is no problem in itself—in fact, given my prejudices, it is refreshing—but the lack of drive is. Their singing is so good that I hope they can overcome this handicap; that they've been performing for a year without learning more is disturbing.

Other groups I've enjoyed are Creedence Clearwater Revival, a workmanlike hard-rock band that is a bit more established—it has an L.P. out, and a hit single, "Susie Q"—and the Cleveland Wrecking Company, which is in the wall-of-sound tradition, with a lot of well-integrated electronic noise à la Byrds. One group I hated, Black Pearl, is nevertheless provocative enough to be worth mentioning. The group is a better-than-average white soul band, but it is dominated by a lead singer, Bernie Pearl, who comes on like Jim Morrison imitating James Brown. The result is a lot of embarrassing posturing and self-conscious dirtiness. Still, the idea of abstracting the wildness of white bohemian anarchism and combining it with the wildness of black soul has interesting possibilities, if it's handled with intelligence, detachment, and humor. Unfortunately, Pearl displays none of these qualities.

Except for the Dead, the big groups have been out of town. The Airplane has been in Europe with a twenty-seven-man entourage, and Big Brother recently gave its last local concert to feature Janis Joplin, who is going out on her own. The Airplane doesn't belong to San Francisco anymore; it belongs to the world, like the Beatles and White Levis. As for Janis, she has always belonged to herself. I hope she'll be well and not lose her incredible voice too soon. Incidentally, both groups' latest albums—the Airplane's "Crown of Creation" (RCA LSP 4058) and Big Brother's "Cheap Thrills" (Columbia KCS 9700)—are classics. Not only that, they are pure, immediate pleasure. The Grateful Dead's new album, "Anthem of the Sun" (Warner Brothers WS 1749), does take some getting used to, but I find myself enjoying it more and more. Sometimes I think the Dead are the only really happy people left. —ELLEN WILLIS



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THE TROUBLE WITH TRIPE

THE main trouble with tripe is that in my present dwelling place, a small town in northern California, I can count on one hand the people who will eat it with me. What is more, its careful, slow preparation is not something I feel like doing for a meal by myself at this stage of the game, or for several meals. It is one of the things that call for a big pot and plenty of hungry people. Not even my children really like it, although studiously conditioned reflexes forced them to taste it in various guises and countries and to give fair judgment, which in their case was No. Friends tell me that they hate tripe because they, in turn, were forced to eat it when young, or saw too much of it in fraternity boarding houses as an "economy meat"—reasons like that. I myself could claim a childhood trauma if I needed to, and I admit that I did not face a dish of tripe from my grandmother's death until I was a good decade beyond it. In modern lingo, tripewise I lay fallow. The old lady, gastronomical dictator appointed by her own vision of righteous Christian living, a nervous stomach, and the fact that she more than generously shared the expenses of our exploding household, for some reason approved of eating the inner linings of an ox's first and second bellies.

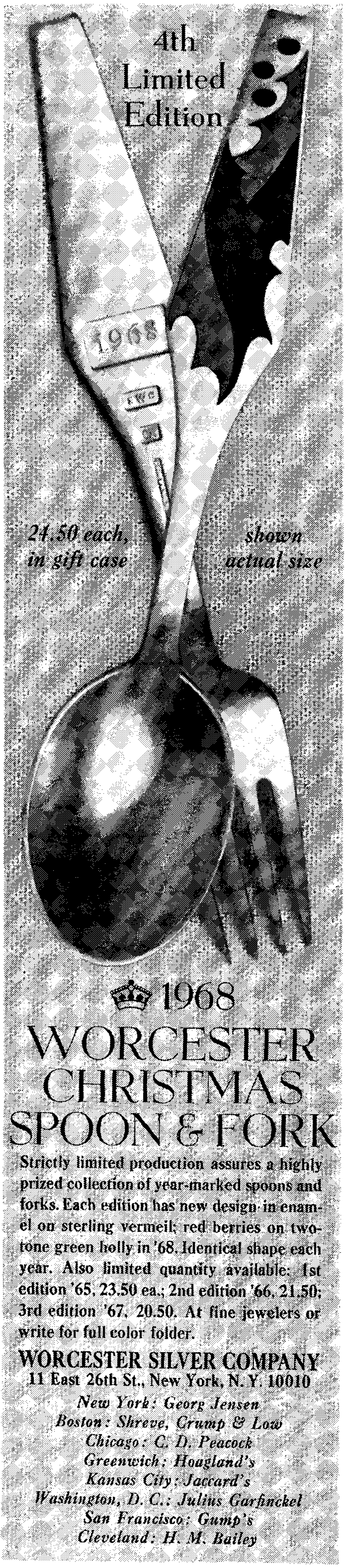
In "Larousse Gastronomique," where tripe is discussed under "Offal" in the English edition, there is news for Grandmother. (She would dismiss it as foreign nonsense, of course.) "Rich in gelatine, tripe needs prolonged cooking," says the culinary scripture, "and is not easy to digest, so that it has no place in the diet of the dyspeptic [or] sufferers from gout." I sense that my beldame was practicing upon herself and us a kind of sympathetic medicine, to request that tripe be prepared and served—to be brave, eat a lion's heart; to remain shy and timid, eat violets in a salad; and so on. Oxen are reputedly serene and docile, and she had a digestive system that ranked her among the leaders in Battle Creek's regular army of dyspeptic missionaries and would have honored her with a front seat at any late-Victorian spa in farther waters, like Vichy or Baden-Baden. The reasoning, perhaps: since an ox has not one but two pieces of equipment for his continuous ruminative consumption of the grains and grasses known also to be salubrious for man, why would partaking of some of his actual stomachs not help Mrs. Holbrook's own unhappy organ?

My grandmother unwittingly enjoyed perfect digestion, thanks to her constant attention to it, and it was no more than her due reward if she believed that her hypersensitive innards would and could assimilate this delicate honeycomb of animal muscle, with gastric gratitude if not pleasure. She did not believe in the latter, anyway, as part of a true and upright life, and as for the hinted danger of gout, only gentlemen had that in her days of rigid divisions of the sexual hazards of existence.

There was only one way to serve tripe fit to eat when I was little—that is, fit for Grandmother to eat. It was seldom prepared when my mother was feeling fit enough herself to maintain some control over the menus, but when she was low in our private pecking order we ate it fairly often. My father, quietly and successfully determined to remain cock of the roost with dignity, always found it commendable, or at least edible. The recipe for it, if I feel sturdy enough to give it in correct form, would start with boiling the rubbery reticulum in pieces, draining it casually, and dousing it with something called White Sauce, which was and will remain in the same class as my grandmother's flour-thickened Boiled Dressing. The dish was at best a faintly odorous and watery challenge to one's innate sense of the fitness of things.

I recognize that such experiences can lead to cynicism, or the analyst's couch. In my own case, they seem mainly to have stiffened my wish to prove them mistaken, and I am now a happy, if occasionally frustrated, tripe eater.

I HAD a good beginning, the second time around (really a kind of ghost-laying), at Crespin in Dijon. The small restaurant is gone now, but for a long time it served some of the simplest and lustiest meals I have ever eaten, especially on market days, for the wine people who came in from all



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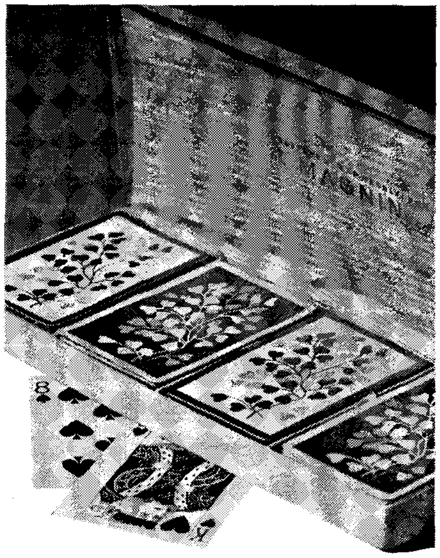

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that part of Burgundy to talk about casks, corks, sulphates. There were always snails at Crespin, of course, except in very hot weather, and in the cool months oysters out on the sidewalk in kelpy baskets, and both downed by the dozens. There was the classic green salad to scour the maw, and a good plain tart of seasonal fruits if one could still face it. I remember some cheeses in the winter. And then there were sealed casseroles of *tripes à la mode de Caen véritable.*

Those casseroles, for two or six or eight people, seemed to possess the inexpressible cachet of a numbered duck at the Tour d'Argent, or a small perfect octahedral diamond from Kimberley. They were unsealed at the table. The vapor hissed out, and the whole dish seethed. Plates were too hot to touch bare-handed, to keep the sauce from turning as gluey as a good ox would need it to be at a temperature more suited to his own digestion. It was served with soup spoons as well as knives and forks, and plenty of crusty bread lay alongside. It was a fine experience.

Crespin, with its hoary, monstrous old oyster opener always there on the wintry sidewalk, his hands the most scarred I have ever seen and still perhaps the surest in the way they handled the Portugaises, the green Marennes, upon their dank beds of fresh seaweed—Crespin and the old man and even the ruddy marketers are gone, except on my own mind's palate.

The last time I went there, I was alone. It was a strange feeling at first. I was in Dijon late in the nineteen-fifties, to go again to the Foire Gastronomique. The town was jumping, quasi-hysterical, injected with a mysterious supercharge of medieval pomp and Madison Avenue-via-Paris commercialism. I went to several banquets, where ornate symbols were pinned and bestowed, with dignitaries several levels above me in the ferocious protocol of eating and drinking, and then I went by myself to the restaurant I wanted to be in once more.

In the small low room there was a great hum and fume, like market day but even better, and every table but one was occupied by large, red-faced, loud, happy Burgundians. *My* table was empty, and it seemed indicated by the gods that I should come to sit at it. I had sat there many times before. It was a little apart, though not obtrusively so, up a step like the fantastic banquet boards still cluttered and heavy at the official feastings, and pleasantly enclosed on three sides, with

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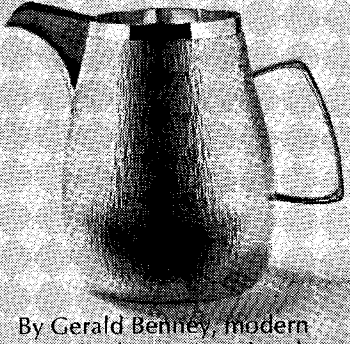

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the white window curtains at my back. If I had not come, a potted plant would have been set neatly in my place, I know. I felt pleased to be there instead, and as usual I was awed by my continuing good luck in life, especially now and then.

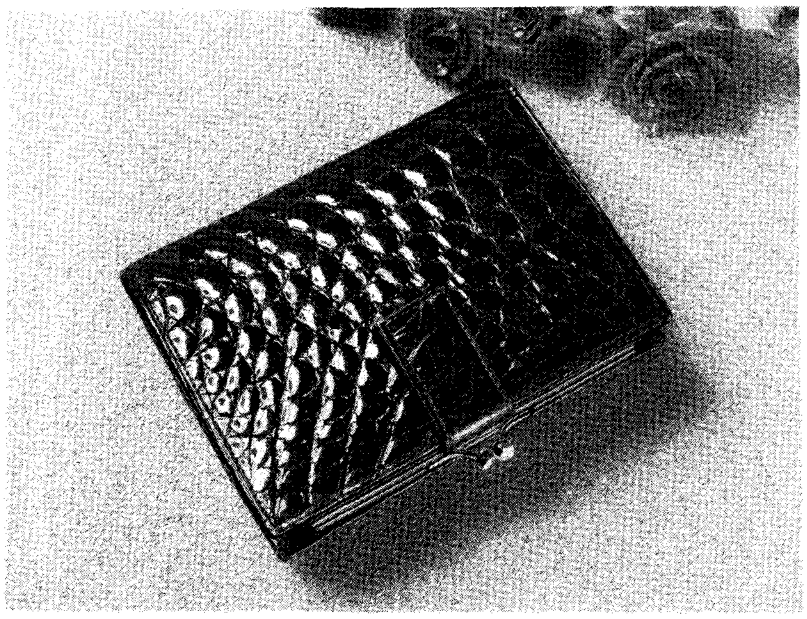
I think I ate a few snails, to stay in the picture. (The old scarred oysterman was not there, it being early November and very warm.) Then, although after all the banquets I felt about as hungry as a sated moth, I ordered a small and ritual casserole of *tripes*. They were as good as they had ever been some decades or centuries ago on my private calendar. They hissed and sizzled with delicate authority. Nobody paid any attention to my introspective and alcoved sensuality, and the general noise beat with provincial lustiness in the packed room. An accordionist I had last seen in Marseille slid in from the frenzied streets and added to the wildness, somewhat hopelessly. When he saw me digging into my little pot of tripe, he nodded, recognizing me as a fellow-wanderer. I asked him if he would have a drink, as he twiddled out near-logical tunes on the instrument he wore like a child on his belly. He looked full at me and said, "Sometime a *pastis* on the Old Port." I have not yet met him there again, but it is almost doubtless that I shall.

I could not know that the next time I returned, lemminglike, to the dank old town, Crespin and the white curtains and all of it would be gone, but it is. It is too bad to explain.

THE classic recipes for preparing tripe can be found in any good cookbook, which someone who has read this far will already know and be able to consult. I like the French methods, but there are excellent ones in almost every culture that permit the use of this type of animal meat. Here is a good one that is fresh to the taste, adapted from the *trippa alla Petronius* served currently in a London restaurant called Tiberio:

3 pounds tripe, previously boiled until tender.
4 medium-sized carrots }
3 sticks of celery } chopped very fine.
2 large onions }
¾ cup butter.
4 tablespoons tomato purée.
1 glass (6-8 ounces) dry white wine.
½ glass olive oil.
2 cloves of garlic, minced.
½ cup chopped fresh parsley.
½ cup chopped fresh basil.

Drain tripe and cut into 1-inch squares. Gently brown the three vegetables in the butter. Add tomato purée and wine, and



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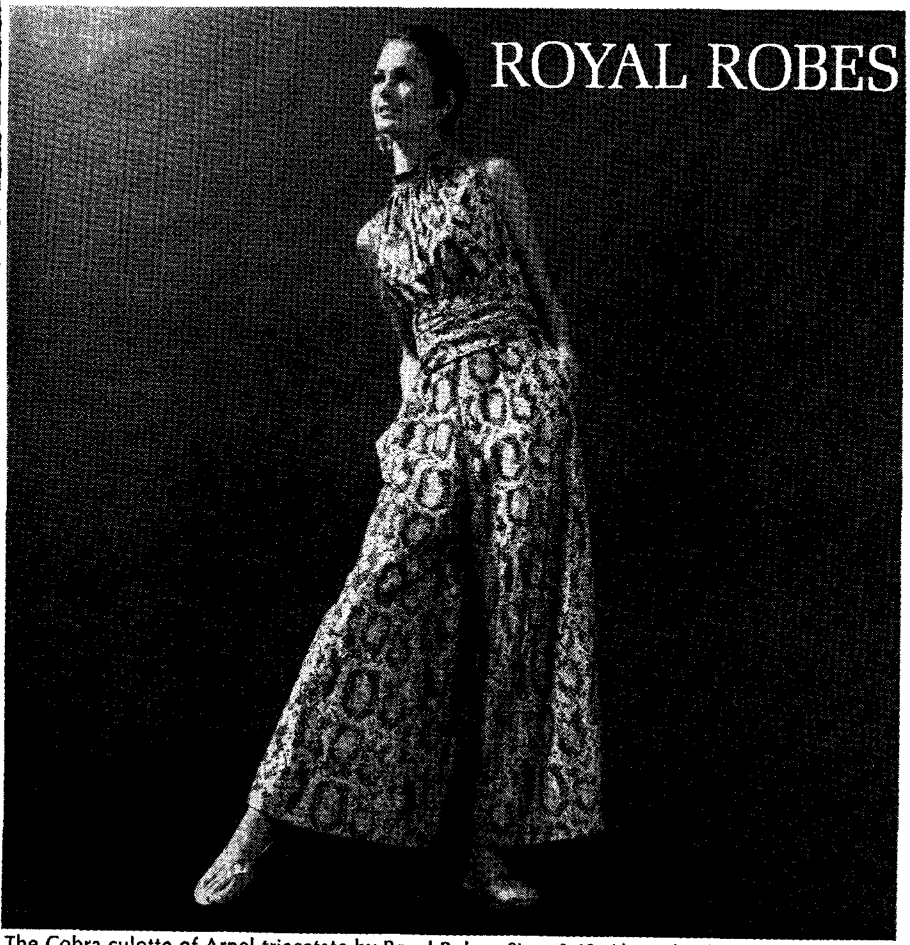

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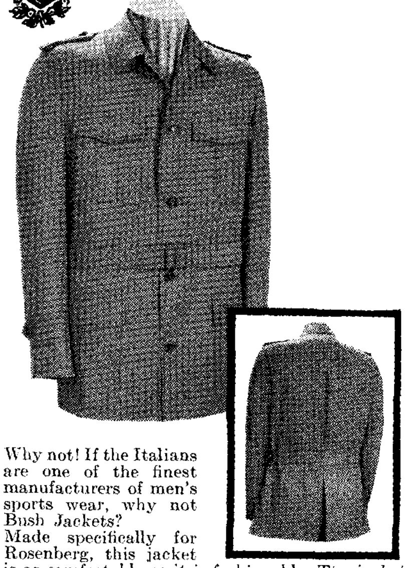

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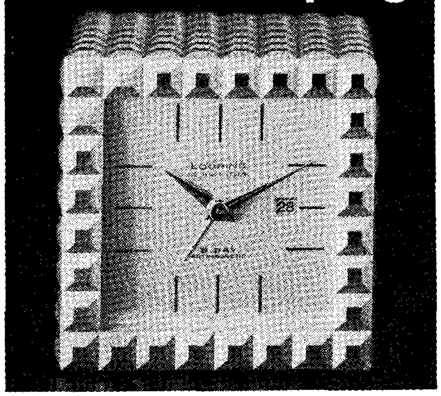

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stir until sauce thickens. Add tripe, and simmer slowly for 1 hour.

In separate skillet warm olive oil, and add garlic, parsley, and basil, taking care not to overheat. Cook slowly about 5 minutes, mix quickly into tripe, and serve.

This is a comparatively fast recipe (the true *tripes à la mode de Caen* take at least twelve hours of baking), and it is very simple, which explains why it is sought after in a posh Mayfair restaurant, where the clients may feel jaded. I think that the fresh herbs give it its special quality, but perhaps it could be successfully tinkered with if they proved unprocurable. Fortunately, this is seldom the case with parsley. If dried basil had to be used, one to two tablespoonfuls should be soaked in one and a half instead of one glass of wine, and I would be tempted to go a step further and use a light dry red instead of the Tiberio's white. All this would, I fear, make the whole dish more ordinary.

While I am about it, I might as well discuss why it is much easier to make things with tripe now than it was a hundred or so years ago, or when I myself was little. I do this in a missionary spirit, convinced that they can be very good to eat and should be less shunned in our country. In these days, tripe is almost always taken through its first tedious cleansings in special rooms at the wholesale butchers' factories. My friend Remo, meatman and mentor, says somewhat cryptically that the stuff is subjected to enormous pressure, which I assume means with steam. It is then trimmed to a uniform niceness, wrapped in bundles rather like large pallid grape leaves, and delivered fresh or quick-frozen to the markets where there is any demand for it.

Once the cook takes over from the butcher, this modern treatment makes it possible to prepare tripe for any dish in an hour or a little more, by washing it well and then simmering it in ample water flavored to taste with carrots, onion, celery, herbs. When tender but not too soft, it is drained—and then *avanti, en avant, forward!*

Here is the method, perhaps to shame some of us into trying our luck for a change, recommended in 1868 by the expatriate Pierre Blot, in his "Hand-Book of Practical Cookery, for Ladies and Professional Cooks. Containing the Whole Science and Art of Preparing Human Food" (D. Appleton & Co., New York):

TRIPE

How to clean and prepare. Scrape and wash it well several times in boiling water,

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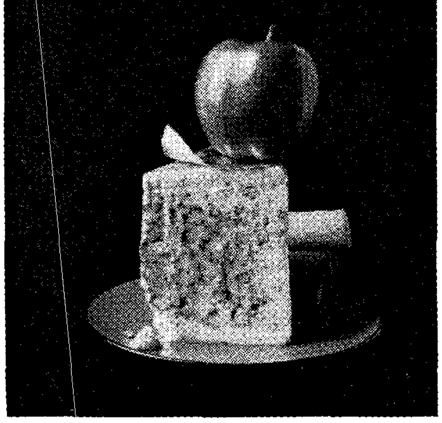

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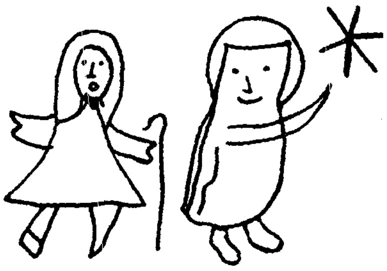

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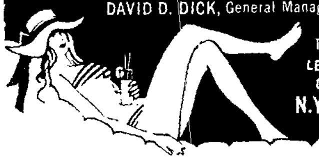

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changing the water every time, then put in very cold water for about twelve hours, changing the water two or three times; place it in a pan, cover it with cold water; season with parsley, chives, onions, one or two cloves of garlic, cloves, salt, and pepper; boil gently five hours, take out and drain.

When I was a child, I felt a somewhat macabre interest in watching our cook go through this old routine. It started in a washtub, with much sloshing with big scrub brushes and whackings at the slippery, ivory-white rubber. Then I am sure that baking soda was put into a couple of the several changes of water, making things foam in an evil way—I suppose a battle with some of the digestive juices my grandmother counted on? For the last cool soaking, handfuls of salt were thrown in, or so it now seems to me. But I am downright sure that in our house there was no fancy nonsense of herbs and suchlike in the final slow boiling. Plain fare with a good White Sauce, that is what we were served. "Eat what's set before you, and be thankful for it!" was the gastronomical motto that quivered always in the air above our table while Grandmother sat there, and with a certain amount of philosophical acceptance it can be a good one, the whole chancy way. —M. F. K. Fisher

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

Paris (Reuters)—To let: one 17th-century French chateau. Rent: 9,500 francs ($1,900) a day. Yes, a day.

The Chateau de Maisons at Maisons-Laffitte near here was built by François Mansart from 1642 to 1651. It was once a haunt of Louis XIV and was the home of his brother, the Count of Artois.

The Cultural Affairs Ministry said it hoped that by letting the chateau it would raise enough cash to help restore other French monuments.

But oil-rich sheiks or Texas millionaires who want to entertain their guests at the chateau will probably be unlucky.

•

At Summit Elementary on Northport Drive, 147 youngsters started a journey along the road of education for the first time Monday. The motto of the Forest Hills School District, "The Child First; The Teachers and Parents, Second, and the First Grade, Third," will start their journey down that long road on a sound basis that should make it one of the happiest events ever.—*Cincinnati (Ohio) Forest Hills Journal.*

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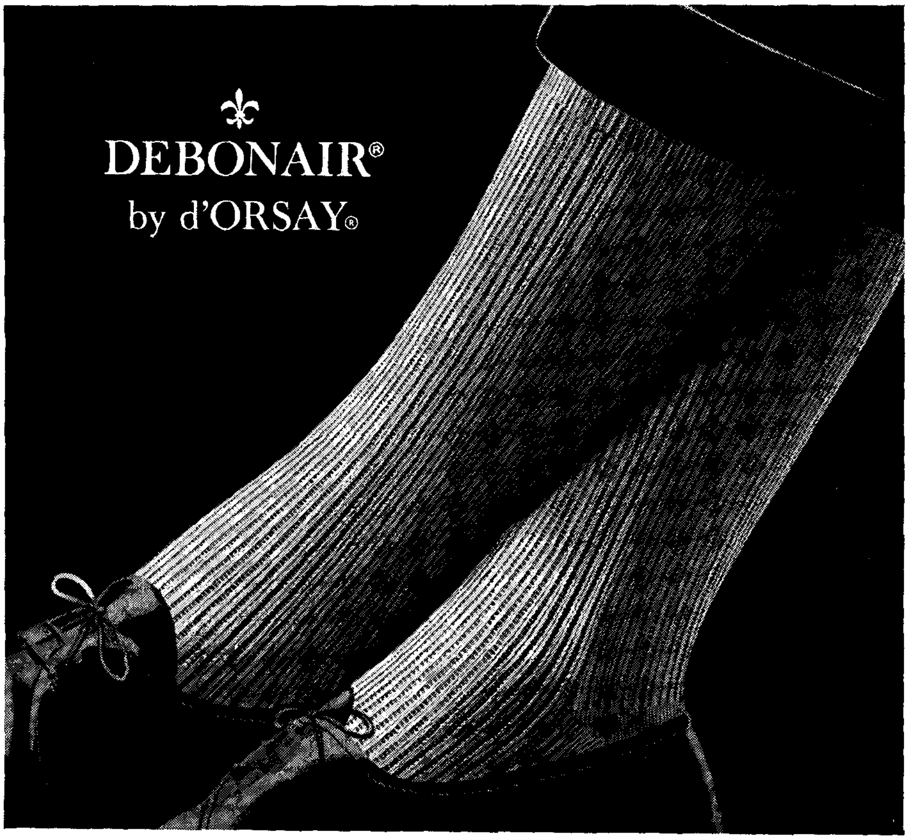

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PURE VIRGIN WOOL

LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 23

MARCEL DUCHAMP, who died at eighty-one this month in his suburban Neuilly home, was the youngest of three remarkable brothers in the bourgeois Duchamp-Villon family, long established near Rouen. They all had the vocational gift for being artists, but what Marcel Duchamp saw, as if by an enriching error in his creative vision, was always the contrary of what was visible to others, which afforded him the invaluable defect for making discoveries in contemporary art. A member in 1912 of the Paris Section d'Or group that included Juan Gris and his closest friend, Francis Picabia, he had a style that was a combination of Italian Futurism and French Cubism. Both were visible in "Nu Descendant un Escalier," the picture that Duchamp sent to the famous 1913 Armory show of contemporary art in New York, where it instantly became the dominant canvas and the greatest scandal, because Americans found it the least comprehensible. Actually, this painting was a rare, highly perfected example of kinetic art, depicting a de-composition of motion, amalgamated through Cubism into a simultaneous form. In 1915, arriving for the first time in New York, where he spent the remaining war years, he found he had already become famous while *in absentia*. Some few fervid appreciators considered his descending nude more important than Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon." Duchamp himself later said of it, "What shocked the public was the title," adding, "A nude should be respected. It should not descend a staircase, because that is ridiculous." He said that he had found the violent reception accorded it "very agreeable," and went on, "After all, my aim was not to please a general public. I was paid two hundred and forty dollars for the canvas—also very pleasant." Today, it is in the Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which values it at a quarter of a million dollars. The Arensbergs, then of New York, and the wealthy Katherine Dreier, of Connecticut, were Duchamp's first American patrons. In 1917, Duchamp provoked a special scandal by sending to New York's first Salon des Indépendants a porcelain urinal with the title "The Fountain," signing it "R. Mutt," a firm of sanitary engineers. This Gallicism was not appreciated; the salon rejected the entry, which Duchamp said proved that it was not independent, and he resigned, amid publicity, from its jury.

Considering the extraordinary influence that Duchamp had on appreciators of contemporary art on both sides of the Atlantic, it is remarkable that he talked about art so rarely, and then only impersonally. A witty conversationalist, he could define his views by paradoxes. He talked in a low, elegant voice, and laughed almost silently. Among his dicta was "Bad taste is the greatest enemy of art." He was a moralist of art, not a philosopher. He also shocked New York by his agnostic views on painting. "When you start to sell your paintings, everything is spoiled," he said. "To create is not to start the same picture once a month, changing the left-hand corner and replacing the blue with red. Most great painters have discovered four or five important aesthetic propositions; the rest—the filling in—is merely to earn a living." In his mid-thirties, he ceased painting entirely and became a kind of influential art myth. Credited by the Surrealists with being, in a way, the father of Surrealism, he developed an interest in manufactured objects, to which he gave a contemporary art value by his appreciation—a bicycle wheel, a bottle rack. By this time, his aesthetic decisions ranked as creations. Today, he is considered the father of Pop Art and of Op Art—a paternity that took more time to develop.

The last years of his life were devoted to chess, at which he became an expert. (*Figaro* mentioned his death in its chess column.) He also taught his wife—she had formerly been married to Matisse's son Pierre—to play. Duchamp seldom entered tournaments, lacking the needed physical stamina. According to Man Ray, the artist-photographer, who first played chess with him above the Pepper Pot Restaurant back in the old Greenwich Village days, chess to Duchamp was a form of conversation, in which one's character emerged as one exposed oneself to the opponent, the conversation being rather like an argument—except that in chess the argument reaches a deci-

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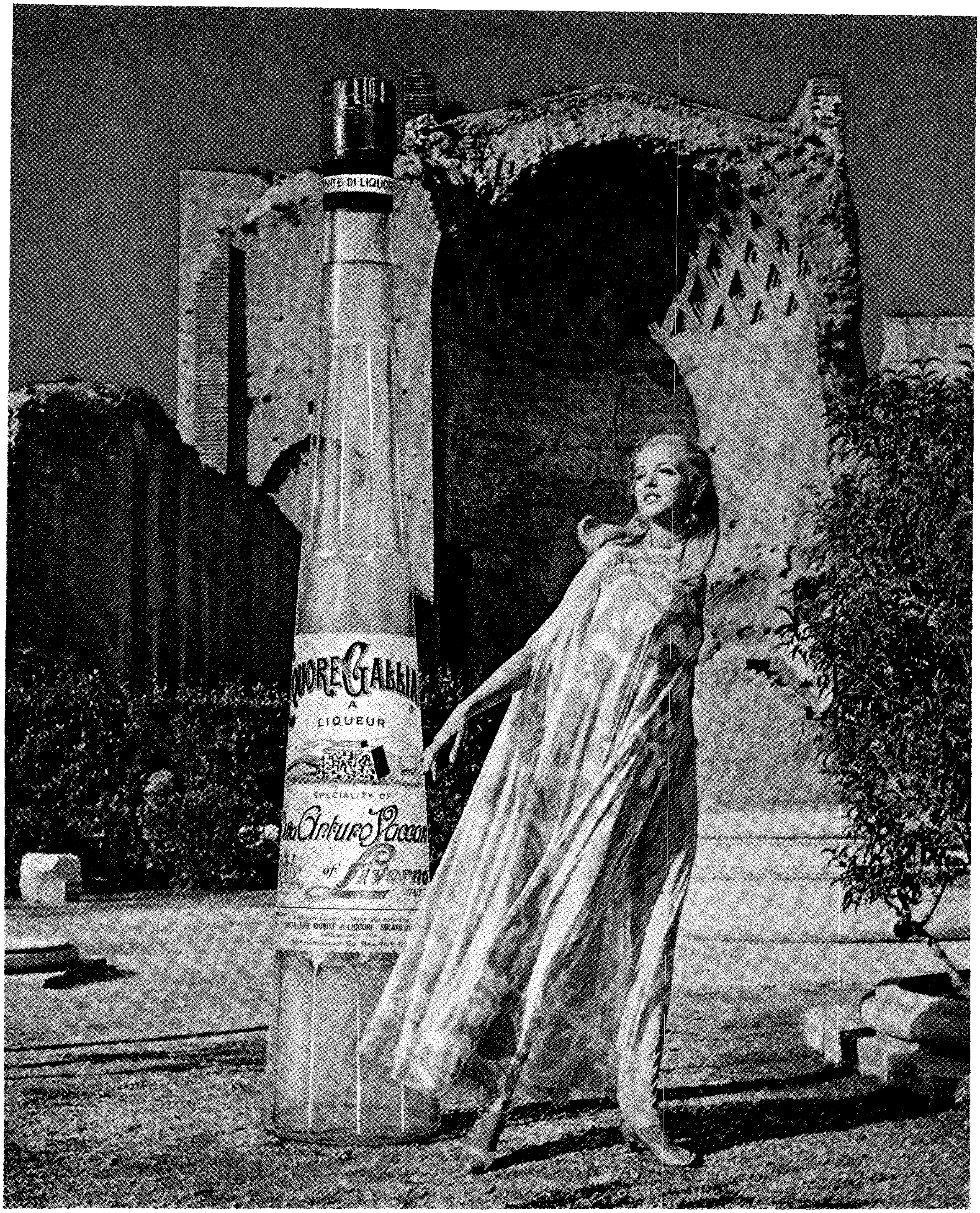

Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

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sion. Man Ray, a third-rate player himself, was a great chess-board and chess-piece designer, his sets becoming famous for their simple modern design—pyramids, cones, and little balls for pawns. Man Ray made for Duchamp a magnetic chess board with magnetic pieces, which remained in place when the board was hung on the wall, like a picture of the previous game.

Duchamp was a unique, brilliant constructive and destructive artist, and the only painter who became internationally famous for painting one canvas. At his death, Picasso said, like an epitaph, "*Il avait tort*"—"He made a mistake."

THE recent Opéra gala, which ranked as the semiofficial opening of the winter social season, was galvanized by the presence of Rudolf Nureyev as a guest artist in two ballets, performed to Russian music, that looked and sounded aeons apart. The first was so old-fashioned as to give exquisite, familiar pleasure to the eye, the ear, and the civilized soul of the beholder. In the pas de deux from Tchaikovsky's "Casse-Noisette," Nureyev danced in a duet of such near perfection as even he has never achieved here before, partnering the youthful Merle Park, of Covent Garden, in a union of movements that seemed freshly married in space and in grace. The new and ultra-modern other ballet, "Extase," presented in Paris for the first time, was danced to Scriabin's "Le Poème de l'Extase," with choreography by Roland Petit—a much discussed creation that was recently given its première in Milan. Its symbolic characters are Man (danced by Nureyev, naked above the waist and wearing calf-length white fleshings) and three versions of Woman—woman eternal, the nourishing mother, and the source of pleasure—represented by three ballerinas in suntan leotards. This was one of those primeval scenarios that invariably involve a great deal of primitive scrambling about on one another's anatomies, and there were repeated spinnings about on their bottoms by the three females. Nureyev, while galloping around the women in circles, was magnificent. As a ballet, "Extase" reminded one of Bejart's gymnastic choreography, but without the relieving nineteenth-century fustian touches.

Though gala Opéra evenings usually offer the titillation of Parisiennes parading in their newest fashionable evening gowns in the bar during the entr'acte, the other night the parading was done by the Paris *jeunesse dorée*

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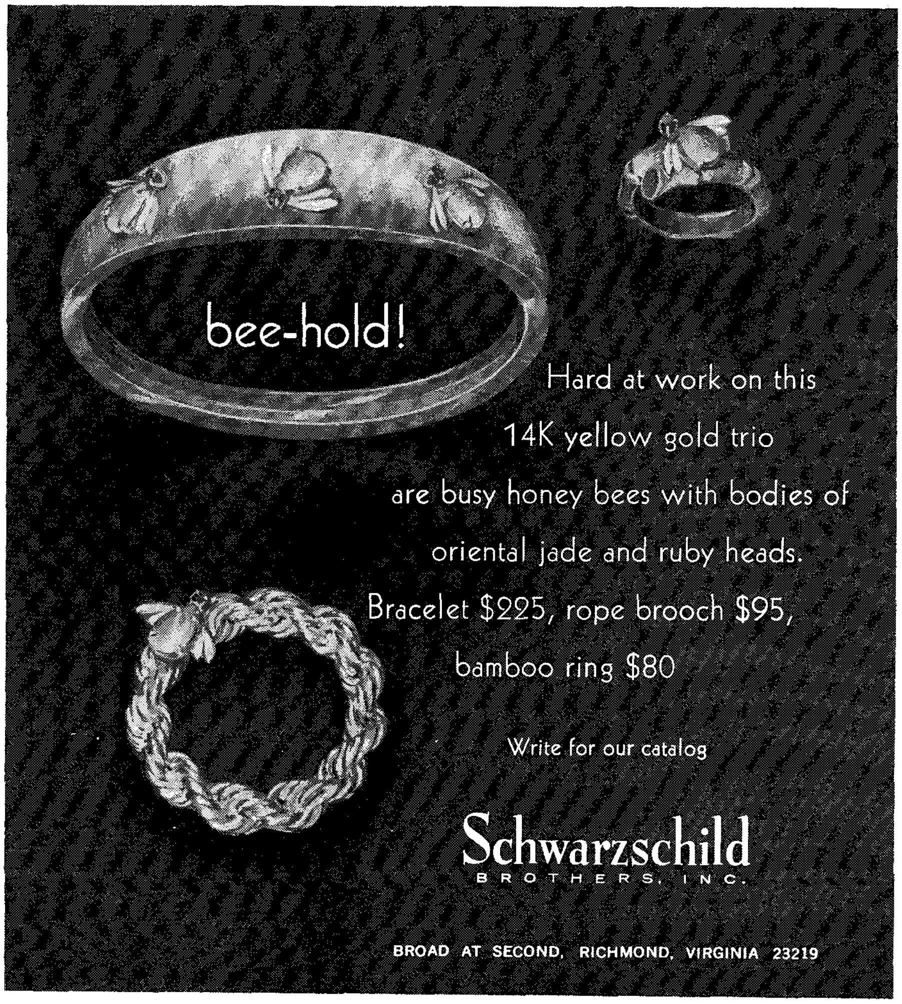
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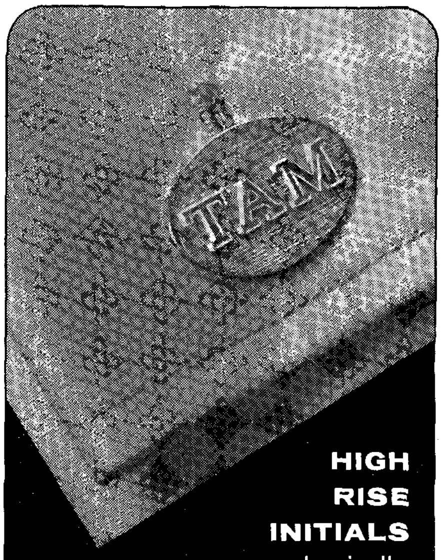

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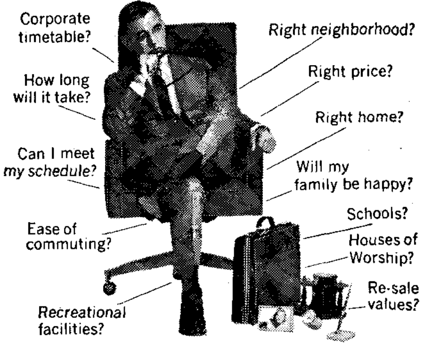
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in their multicolored Nehru jackets, and it was they who were the cynosure. Most of the young men wore their hair cut and curled in the Louis XIII fashion; one or two wore tall white stocks to their chins, like the post-Revolutionary *Incroyables*. One Nehru jacket was of dark, ash-colored printed silk, another was of white, heavily embroidered in various colors. One, of slate blue, imitated an officer's jacket, with a hint of medals embroidered in paillettes. In the gilt setting of the Opéra's bar, the young gentlemen looked quite at home in contemporary history.

FRENCH leftist politics are in a state of disarray not known here in the last fifty years. Socialist François Mitterrand, leader of the Federation of the Left, which he founded three years ago as a first step toward a united non-Communist left, has announced that he will seek no further political office as a representative of the Convention of Republican Institutions, the Conventionists being supposedly the liveliest of the Federation's three components. The trio also included the traditional Socialists and the Radical Socialists, a party founded in 1901 and now known simply as the Radicals. Their precarious unity was so direly shaken in the elections last June that Mitterrand found himself at the head of a political nonentity. In his speech, he warned that there was no chance for Socialism in France if Gaullism really took root, and that de Gaulle was now creating structures that could permit his system to live after him.

In 1965, Mitterrand won an unexpectedly large vote against de Gaulle in the Presidential elections, and it was after this big, personal Socialist push that he optimistically founded the Federation. Last year, in the National Assembly elections, Mitterrand led an important new population of young faces into the Parliament. All of them and everything he had organized in three years were swept away in June in the elections that de Gaulle called for after the student riots of May. In his recent speech, Mitterrand bitterly blamed "the infantile anarchist student leaders" who had put the French middle class into a panic of fear of some kind of revolution, thus leading to the left's being completely swamped by the Gaullist tidal wave. Then came the Russian occupation of Prague and a storm of unpopularity breaking over the French left. It is now reported that Guy Mollet, chief of the traditional Socialists, is also in some sort of factional trouble—an elderly, doctrinaire

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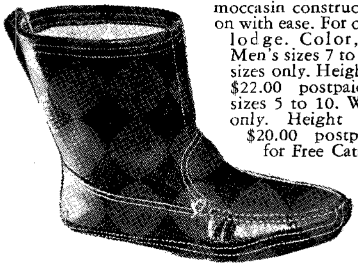

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reactionary who fought the Federation as newfangled. The Federation was obviously politically weak, because its three brands of Socialists could not agree on how to run the French industrial society, in case they ever were briefly given the chance. Mitterrand is a rather handsome, overambitious man, now only fifty-one years old, so with a long political career still ahead of him. He naturally wants to see founded a brand-new Socialist Party, of which he would stand the best chance of being the leader—at first. Faith in him always wears thin very soon. In his resignation speech, he pointed out that recent events, local and Slav, had weighed against his leadership. But public opinion shrewdly surmised that he was the man who had really lost the election for the left, and it went so far as to feel he had been a villain who, as one paper said, "wanted to lead honest French radicals into the Kremlin."

The struggles that have been going on this week in the inner sanctum of the French Communist Party have clearly been more grave and weighty, nationally and internationally. French Socialists, in a pinch, can be dismissed as political intellectuals. But the Communist Party, which gets about a fifth of all the votes cast in France, represents the majority of the French workers, and its difficulties or major decisions can be significant in the political life of the nation—once it finally hears about them, since the Communists still tend to be secretive. This week, Mme. Jeannette Thorez-Vermeersch, the leader of the pro-Kremlin wing of the Party, officially resigned her long-held functions, as the finale of her protest against the French Party's condemnation of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. She is a white-haired Party veteran, now fifty-seven years old, and the widow of Maurice Thorez, who for thirty-four years, as the French Party's secretary-general, directed it with such vigor that he was called "*le petit Staline*." He was a miner's son; she was a textile weaver in the north. Their liaison produced three sons, the eldest born in the middle nineteen-thirties. The couple were officially married in 1947, after Stalin himself decreed that there should be "no more concubinage"—free unions having at first been regarded as admirable domestic manifestations of the Russian Revolution. She had never accepted the report of Stalin's crimes in that Russia where she lived during the Second World War. In the recent Prague crisis, she represented the

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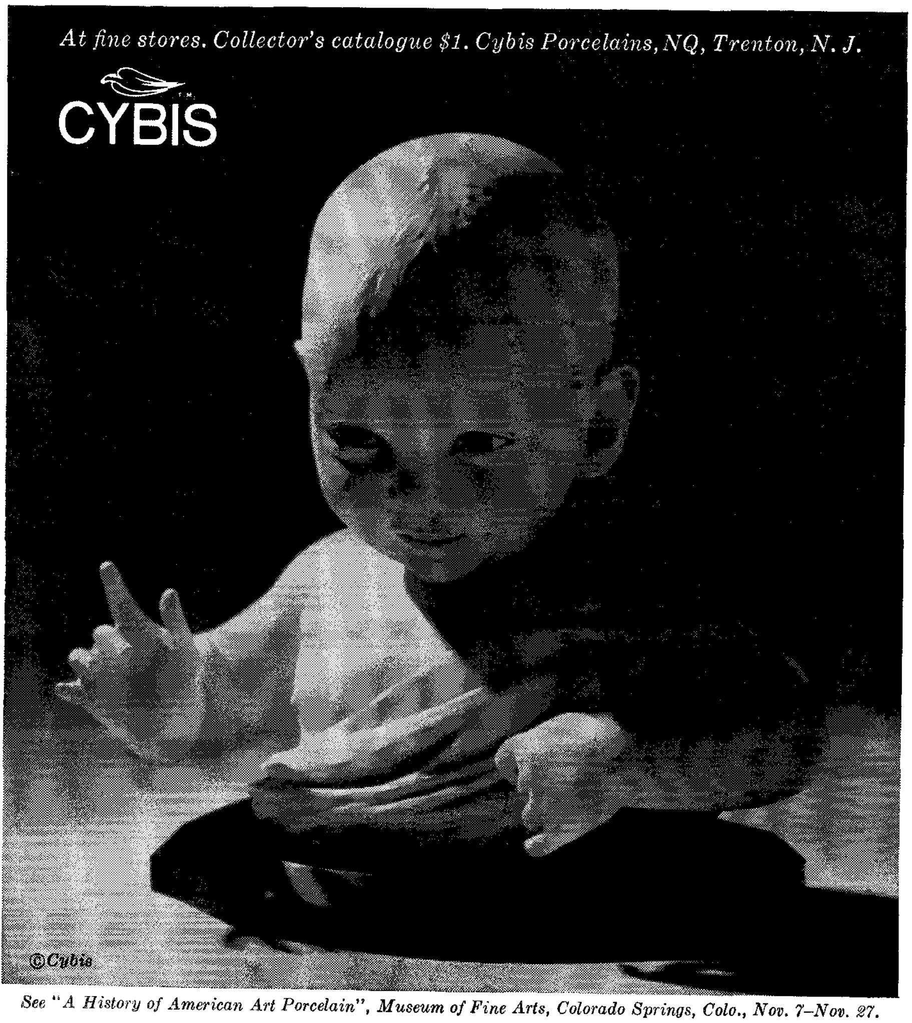

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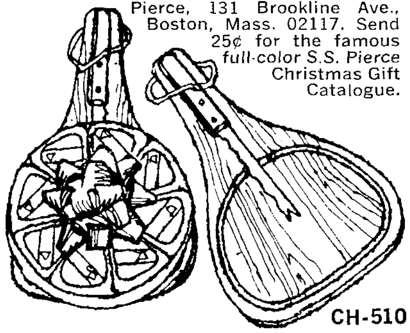

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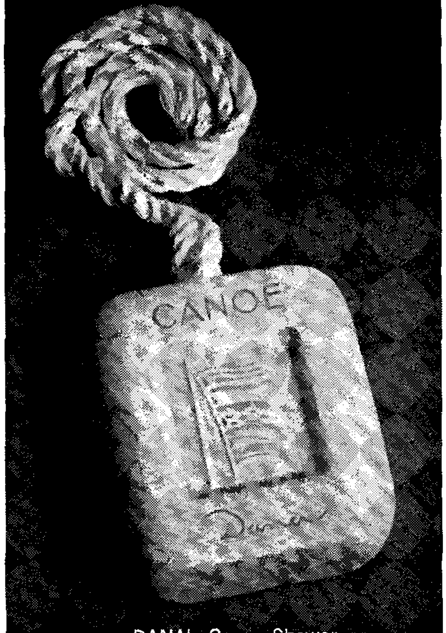

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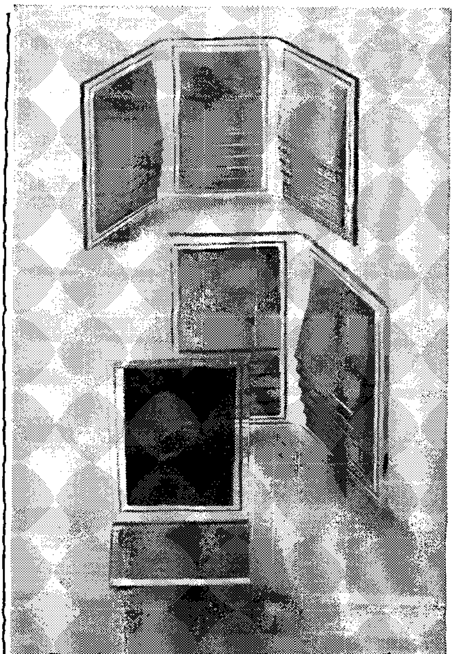
strange, mixed, semi-heretical view of those French Communists who failed to approve completely of the Czech occupation but were also unable to repudiate definitely their ultimate belief in Soviet infallibility—torturing questions of faith as illogically enigmatic to outsiders as must have been those of the medieval Christians. Her opponent on the Czech situation was the Party's top ideologist, Roger Garaudy, graduate in philosophy and Doctor of Letters, author of several Marxist books, and latterly the most outspoken pro-Czech liberal leader. Going farther than the French Party's immediate condemnation of the Soviet invasion, he had demanded that the Soviet leaders resign, as a sign of their error. With the backing of the Moscow Embassy in Paris, Mme. Thorez-Vermeersch at the same time had been campaigning against the pro-Czech position of Waldeck Rochet, secretary-general of the Party. The showdown this week demonstrated the depth of the turbulent passions inside the Party and the schisms caused by the Prague occupation. Perhaps a third of the active Party ranks agreed with Mme. Thorez-Vermeersch, and the others backed Garaudy, with the unfortunate Rochet trying to arrive at a balance in order to heal the quarrel. The Central Committee would not have dreamed of taking steps against the widow of its former secretary-general, but it finally accepted her repeated demands to permit her to resign from the hierarchy and from the Politburo, at the same time reproaching her for her refusal to accept "*the decisions on the Czech* situation democratically arrived at by the French Party." Garaudy emerged in still better shape, as a member of both the Committee and the Politburo, but at the price of promising to conform to Party decisions in the future—in other words, accepting a muzzle. He also failed to obtain what he most desired—that *L'Humanité* print his explanation of why he had not renounced any of his personal opinions. To settle the whole affair, Rochet is choosing a delegation of French Communists to go to Moscow next week to discuss their schism with the Soviet Party. What will happen after this meeting—apparently the first of its kind in Soviet *apparatus* history—will depend on whether the French Communist Party pushes on with its Western modernizing of what is now called "democratic Socialism" or whether it obediently returns to Moscow's stricter *diktats*.

An exposé of all these tumultuous



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recent troubles and power struggles was given to the Paris papers in a Party press communiqué, which has generated columns of newspaper comment—especially in *Le Monde*, which has treated it all with the gravity given to an important state paper. This has been a *crise de conscience* in French Communist circles such as has never before been reported here to the public.

—GENÊT

•

TRANSLATION

October's fires are banked,
the brook's a phantom sound;
fog-blind, through woods fog-pale
I grope, and suddenly
the solid air is thinned,
a shaft of light pours down.
I enter what might be
a tower of brightness, walled
by mist opaque as stone,
roofed over not with sky
but leaf on leaf of gold.

A momentary place.

I think of Danaë
locked in another tower,
virginal prisoner
on whom great Zeus himself,
come in a shower of gold,
fathered a hero-son.

But what is guarded now?
A circle of bare ground.

This glory overhead
is not a god's descending;
the light must fade, must fail,
fog melt the tower, the myth
be given a different ending.
No son's begotten here
whose fame outlives his death;
yet through dead leaves will stir,
months hence, another year.

—CONSTANCE CARRIER

•

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[*From "The Natural Superiority of Women," by Ashley Montagu*]

When these figures are called to the attention of those men who automatically mutter "Woman driver" when a car cuts in front of them, they are almost certain to bring the retort: "Such statistics don't prove a thing. Men drive many more miles than women, and the only fair way to work out accident figures is on a mileage basis. Who does the driving when the family makes long cross-country hops, or takes off on an evening to visit a neighbor, or goes for a Sunday spin in the country? It's the man."

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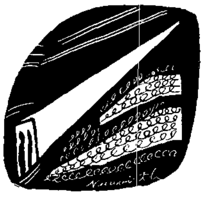
THE CURRENT CINEMA

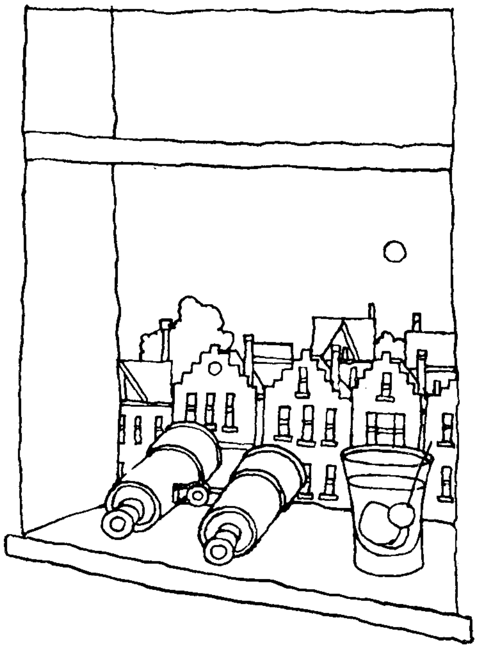
A Fresh Start

WHEN I discovered that "Pretty Poison" had opened without advance publicity or screenings, I rushed to see it, because a movie that makes the movie companies so nervous they're afraid to show it to the critics stands an awfully good chance of being an interesting movie. Mediocrity and stupidity certainly don't scare them; talent does. This is a remarkable first feature film by a gifted young American, Noel Black—a movie that should have opened in an art house—and it was playing in a vast and empty theatre, from which, no doubt, it will depart upon the week. And the losses will be so heavy that the movie companies will use this picture as another argument against backing young American directors. The television ads for "Pretty Poison" are a pitiful attempt to make it seem strident and coarse and brutal—to attract teen-agers by passing it off as a cross between "Psycho" and "Bonnie and Clyde." Those attracted this way are likely to hate the film. "Pretty Poison" simply isn't a picture for a big theatre; it doesn't have the zing to be popular with large audiences. Lorenzo Semple, Jr., has written an unobtrusively thoughtful and well-controlled script—the best script of any American movie this year. Black's subdued direction has the uncorrupted sensitivity that, given the way movies are made and sold, and what the public seems to want, doesn't last long. Although "Pretty Poison" is a psychological thriller, it is modulated and fine-drawn, and (simply because of the way it was thought out and felt out) it presupposes an attentive, intelligent audience. Whether there is an audience for an American picture of this kind is doubtful, because the audience that might respond to it expects American movies to be loud and vulgar, and escapes to quiet foreign pictures. Feeling snug in this division, they don't go to a subtle or quiet American picture when one comes along, so our movies get shriller all the time, and an American director who makes a movie on the assumption that the audience is as intelligent and sensitive as he is is a beautiful dreamer. (Yet can an artist work any other way?)



Even if "Pretty Poison" had opened in an art house, it might have had two strikes against it; art-house customers are almost certainly too snobbish to go to see Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld, though both are remarkably talented. Perkins' abilities *had* been recognized until his career was undermined by a lunatic piece of miscasting in Jules Dassin's preposterous but popular "Phaedra;" when Melina Mercouri swept him up in her arms, he was made to seem ludicrous. People left theatres giggling at the idea that a woman might prefer this skinny boy to her husband, when the husband was played by Raf Vallone. Perkins hasn't been a star since. Tuesday Weld has never been one, and maybe it isn't just her unlucky name. (If you talk about her ability, people think you're kidding.) Maybe it isn't because she hasn't had a big role that would catapult her to fame, either. Maybe it's because she's the kind of actress who doesn't let people know she's acting, the way Estelle Parsons or Geraldine Page lets them know. How else can one explain an actress's giving the performances Tuesday Weld has given in "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Soldier in the Rain" and "The Cincinnati Kid" and "Lord Love a Duck" and still not being taken seriously? She's not at her best in "Pretty Poison," but she's awfully good. Perkins has the better role—a character who develops from a quirky, sneaky, funny boy into a decent, sympathetic man (a loner, but not by choice), making us realize that the man was waiting there in the character all along. I think it's the most beautifully conceived and the most precise performance Perkins has ever given. John Randolph and the other performers are uniformly good. The director and his associates seem to know how to handle actors and how to edit acting. The movie was shot on location in Massachusetts (I didn't detect a single studio shot); the photography is simple and sunny, though perhaps rather too lyrical. There are a few bad plot turns (especially at the end), but they're minor. Noel Black comes from the same film school (U.C.L.A.) as Francis Ford Coppola, but his style is less commercial and less forced, if also less energetic. Some of the best students in several American film schools are beginning to work in this uncoercive, transparently honest, and unpretentious style; it may be the beginning of a clean, direct, and, if I may use the term, indigenous yet new kind of American filmmaking. One characteristic of this style is that there's not a shot in the movie which doesn't clearly and directly contribute to the theme. This straightforward way of working, which, among young Americans, generally distinguishes student films from underground films, is very different from the French New Wave. It's closer to the modest way Fred Zinnemann used to work. It's the opposite of the way most directors from television work; there's no fakery in it, and no shock treatment. It's a way of using craftsmanship not for flash and ingenuity and impact (as in television commercials) but for sensibility—for sticking to the subject and exploring it, developing and opening up the material. This may not be a completely satisfactory approach to moviemaking—we may want more immediate excitement and more daring—but it may be one of the best ways for young filmmakers to give American movies a fresh start. I'm afraid almost no one will see "Pretty Poison" unless a few critics praise it excessively, and yet excessive praise may lead to disappointment: "Pretty Poison" is a good little movie, and I use "little" not in a pejorative sense but as a form of protection and also a term of affection.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR is a prostitute whose daughter has died, and Mia Farrow is a rich, crazy English girl whose mother has died, and at first, as they begin to share a very crazy mother-daughter relationship, "Secret Ceremony" seems to be a Gothic version of *folie à deux*. But then Robert Mitchum enters as the girl's child-molesting stepfather, and then Pamela Brown and Peggy Ashcroft enter as her thieving aunts, and they're all crazy, too, and by the time it's *folie à cinq* one knows that Joseph Losey (the director), George Tabori (the writer), and the producers all share in the craziness. Mia Farrow has a peculiar voice and a strange presence (in her black wig, she looks like a pre-Raphaelite boy); it's really too early to tell if she is going to be an important new star or just an oddity—a perennial green-faced, infantile neurotic. Without Harold Pinter's dialogue to make the overfurnished vacancy of Losey's films ominous and oppressively interesting, Losey's work—here and in "Boom!"—resembles the Jungian decorators' dreams Albert Lewin used to produce, like "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" and "Saadia." The setting is a claustrophobic Art Nouveau mausoleum of a house (with the best bathroom door I've ever seen—the only



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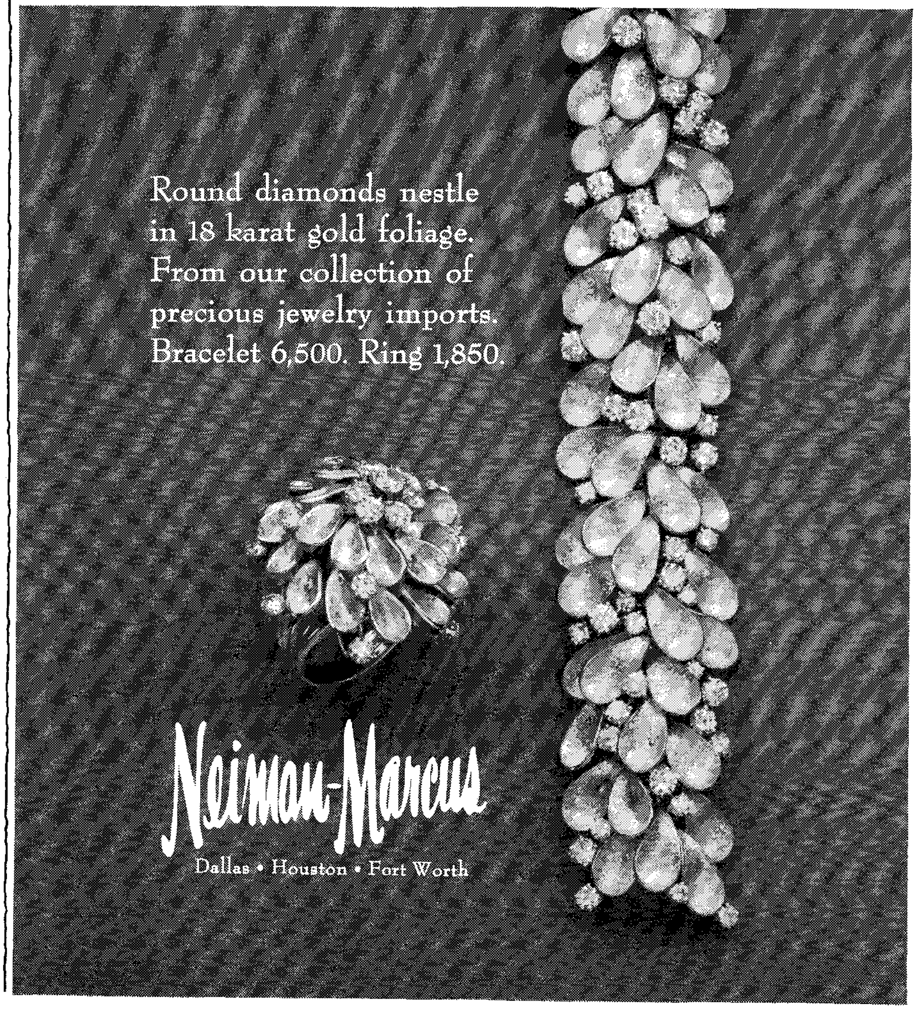

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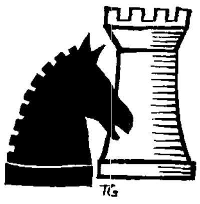
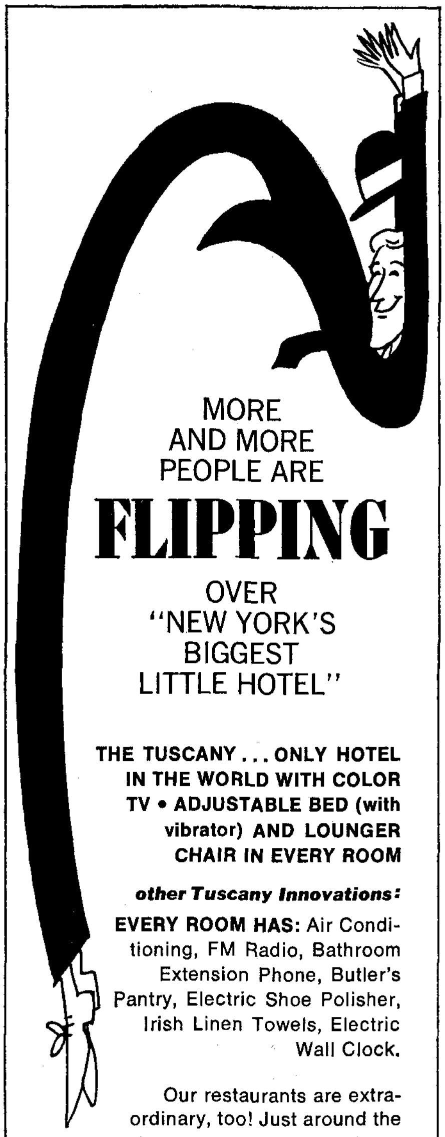
thing I liked in the movie). "Secret Ceremony" is truly terrible, but I don't know how to fight a bowl of fudge without getting stuck in the goo. I know that some people are going to love it. I knew it during the movie when I laughed inadvertently as Miss Farrow's anguished face was cut to Christ on the Cross and my laugh sounded very loud (and very bad) among the silent matinée ladies in their blue minks, who gave me pitying looks because I didn't appreciate suffering. Sometimes it seems that the nuttier a picture is, the more eager some people are to get caught up in it. *Folie à* how many?

WHAT would Henry James have made of Jane Fonda, an actress so much like his heroines—an American heiress-of-the-ages abroad, and married to a superb example of the Jamesian villain, a sophisticated European (a Frenchman of Russian origins) who is redolent of shallow morals, who is the screen's foremost celebrant of erotic trash, and who has the scandalous habit of turning each wife into a facsimile of the first and spreading her out for the camera. Yet Roger Vadim's evil is reassuringly "wicked"—it's so obvious that he tries to shock only to please. And Jane Fonda having sex on the wilted feathers and rough, scroungy furs of "Barbarella" is more charming and fresh and bouncy than ever—the American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd comic-strip world of the future. She's the only comedienne I can think of who is sexiest when she is funniest. (Shirley MacLaine is a sweet and sexy funny girl, but she has never quite combined her gifts as Jane Fonda does.) Jane Fonda is accomplished at a distinctive kind of double take: she registers comic disbelief that such naughty things can be happening to her, and then her disbelief changes into an even more comic delight. Her American-good-girl innocence makes her a marvellously apt heroine for pornographic comedy. She has the skittish innocence of a teen-age voluptuary; when she takes off her clothes, she is playfully and deliciously aware of the naughtiness of what she's doing, and that innocent's sense of naughtiness, of being a tarnished lady, keeps her from being just another naked actress. According to Vadim, in "Barbarella" she is supposed to be "a kind of sexual Alice in Wonderland of the future," but she's more like a saucy Dorothy in an Oz gone bad.

The sex parodies are amusing, but "Barbarella" is disappointing after the expectations that one had (I assume I am one of many) of a film that would be good trashy, corrupt entertainment, for a change. "Barbarella" isn't good trash, but it's corrupt, all right, and that's something. There hasn't been a new Bond for over a year, and "Modesty Blaise" was two years ago; movies have been failing even in their comic-strip function. And after some of those worthwhile pictures from Europe we may feel we've earned the right to sneak out to a mindless, disreputable movie. I have a hunch that everybody (everybody I know, anyway) would go to see "Barbarella" even if it were much worse than it is. And as our expectations were at so low a level anyway, we can't really get worked up about the film's weaknesses. We don't go to the movies just for good movies—not when we go to see the astronaut Barbarella on a mission from Earth to Sogo. Vadim has always been good at seductive pictorial effects, but here the photography is uninteresting; the designs are not very witty, and the special effects are rather tacky. Perhaps the project simply got away from him; perhaps, trying for satire and the demonic little-boy humor of Terry Southern rather than for his usual sensuous romanticism—the camera "artistically" caressing nudes—he got lost in the clatter of tongues and effects. What with the dubbing and the poor writing (there were seven writers in addition to Southern), most of the dialogue is disastrous. There are dumb sadistic episodes, and an atrocious rock score that mars the whole film. (Could it have been stuck in by the businessmen? Vadim used musicians like Thelonious Monk in his earlier movies.) The blind angel played by John Phillip Law is a little sickly and slightly embarrassing—not a satisfactory substitute for the Cowardly Lion—but Barbarella's other, better helpers include Ugo Tognazzi, as a hairy huntsman, and David Hemmings, who shows unexpected comic talent, as an absent-minded revolutionary. Hemmings and Jane Fonda share honors in the wittiest sequence—a futuristic copulation that, appropriately, is in the genteel-but-full-of-tics style of English comedies of the forties and fifties. As a mad wizard, Milo O'Shea is wretched, but Anita Pallenberg, as a wicked witch, is helped by a familiar purring voice, which, if my ear is to be trusted, belongs to Joan Greenwood.

—PAULINE KAEL

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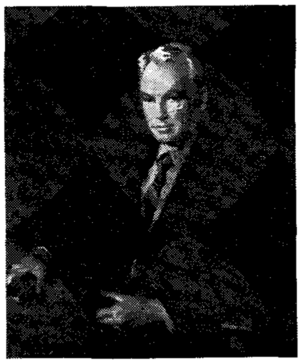
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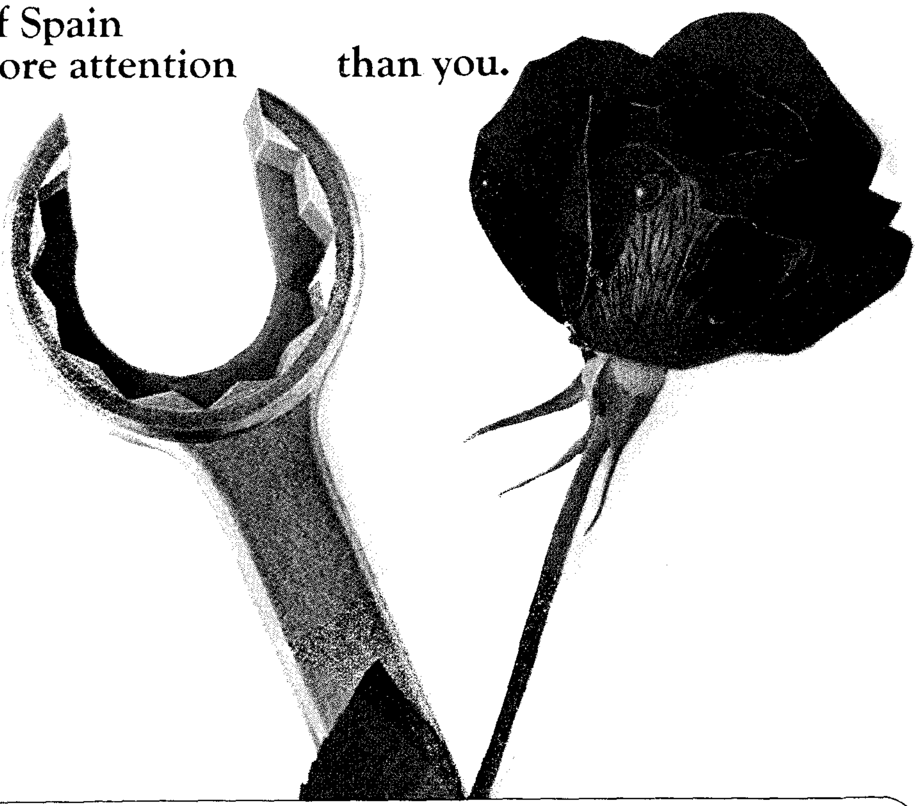

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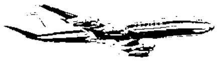

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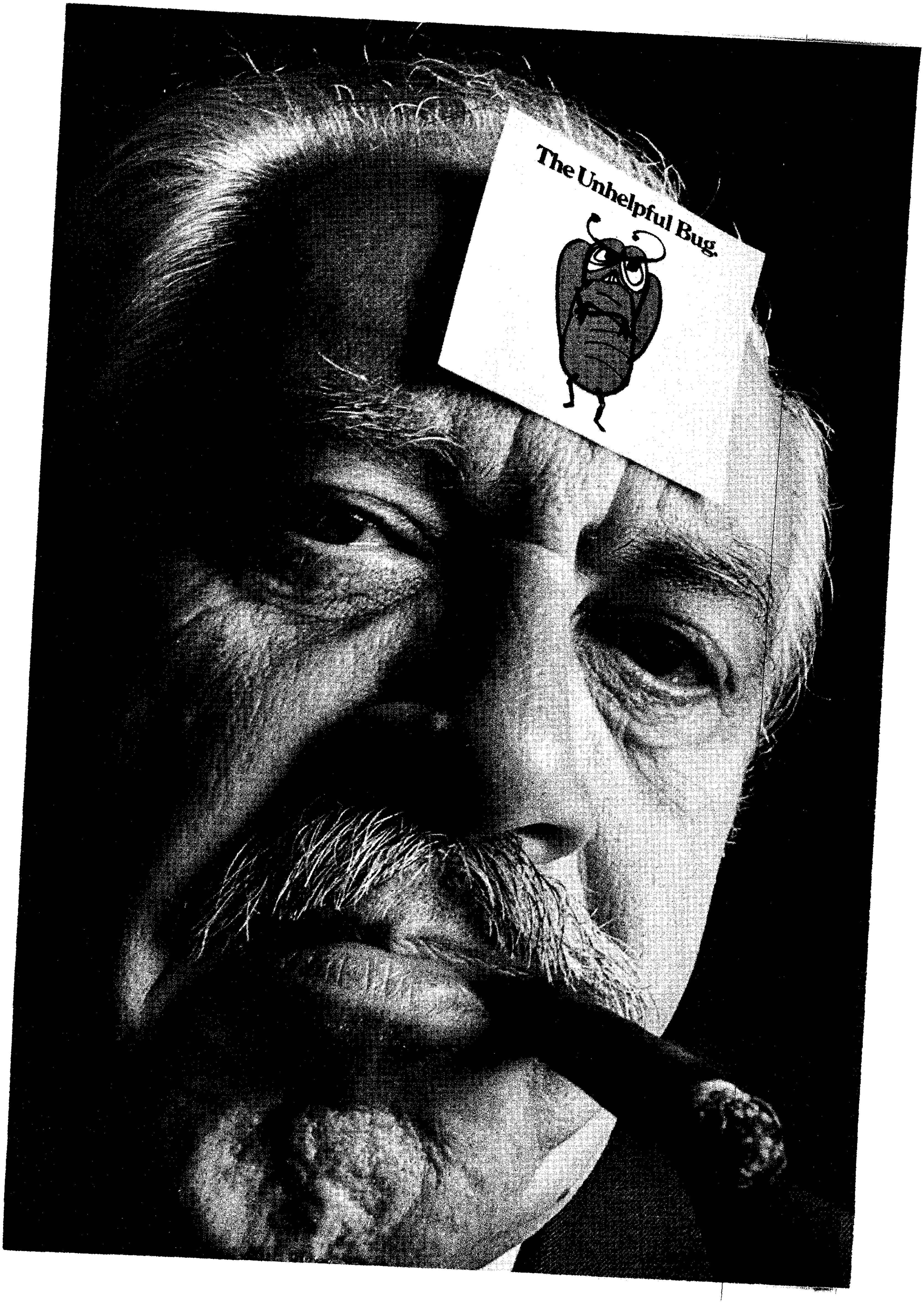
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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE OLYMPICS

MEXICO CITY, OCTOBER 27

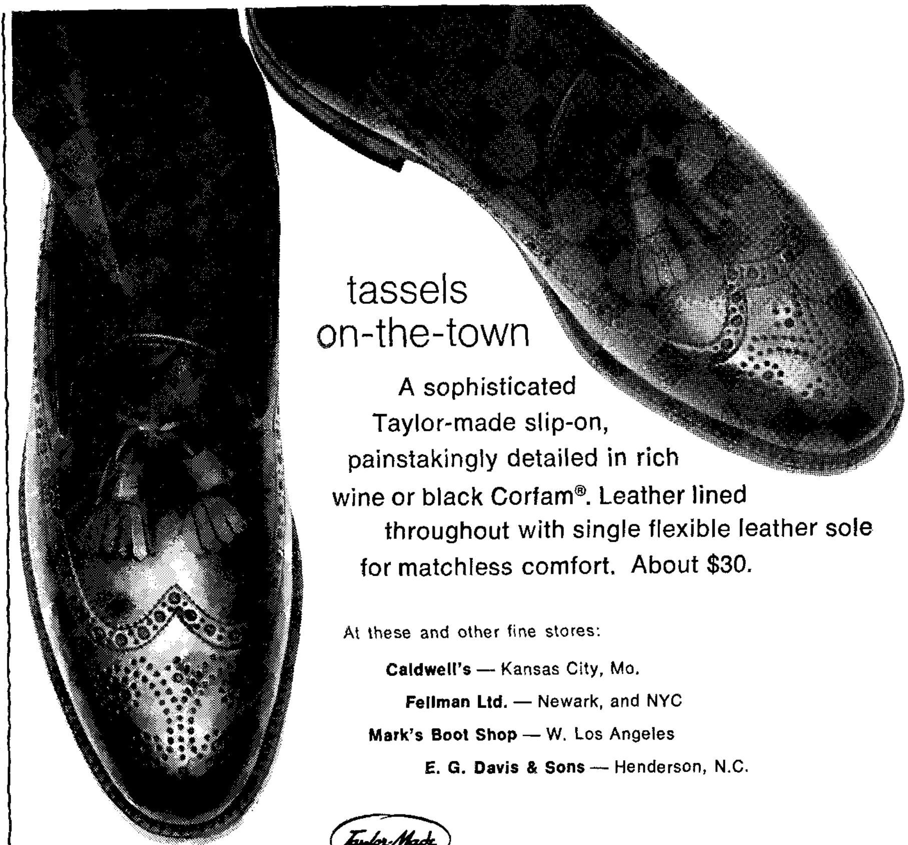
DURING the closing ceremonies of the 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo, most of the thousands of athletes involved took part, and there can rarely have been a more frolicsome Olympic occasion. The competitors were relaxed, relieved of the stresses of contention and the strictures of training. Some were probably drunk. They capered and scampered, and, if they had been able to get close enough to him, would doubtless have embraced the Emperor of Japan. It may have been this putative lèse-majesté that inspired the International Olympic Committee, when it convened the following year, to decree that in future only seven athletes from each nation, except the host nation, could participate in the closing ceremonies—a decision that few people knew anything about until they were told of it a couple of days before this year's finale. This traditionally festive leavetaking suffered a further last-minute blow when it was announced that its start would be delayed for half an hour "due to the technical requirements of worldwide television," which sounded suspiciously like the sort of thing that inspires time-outs in sponsored football games, at illogical moments, for commercial purposes. No matter, really; though the closing ceremonies tonight got off to a draggy start and the number of athletes officially involved was shameful, nobody had a better time than was had when, after the conclusion of the formal proceedings, thousands of people in the jammed stadium—most of them, of course, Mexicans—poured onto the field (while hundreds more who stayed in the stands improvised torches from pieces of paper; fortunately, there was no appreciable wind) and joined in a spontaneous frolic, which, one hopes, will convince the I.O.C. that gaiety, though contagious, is not necessarily dangerous. All in all, it was a touching demonstration of the effusiveness so characteristic of Mexicans, and the whole sparkling, convulsive incident must have made them, as it made so many of the rest of us, proud and happy.

The games, of course, had to end. There are those who wish they could somehow be compressed. It has been suggested, no doubt tongue in cheek, that two or three days could be saved if the time-consuming awards ceremonies were done away with and medals simply sent to the winners by mail. But this probably wouldn't work, for how, then, would the officials who give out the medals get on television? Anyway, it's all over, and Mexico can now get on to its next ceremonial event, five days off—the Day of the Dead, a Halloweenlike occasion during which people picnic in graveyards, nibbling on sugar-candy skulls. For Mexico, there is still the unresolved matter of the disaffected local students, who lived up to their pledge to cool it during the games but are now free to act again if they choose to. Some unfinished Olympic business remains, too. There are charges of professionalism yet to be explored—most of these relating to financial arrangements that certain rival manufacturers of track shoes may or may not have made with certain athletes, including some of ours. (One American star is said to have barely survived the semifinals in his event after being seduced by one brand of shoe; in the finals, the story goes on, he rejected his patron, switched back to his old shoes, and set a world's record.) Moreover, the I.O.C.—which took steps, albeit soft ones, to curb demonstrative behavior in the closing ceremonies—is now likely to try to do something about controlling demonstrations during awards ceremonies, even if it does nothing more than threaten dire reprisals against any national committee that won't make its men and women hew to whatever the Committee considers an acceptable line of behavior. Douglas F. Roby, the United States Olympic pooh-bah, has already issued an eyebrow-raising statement, with an implied reference to American Negroes, that goes, in part, "We recognize that these incidents may be the result of granting athletes what might be considered excessive freedoms in the cause of human rights, freedoms granted by some of our coaches and managers during the four weeks of training before coming to Mexico." Yesterday, I heard one American here—a tourist, not an Olympic official—complain loudly and offensively in a public place that "the jigs" had gone too far; one finds excessive freedom everywhere.

It has been a fairly quiet, non-political week, though—possibly because this was, from the American point of view, a swimming week, and there are no Negroes on our swimming team. (What ever happened to the integration of our pools?) The United States took fifty-seven medals in swimming and diving—nearly two-thirds of all the medals there were for these events. It was almost embarrassing. Some of us Americans were relieved whenever a relay event came along; we could enter only one team, and thus win only first place. The harvest we dredged from the Olympic pool included twenty-three gold medals. This was not, metallurgically, as rich a haul as one might suppose; though the silver and bronze medals distributed at the games substantially live up to their descriptions, the gold medals are not gold but vermeil. Our days—or quadrennia—as a global water power may be limited, in any case. As one United States swimming coach announced here, we are freely exporting our methods (which consist of taking kids ten or a little younger and pitting them against their age-group peers until they're fourteen or fifteen, putting them in the Olympics then, and letting them retire, usually, at eighteen), and thus "teaching other people how to beat us." The American swimmers themselves may not relish that much. Like other teen-agers, they often seem happiest when they are playing Monopoly.

IT was neatly ironic that Mexico's greatest Olympic moment should have come in a swimming event. The host country had hoped to win at least one gold metal in something (it ended up with three, attaining two in boxing last night), but for a while things looked bleak. The prospects for Mexico's soccer team were considered so solid that one indigene was stabbed to death by a friend last week for unpatriotically predicting that Mexico would not win that competition. Mexico not only didn't win it but was beaten out for third place by Japan, where soccer is nothing like the major sport it is here. Nobody is known to have been stabbed during that comeuppance, but before the game ended the local fans, being as capable of fickleness as fans anywhere, were booing their own team, cheering the Japanese, and throwing seat cushions onto the playing field to convey their disgust. The swimmer who restored the Mexicans' ebullience was Felipe Muñoz, who won the men's two-hundred-metre breaststroke. This time, his countrymen threw things in approbation, tossing their hats into the pool as if they were at a bullfight. As Muñoz was carried off on his compatriots' shoulders, the news of his achievement was flashed to other arenas; two fencers clinking blades in concentrated conflict, to tepid applause, were baffled when the spectators in their arena suddenly erupted into frenzied screams. Muñoz became a national hero overnight. President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz telephoned his congratulations almost before the swimmer had dried off—much as President Johnson calls astronauts just after they touch down. Muñoz' nickname, El Tibio, is a household word. "Tibio" means "lukewarm;" his father is from Aguascalientes ("hot waters") and his mother from Río Frío ("cold river"). El Tibio is only seventeen, but has already mastered heroes' clichés. His victory was not his, he is said to have declared, but his country's. Many of his countrymen, probably including some who can't do the dog paddle, seem to share his view—a case of non-participatory democracy. The officials who run the pool were so unnerved by the whole uplifting episode that in the next day's printed program, instead of following their usual practice of listing the contestants in women's diving by their last names and first initials, they used first names and last initials—Regina K., Ingeborg B., Nancy R., and so on—as if they were inscribing place cards for a bridge-club lunch.

Czechoslovakia's Milena D. (Duchkova) won the ten-metre dive over Russia's Natalia L. (Lobanova) in still another of the closely watched confrontations between the athletes of these two nations. The last one took place yesterday evening, when Russia defeated Czechoslovakia for the men's volleyball title in three straight games. Over all, the Russians had what for them must have been a disappointing Olympics (only twenty-nine gold medals, to forty-five for America), though their women's volleyball team also came through last night, vanquishing the previously invincible Japan. Some Russians were booed, for obvious political reasons, and at least one brought personal scorn upon himself. He was an equestrian, who, when his horse balked at a jump, whipped it fiercely. He was subsequently eliminated, to the delight of the spectators. Czechoslovakia had a glorious Olympics, thanks largely to the gymnast Vera Caslavska. The Mexican spectators' adoring chants of "Vera! Vera! Vera!" will long linger in our ears. When Miss Caslavska won three gold medals in one night (having earned another earlier), her audience was enraged that the judges didn't give her a fifth. The women



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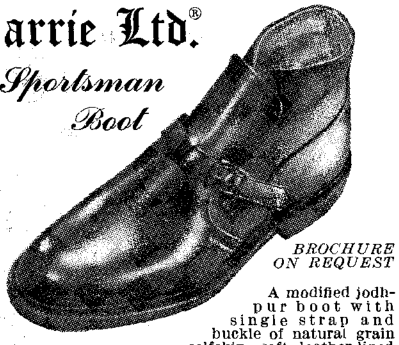

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who officiate at women's gymnastic events are hard to feel sympathy for. Whatever they're really like off duty, while they're performing their judicial functions they look as if they had perfected their calling by chaperoning dances at female correctional institutions. They did give the nod to Vera in the horse vault and the uneven parallel bars, but she had to be content with a second to Russia's Natalia Kuchinskaya in the balance beam. What much of the dissenting audience apparently didn't realize was that the Russian girl had gone into the finals with a lead in that event of 9.800 to 9.725; after Miss Kuchinskaya scored 9.850 in the last round, the Czechoslovak needed a 9.925 to tie and a 9.950 to win—a score almost beyond even a superwoman. By chance, the balance-beam awards were given out by a Russian member of the I.O.C., who had to hang a gold medal around his countrywoman's neck while the rafters rang with boos and whistles. In the final event of that night—floor exercise—Miss Caslavska won again, or, at any rate, tied for first with another springy Russian, Larisa Petrik. Each received a gold medal—the only such dual award in these games—and the audience, by now calmed down, was treated to the odd sight of a Russian and a Czechoslovak standing close together on the first-place pedestal while their flags were carefully run up to the same level and both anthems were rendered, the Czechoslovak one first, following alphabetical order. Last night, twenty-four hours after she had individually accumulated as many gold medals as all but eleven of the national contingents here, Miss Caslavska switched from a tight black leotard to a flowing white bridal gown. Her wedding, to another Czechoslovak athlete, the runner Josef Odlozil, was the high point of the Olympic Village social season.

IT has been seriously suggested—by, among others, Avery Brundage, the American president of the I.O.C.—that there may be too many Olympic sports, and that perhaps some of them could be abandoned. (Never gymnastics, let us hope.) There do seem to be an awful lot of them—skeet shooting, for reasons incomprehensible to a non-skeet-shooter, being the newest. The Olympic powers that be perhaps regret that they ever accepted basketball, which was introduced unofficially at Los Angeles in 1932 (the host nation has the option of putting on two exhibition sports) and won formal sanction in 1936. Since then, the United States

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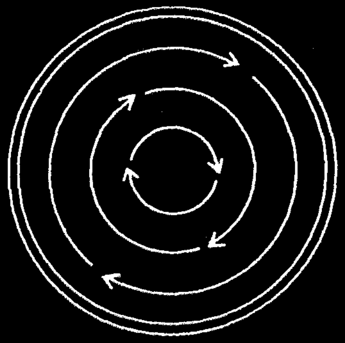

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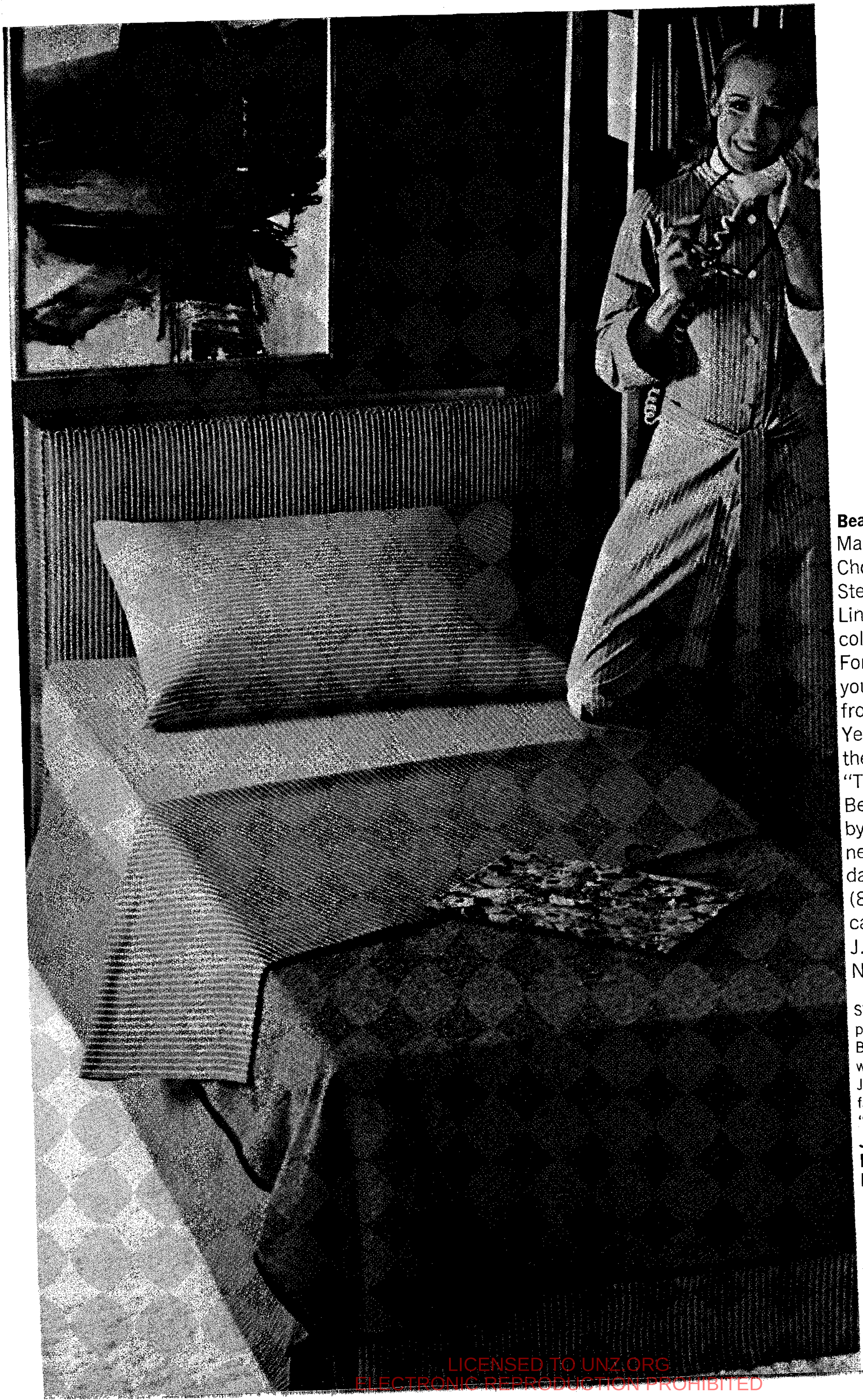

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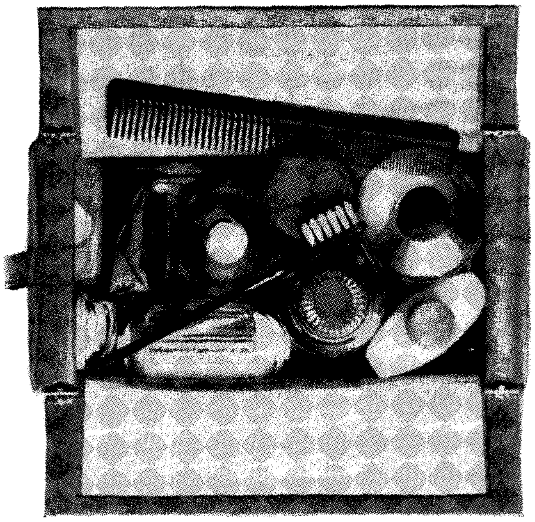
has never lost a basketball game in the Olympics, let alone a tournament. This time, in the finals, America handily beat Yugoslavia, which it had no less handily beaten some days earlier in a preliminary match. One's appetite for watching a so-so United States team give basketball lessons to Yugoslavia, or anyone else, is not insatiable. Mexico—after briefly considering bullfighting—chose as its chief non-official sport frontenis, which is jai alai played with tennis racquets. This was an understandable selection: Mexico has been the world's leading frontenis power for seventeen years, and in Mexico City alone there are three thousand frontenis courts. One of them, on the grounds of the Presidential residence, was built for Adolfo López Mateos, who, as the country's Chief Executive in 1963, was highly instrumental in bringing the Olympics to Mexico. (López Mateos now, regrettably, lies in a coma, unaware that his waking dream has come true.) Frontenis is a Latin sport, and most of the roster of countries that decided to join Mexico in playing it here was predictable: Spain, Argentina, Uruguay, and France. What was a surprise was that the United States also entered a team. There are no frontenis courts in the United States, and none of the players who represented us here had ever seen the game played until they came to Mexico in September for three days' practice at—or introduction to—the tricky and demanding sport. The team came into being when Richard Squires, a thirty-seven-year-old resident of Westchester, who is sales manager for a printing company and over the years has ranked respectably in tennis, squash tennis, squash racquets, and paddle tennis, happened to read a newspaper item about frontenis at the Olympics. In his capacity as president of the National Squash Tennis Association, he wrote the Olympic Organizing Committee here to ask if the United States could take part. When the answer was an astonished but enthusiastic yes (provided the United States Olympic Committee would—as it ultimately did—concur), Squires recruited a band of tyros like himself, who were proficient in one racquets game or another, and even found a coach: Pedro Bacallao, a refugee from Cuba, who had been national frontenis champion in his homeland. He could have played here for the States if he had not been three months short of the five years' residence required for naturalization. Squires' most important recruit, in some respects, was Herman Schaefer, a Pepsi-Cola executive, who



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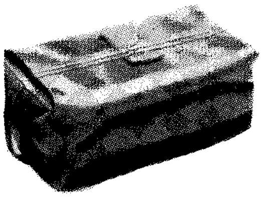

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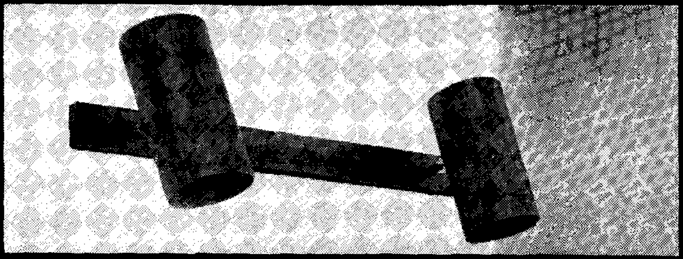

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got his company to help with the team's arrangements in Mexico through its representatives here, to provide free Pepsi, and to give the team a ride on a company plane sometimes used by Richard Nixon. "We knew so little about the game that on the way down here somebody remarked that if the plane crashed it might set back frontenis one day," Squires told me. Well, the United States frontenis team, not much to its surprise, dropped every game it played, but it lost to Mexico's world champions by no worse than a 30–16 score (the Americans traitorously sipping Coca-Cola during some time-outs)—not bad for the group that, of all the amateur athletes assembled here, could unarguably claim to be the rankest.

WHILE the games have been going on—with, one should add, admirable precision—the cultural program of the Olympics has received scant notice, but it is scheduled to continue right up to the end of the year. A few of the cultural presentations that had been tentatively scheduled to materialize while Olympic visitors were here (in much smaller numbers, unfortunately, than had been expected) have been a little slow in arriving. A special building designed to house an enormous three-dimensional mural that David Alfaro Siqueiros has been creating at Cuernavaca for the last couple of years is not yet finished. Nor has there been available for public showing an interesting-sounding new movie. It is called "Pax?" and was conceived, loosely under the aegis of the Olympic Organizing Committee, by a forty-four-year-old physical anthropologist, Santiago Genovés. Born in Spain into a Loyalist family, he came to Mexico as a refugee in 1939. He got his Ph.D. at Cambridge, and specializes in the study of human sexual differences revealed by bones. Until two years ago, he had never contemplated making a movie (though he has played frontenis; he is champion of his local club, and he also used to be a professional soccer player). The idea of "Pax?," Genovés told me the other day, is to show how man's racial hangups and his misconceptions about his evolution have led to aggression, violence, and war. The movie is a potpourri of old film clips and new footage, a good deal of it in the form of animated cartoons. Included is a song, "Adam the Inventor," on which Genovés collaborated with Pete Seeger. (Its theme is that man has invented just about everything; why can't he invent peace?) The animated-cartoon expert Dick Williams, a Ca-

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nadian living in England, also worked with Genovés on "Pax?," and the two of them have further made a six-and-a-half-minute cartoon, with sound effects by the British drummer Tony Crombie, that didn't quite get released, either, while the Olympics were on, though its title, "Muscle and Culture," was certainly relevant to the scene. The Spanish Republicans in Mexico sponsored it, at Genovés's urging, as their tribute to the Olympics. This movie is a brief reminder to all who see it that the Olympics began, in a sense, when prehistoric man had to do his equivalent of running, hurdling, swimming, gymnastics, pole-vaulting, javelin-throwing, and so on, merely to survive in his savage environment. "What was a dire need we have turned into a game," the film says, and it goes on to present the hypothesis—which might not have set well with many of the rippling-muscled gladiators in the Olympic Village—that the games are a triumph not of muscle but of culture (in the anthropological sense), thanks to four groups of human beings who over the centuries put muscle to rational use in the evolution of culture: the old, the female, the weak, and the infirm. "Muscle and Culture" will be released in Mexico any day now—an English version of it exists, and may work its way north soon—and then Professor Genovés will go back to teaching at the National University, provided the place opens up and its students are disposed to attend it.

Another, quite different, movie was run off here on October 25th at the spacious Museum of Anthropology. This one was a short about Avery Brundage's collection of Oriental art, several dozen pieces from which have been on display at the Museum during the games. The press was invited to stop by to see the movie and have a chat with Mr. Brundage and with the West German in charge of organizing the 1972 games at Munich. After nearly two weeks of sitting in bright sunshine watching a dazzling variety of athletes engage in a multitude of contests, there was something refreshingly simple about sitting in a darkened auditorium watching Mr. Brundage, in the audience, watch himself, onscreen, talking about ancient Chinese artists, whom he made a point of identifying as authentic amateurs. Then the proceedings took a confusing turn. Instead of the West German we had been promised, we got an *East* German member of the I.O.C., who made a speech plugging a book he'd written about Brundage, which, by coincidence,

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the Silent woman
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was on sale right there, at twelve dollars a copy. Not many journalists turned up. Maybe they were tired; maybe they were taking in the canoeing finals. I thought someone ought to have a chat with Mr. Brundage (though, in truth, he seemed quite content just autographing catalogues of his exhibition), so I buttonholed him and asked him what, if anything, the I.O.C. had done the day before to take cognizance of the worldwide celebration of the anniversary of yet another international group of consequence, United Nations Day. Mr. Brundage seemed taken aback. "I don't think it was brought to our attention," he said. On that disappointing note, our chat concluded.

THE Mexican Olympics are now, as they say, in the record books. The many new records that have been set here in so many events may raise problems in the years ahead, especially when it comes to the shorter track events and some of the field events. The Right Honourable Philip J. Noel-Baker, probably the only man alive who has been both an Olympic athlete and a Nobel Peace Prize winner, has been in this city in his current role of president of the International Council of Sport and Physical Education, an offspring of UNESCO. (I haven't seen him since United Nations Day, so I don't know what his group did.) Mr. Noel-Baker thinks that some of the Olympic marks established in the thin air here may stand for thirty years or more—unless, of course, the games are held in some other high-altitude setting—and he has been wondering (shades of Babe Ruth and Roger Maris) if perhaps there should not be two sets of Olympic records, one for those established in Mexico, and one for those established at lesser heights. Taking off from his hypothesis, one can foresee, in the distant future, new Olympic records for La Paz, for the Dead Sea, and even for the moon. To get down to earth, though, the next Summer Olympics will be at Munich, starting on August 26, 1972, and many of us who have dragged ourselves through these last few days have already been shown still another movie—this one entitled "A Town Gets Ready" and produced by the organizers of the Munich games, to let us know what's in store for us four years hence. There seems to be no doubt that after a forty-eight-month hiatus in these elaborate, sometimes exhilarating, sometimes exasperating rituals, Munich will be ready. The question is: Will we?

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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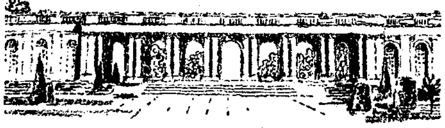

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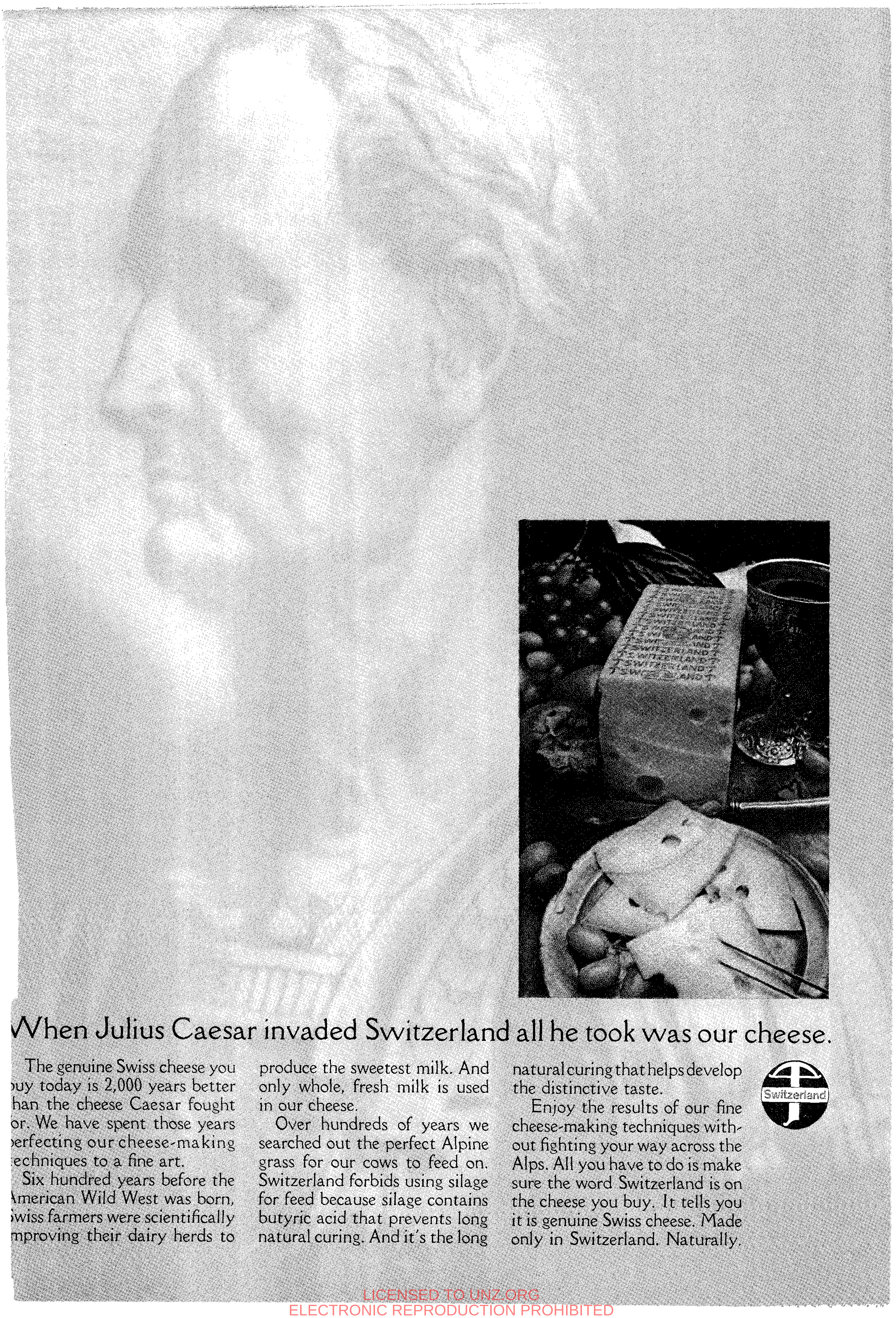

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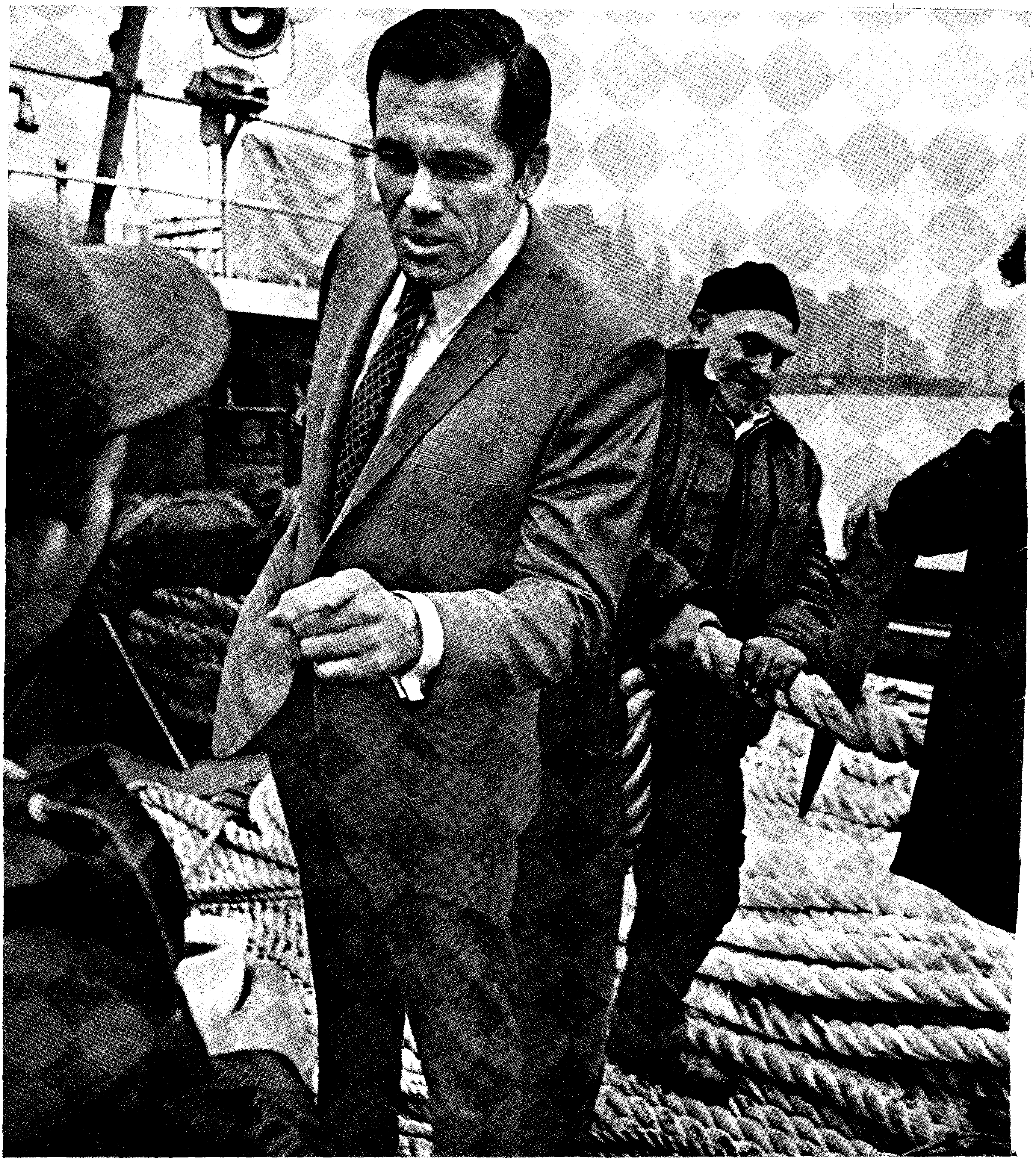

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BEGINNING, forty years ago, with a style of sombre purity, James Gould Cozzens has purposefully evolved a prose unique in its mannered ugliness, a monstrous mix of Sir Thomas Browne, legalese, and Best-Remembered Quotations. The opening chapter of his new novel, "Morning Noon and Night" (Harcourt, Brace & World), cloudy as a polluted pond, swarms with verbal organisms of his strange engendering. As Cozzensologists before me have discovered, there is no substitute for the tabulated list. We have the Unresisted Cliché:

> Here are clouds of witnesses, faces and forms in serried ranks. . . .
>
> I don't intend here any telling in mournful numbers.
>
> Simply, the wood is not to be seen for the trees.

The Lame Echo:

> To be sure, in this distraction of the mind, as through a glass darkly . . .
>
> You have not world enough and time. . . .
>
> I feel it leaves man as much as before the glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

The False Precision, the Legal "Or":

> . . . to inform yourself of any peculiarities or limitations of his that could have affected his observation or could now be coloring his report.
>
> . . . what they seem in our work or practice. I am not suggesting that I feel we are or ever could be ethically obligated. . . .
>
> . . . . by elements of lust whether loving or unloving, a catalog longer or shorter of women . . .

The Vapid Expansion:

> What used to be, not just well enough, but often very good indeed, must be left religiously alone.

The Inversion Frightful, Capped by Cute Periphrasis:

> In eating employed now are partial dental prosthetic devices.
>
> Be that how it may, Nancy, as friends call her, will not refuse the rites mysterious of connubial love.

The Gratuitous Scientism:

> Penetrated, the microscopic cell is fertilized (in accepted language of the process, two gametes fuse to form a zygote).

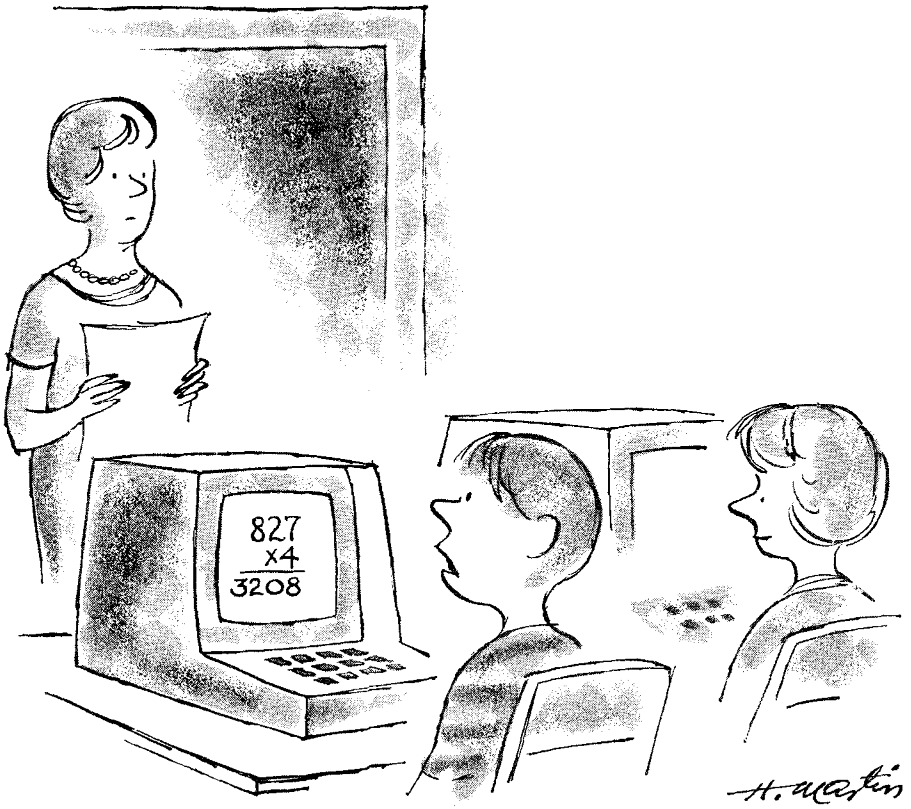
The Infatuated Sonority:

> His course of ripe and ripe is running, and the rot and rot won't fail to follow. . . .
>
> Multitudinous as these remembered works of Nature may be, more multitudinous still, and by far, must be remembered works of man.

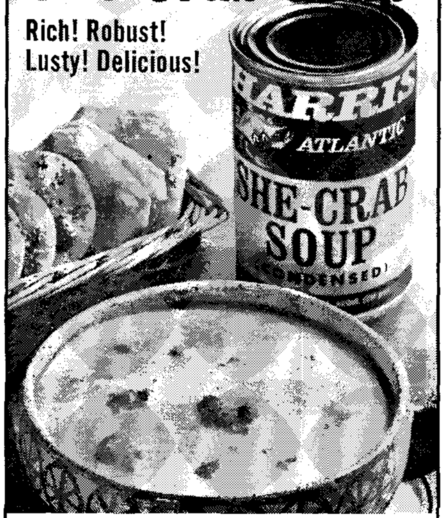
What Cozzens has set himself to achieve, and has, as he might say, so regrettably succeeded in achieving, is the literary equivalent for or capture of the all too veritably human quality of *stuffiness*. In tone and tedium, "Morning Noon and Night" is a four-hundred-page-long after-dinner speech.

The speaker is Henry Dodd Worthington; the dinner has been his life. Born at the turn of the century as the son of a small-college English professor, the narrator of this novel, after an acceptable education at an unnamed prep school and Harvard, and after shrugging off both teaching and writing as possible careers, drifted into employment with a Boston collection agency, and from this indifferent beginning rose to found Henry Worthington Associates, a management-consultant firm of prestige so immense that both he and the reader find it implausible. He has been twice married: his first wife, Judith, cuckolded and divorced him; his second, Charlotte, committed suicide. Violence, indeed, has made rather free with his relatives; his parents were asphyxiated in a hotel fire, and his two grandchildren were killed in the crash of a plane. Henry (or "our Hank," as he jocosely calls himself) is of genteel Protestant background, an indirect descendant of President Franklin Pierce; during the Second World War he served as an Air Forces major, mostly in the Pentagon; his present preoccupations are the unhappiness of his daughter Elaine, now on her third divorce, and the composition of this memoir. The events of his life are not related consecutively but emerge as his memory rambles over the past; he ruminates at length upon such diverse matters as his grandfather's feud with the early Freudians, the tricks of management consultation, the technique of running an antiques shop, the sinking of the Titanic, the vagaries of chance, the nature of the Puritan heritage, the ups and downs and ins and outs of sexual "appetency," and (an unexpected obsession) the shabbiness of the literary world. Many of these essays, once the muddled rumble of the style is tuned out, possess interest, even a certain surly brilliance, but as a life the book lacks what it must have—life.

Elaine is the only character other than the narrator allowed to have any kind of a say; the novel's keystone scene is an interview between the distressed daughter and the stiff but



"Miss Johnson, this machine always forgets to carry the one."



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sorry father, held in the courtyard of H. W. Associates' posh new suburban plant. But when, after seventy solid pages of authorial discourse, quotation marks appear amid the print and Elaine breaks into speech, she talks just like a little Henry, or (since without a doubt our Hank is pretty much our Jim) a little Cozzens. Listen to her:

> "I can practice to deceive, all right, only usually I do it by acting, not swearing to God."
>
> "So when Wilfred deflowered me I was pretty much, as the books say, unawakened."
>
> "You know; lovely Sue makes like softly panting while the geranium tree is planting. And doesn't that show what's up for grabs here is love forever true, and oughtn't he to latch onto it?"
>
> "You bet! Moving finger writes. Correct. And all my tears, or such as I've let drip, don't wash out a word."

Embarrassed, apparently, by her own wealth of literary tags, she admonishes her father, "Don't forget the expensive liberal-arts education you bought me. When it pays to, I can sound tolerably literate." But it doesn't pay; their conversation is lumpy with false wit and stilted slang and brittle with a supervisory knowingness—not a dramatization of her plight but an awkward exposition of it. So it is with the entire book. Henry's marriage to Judith, by all indications the deepest relationship of his life, is represented by some mocking paragraphs on newlywed lust, a potentially poignant but skimped account of their courtship, an unskimped theory as to how her father's anti-sexual High Anglicanism drove her decades later to promiscuity, a few cursory references to their divorce, a full exposition of Henry's financial advice to the antiques business she sets up in, and a glancing admission that now she is dying. She hardly speaks a sentence; for her one moment onstage, she is seen through her daughter's eyes, distantly on a beach, copulating with a lover. Charlotte, the second wife, appears in Henry's account as a suicide note, as a glimpse of her in the shower (heavily misted by panting references to David and Bathsheba), and as an equable compliment to her secretarial ability. All the characters—wives, friends, business associates, service colleagues—are immersed, mute and all but immobile, in the tyrannous flow of Henry Worthington's disquisitional lava.

Now, to what extent does the author stand apart from his persona, as, say, John Marquand does from George Apley? How much of Henry's stuffi-

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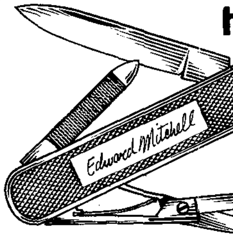

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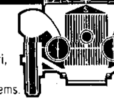

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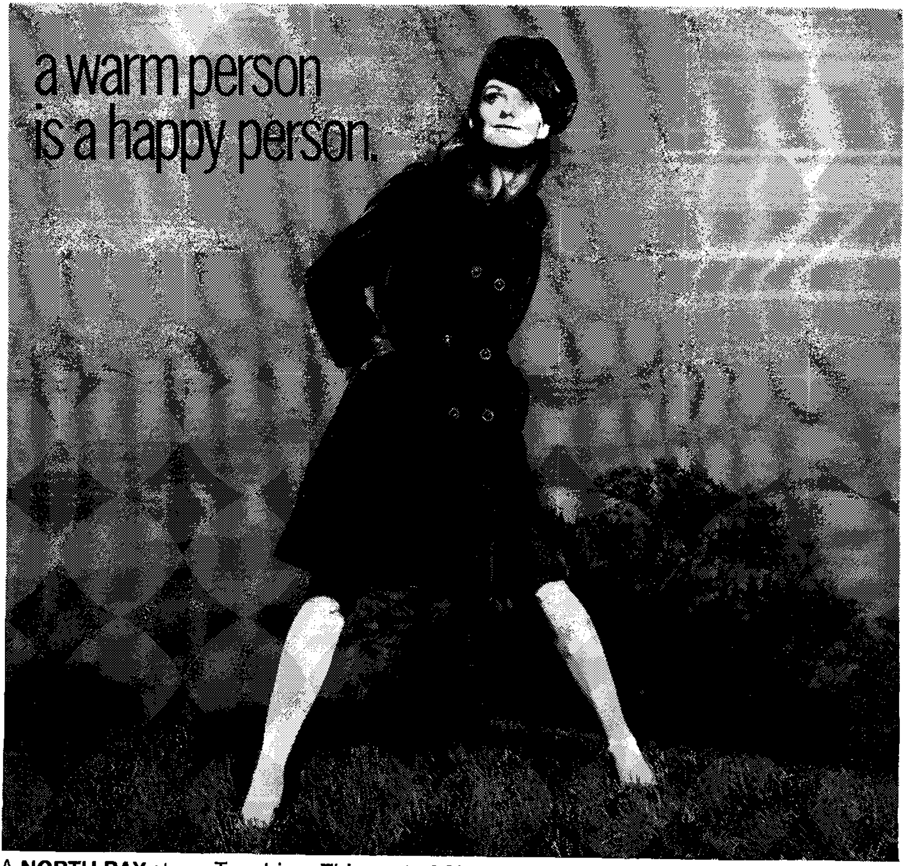
ness is intentional caricature? Is his sluggish eclipse of the life he has lived a novelistic defect or an ironical comment? Mockery there is in abundance: Henry mocks his youthful ardor, his elderly dignity, his riskless wartime career, the little shams and maneuvers of his trade. His memory seeks out low moments: "mean actions of mine; ugliness of greed or lust; shameful exhibitions of ignorance; deserved humiliations; mortifying follies and defeats." And the epigraph from Shakespeare's Sonnet 94, describing those who, "moving others, are themselves as stone," suggests that a self-portrait of a type of man and an implicit judgment were intended. But Marquand, even in his later novels, maintained an outsider's perspective on his Brahmins, whereas Worthington's voice and Cozzens' are indistinguishable, and the opinions of author and character merge in a ponderous, pessimistic morass of self-distrust and weary puzzlement.

Having troubled to invent a business profession for his alter ego, and having supplied a convincing amount of data and theory, Cozzens compulsively reverts throughout his narrative to the problems of the literary practitioner, to attacks upon "half-writer pretenders" and "liberal intellectuals." He includes a coy reference to the minor American writer Frederick Cozzens. He gives Henry, the supposed author of a million memos and directives, his own preposterously pedantic style, including the obligatory exotic words—*inappetency*, *erethism*, *furibund*, *condign*, *innominate*, *muliebrity*, *deontology*. Frequenty heard is the rumble of hobbyhorses being ridden by that ultra-conservative Cozzens displayed years ago in *Time*— kind of male Ayn Rand, who in this ook must dote upon a fictional bank's tatus "in the best financial circles" as eing "better regarded than the latter-ay not always prudent House of Morgan," who speaks of Roosevelt's "near-senile megalomania" and the Kremlin's "dupes" and "expert peridies and duplicities," and who seems pleasurably smitten by the speculation hat a typhoon would have wiped out our scheduled invasion of the Japanese home islands had not the war been ended by the atomic bombs, which in passing are viewed as the "means to right a ceaselessly growing imbalance n Nature, to solve quickly and easily heretofore insoluble problems of excess population."

Not that political conservatives should be barred from the halls of fiction; rather, they should be better repreented there, to relieve the present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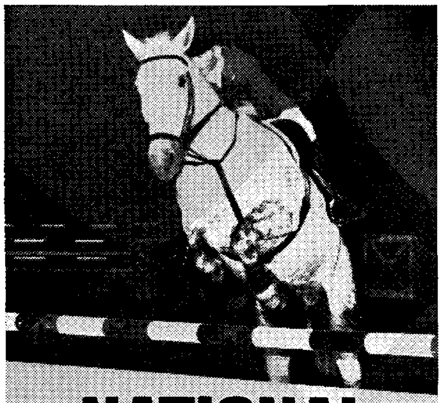

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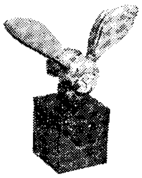

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rather shrill unanimity on the left. Nor is author/alter-ego closeness an intrinsic handicap; "Herzog," for example, is an excellent novel. Its superiority to "Morning Noon and Night" lies not only in Bellow's far livelier gift for conjuring up personalities but in his, and Herzog's, belief that a better world somewhere exists, that improvement can be sought and choices can be made. The illusion of free will, illusion or not, is necessary to a novel; excitement and import derive from the reality of human decision. As Henry Dodd Worthington describes himself, he has been always a product, a zygote formed by two fused gametes, in the grip, successively and simultaneously, of biology, heredity, social usage, sexual impulse, chance, and inertia. The turning points of his life—his marriage to Judith, his entry into the world of business, his enlistment in the Army Air Forces, his divorce and remarriage—are all seen as uncaused drift, "little governed by logic or demonstrable cause and effect." Herzog, at the end, can stop writing letters and set the table for a tryst, whereas Henry can only conclude that he knows nothing, that his life has been a "wandering directionless," a game of "blindman's buff—now sightlessly bumping into things, now surprised by sportive unreturnable blows." His memories—in the book's last, best flight of imagery—are seen as ruined fragments and, far off, "a dozen or more aqueduct arches, commencing suddenly, suddenly ending, coming now from nowhere, now going nowhere." There is "thin final sunlight," and then "the child must soon be taken away to bed." A child is someone who lacks responsibility and power of choice; Henry Dodd Worthington, adviser to big business, labels himself as one. This vision of helpless, pointless process is at the heart of the novel's profound inaction, of its analyzed but unrealized events, and even of its reactionary style, seeping backward to include all those tired mottoes and phrases and clichés as if wryly to admit that nothing new can be said. Resigned pessimism is a defensible philosophy, and maybe the natural end of American Protestantism, but it makes for very dull fiction.

Piqued by this book's curious badness, I turned to Cozzens' first full-length novel, "The Last Adam." Though a trifle slick, with its climactic town meeting and its magnificent starring role for an aging screen idol (it was made into a movie, "Dr. Bull," starring Will Rogers), it holds up well; the evocation of the Connecticut

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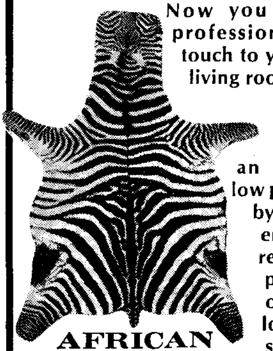

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town of New Winton, the tight knit of weather and geography and people into a plot, the particularity and immediacy of every scene all show a mastery remarkable in a man of thirty. Cozzens then had more grasp of ordinary, middling America—or at least more willingness to transmute his grasp into art—than Hemingway and Fitzgerald ever showed. The hero of the novel, Dr. Bull, is sixty-seven, just about Henry Worthington's age, and he remembers the sentence from the Psalmist with which Henry begins his memoir: "I have been young and now am old." And cosmic nullity is present in both books: "Left to herself [a telephone operator in "The Last Adam"], and to what she could see of the universe, real and ideal were lost together in an indifference so colossal, so utterly indifferent, that there was no defining it." This colossal indifference, this abyss beneath society and conventional success, has always been with Cozzens, but as a threat, as a defining darkness, not as an all-swallowing enemy. From "The Last Adam" to "Morning Noon and Night," the broad social scene of New Winton, primarily Protestant, has dwindled to one member of the Puritan aristocracy; class consciousness has narrowed to class loyalty. Cozzens has become like a Yale undergraduate in the earlier book: "He knew by now that he and his more intimate friends were right; or, at any rate, he could easily see that people who differed conspicuously in dress or behavior, in ideals or attitudes, were, as far as his college was concerned, wrong. His gray eyes considered all those in error with a level, complete indifference." Arthur Winner, of "By Love Possessed," gave those not of his sort short shrift. Henry Worthington doesn't see them at all, they are squeezed into the remotest margins of his memoir, and there is nowhere to stand to see him, to judge him. Only the bitter vacuity of his conclusions betrays the possibility that somewhere along the way he went wrong.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HEART-KEEPER, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Robert Westhoff (Dutton). Françoise Sagan's latest novel is reassuringly familiar; here are boredom, the quest for happiness, and the sexual passion of middle age for youth. Dorothy Seymour is a screenwriter who takes up with an aloof young animal named Lewis—a liai-

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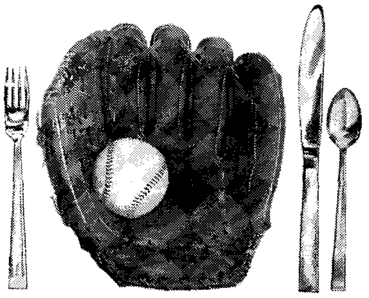

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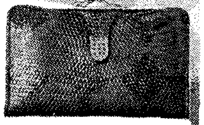
son that brings on much violence and death. The Hollywood setting is new, but seems a flimsy covering. The dialogue is, as ever, absurd, and particularly so in English. As Americans, the protagonists are unconvincing. One LSD-impregnated sugar lump does not make a young sensitive, nor do two sleeping tablets and a bottle of whiskey create an aging divorcée. Yet Mlle. Sagan has a certain instinctive knowledge of a few characters, who reappear in her novels in different disguises. The interest of "The Heart-Keeper" lies in the exposition of these oft-frequented psyches rather than in the unprecedented occurrence of multiple murder. It has enough of the indefinable somnambulant charm of the earlier novels to nullify charges of superficiality or inaccuracy. It is tasteless and melodramatic, but never boring.

THE WAY IN, by Eugene Mirabelli (Viking). An Italian-American painter in his late twenties describes the ways of everyday life of some non-academic inhabitants of Cambridge, Massachusetts, including his own progress from uncertainty about his soul to uncertainty about his future with a wife and baby. His tone is consistently serene, and he emphasizes changes in the natural and architectural landscape. Mr. Mirabelli is a graceful writer.

GENERAL

T. H. WHITE, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking). A biography of the author of (among much else of uncommon merit) the Arthurian cycle "The Once and Future King," which provided the book for "Camelot." White (1906-64) was in every way a remarkable man—"far more remarkable than anything he wrote," a lifelong friend once said. His range of interests and accomplishments was extraordinarily wide: scholar, teacher, Medieval Latinist, student of Gaelic, foxhunter, waterfowler, fly-fisherman, falconer, gardener, painter, sailor, flier, poet (his first published collection, at twenty-three, was a British Book Society recommendation), essayist, novelist, and lecturer. "It was White's fatality," Miss Townsend Warner observes, "to find nothing difficult." He was also a homosexual and an alcoholic. Miss Townsend Warner is White's perfect biographer. She never knew him but, by some magical fortuity, she seems to understand him absolutely. She sees



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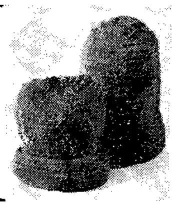
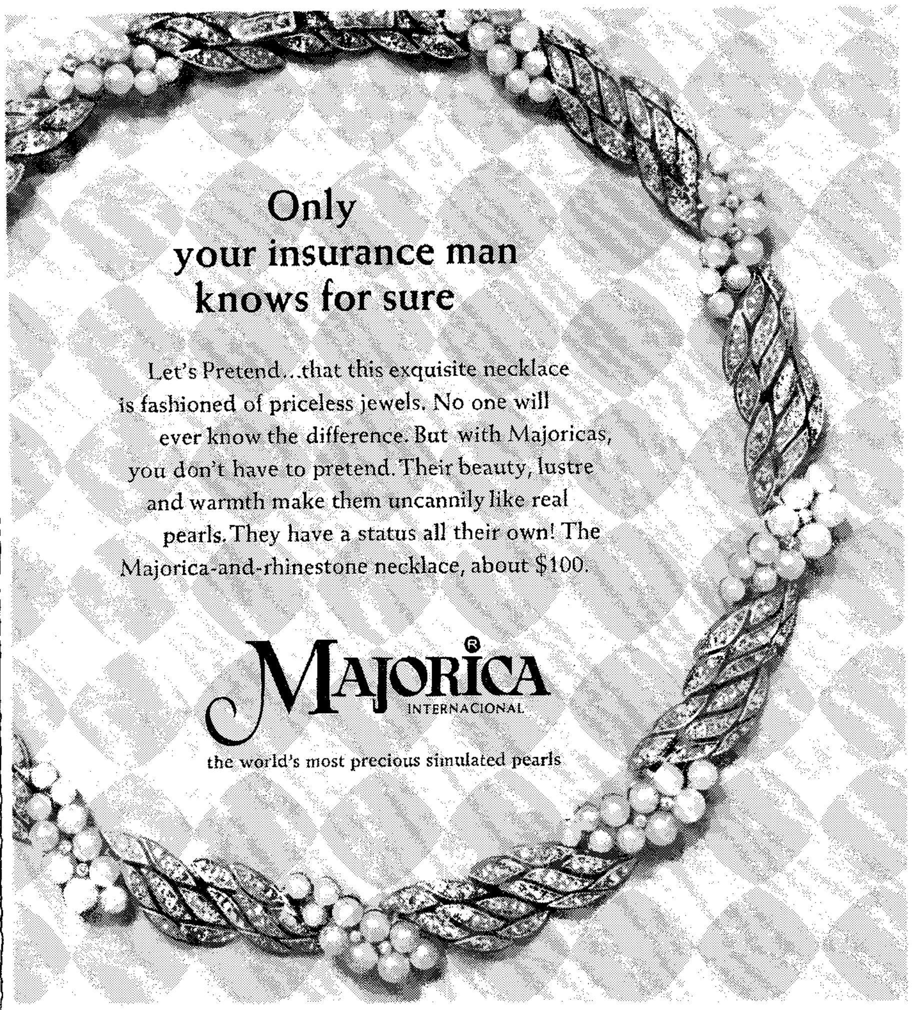


and sympathizes but never absolves ("the English colony [in Florence] came to dread the overwhelming talker whose brio made itinerant musicians shrug their way out of restaurants, who told the same stories, expressed the same opinions over and over again"), and the portrait she draws—from his diaries and letters and from conversations with his friends—is not only unmistakably right but one of the finest portraits of an artist in many years. Illustrated with drawings by White and with photographs.

THE PRESIDENTS' MEN: WHITE HOUSE ASSISTANTS OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, HARRY S. TRUMAN, DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, JOHN F. KENNEDY, AND LYNDON B. JOHNSON, by Patrick Anderson (Doubleday). This is a book about men exerting—and fighting over—power, and it is therefore exciting. It is also a book about the organization—sometimes amounting to disorganization—of the nation's executive branch, and it is therefore urgent. The author, a young political journalist, points out that the bevy of special assistants that clusters around a President was a creation of Franklin Roosevelt. Mr. Anderson describes the evolution of the President's staff, the men who have served, and the different ways that different Presidents have used their services. He sees the need for a President's staff but also sees the perils: many staff members have become arrogant (and a few dishonest), and they have often demoralized civil servants. Mr. Anderson thinks that the State Department, in particular, has suffered too many morale-crumbling assaults—too many, that is, for the good of the nation. He does not worry over the fact that the President's staff, elected by nobody, exercises immense authority, because the position of President's man, like that of royal favorite, is precarious, and Presidential assistants—with a few exceptions, like Harry Hopkins—do not last long.

MEMOIRS: SIXTY YEARS ON THE FIRING LINE, by Arthur Krock (Funk & Wagnalls). There is, perhaps, no kind of person as encouraging as an optimistic old man—someone who, speaking from experience, tells the young and the middle-aged that they have been (or are) doing well. Mr. Krock, for years the New York *Times'* Washington correspondent and editor, is not such a man. He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tells us that the country has been going downhill since his boyhood, and that many of the nation's major efforts—toward a welfare state, say—are mistakes. But he expresses his pessimism with such verve, and recounts so many anecdotes with such entertaining shrewdness, that the reader imagines that Mr. Krock must be more cheerful about everything, including American politics, than he admits.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU; VOLUME I: THE QUEST, 1712-58, by Lester G. Crocker (Macmillan). The first installment of an informed and sensitive biography. Professor Crocker's young Jean-Jacques is both a victim and a villain—his character a mass of neuroses, his life a succession of failure, suffering, vice, and scandal. Yet the scamp believes in his own essential goodness, and eventually, with stunning eloquence, proclaims the essential goodness of man, though not of any man he knows. The author is entirely at home in eighteenth-century France and with its personalities; he has placed his striking portrait of Rousseau in a fascinating gallery of patrons, friends, and friends who became enemies.

THE VICTORIAN SCENE: 1837-1901, by Nicolas Bentley (New York Graphic Society). The particular merit of this large, handsome pictures-and-words book is inclusiveness. Mr. Bentley does not exaggerate one aspect of Victorian England at the expense of another; he finds room for fashions and factories, the court and the cottage. So broad a scope means, of course, no great profundity in the text, but the illustrations are well chosen and wonderfully illuminating. Some really are worth ten thousand words. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

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George Danforth, chairman of the architecture department at the Illinois Institute of Technology, will discuss Miss Van der Rohe for the Women's Architectural League in the Art Institute after an 11 A.M. Wednesday luncheon.—*Winnetka (Ill.) Talk.*

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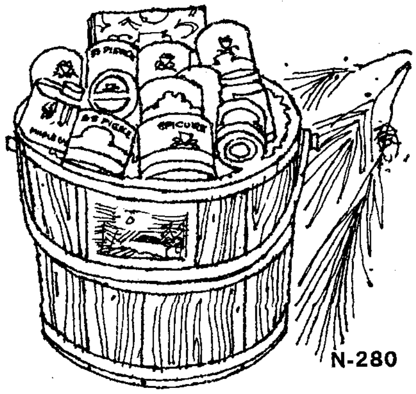

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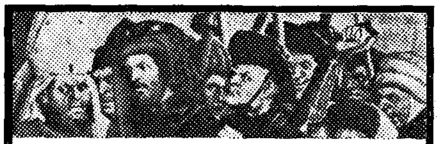

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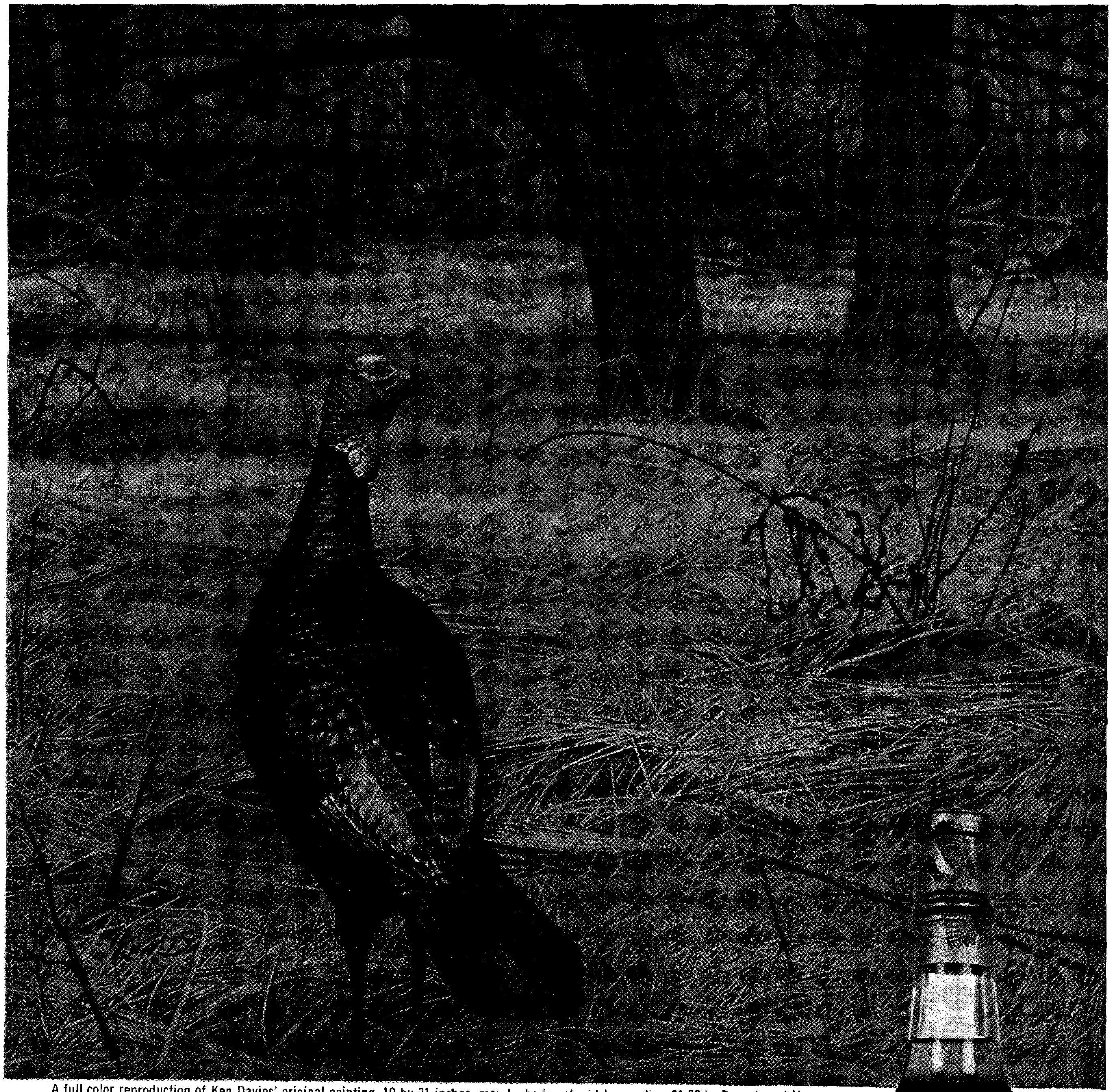

A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

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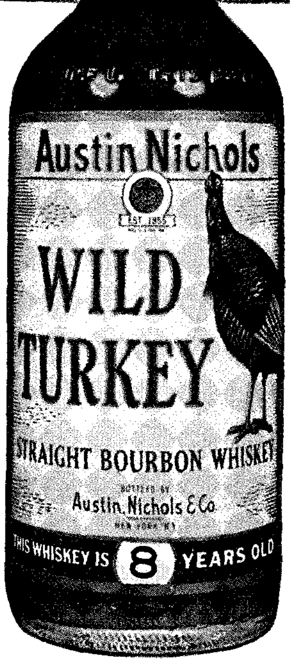
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